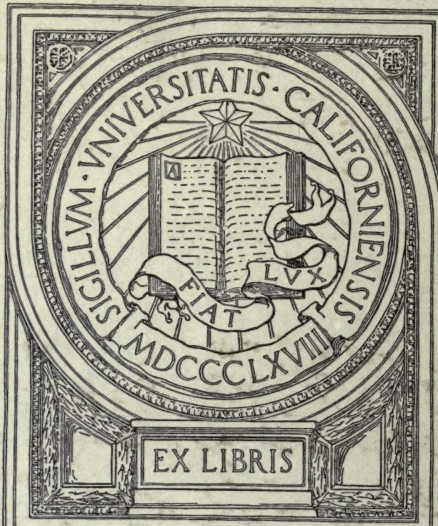


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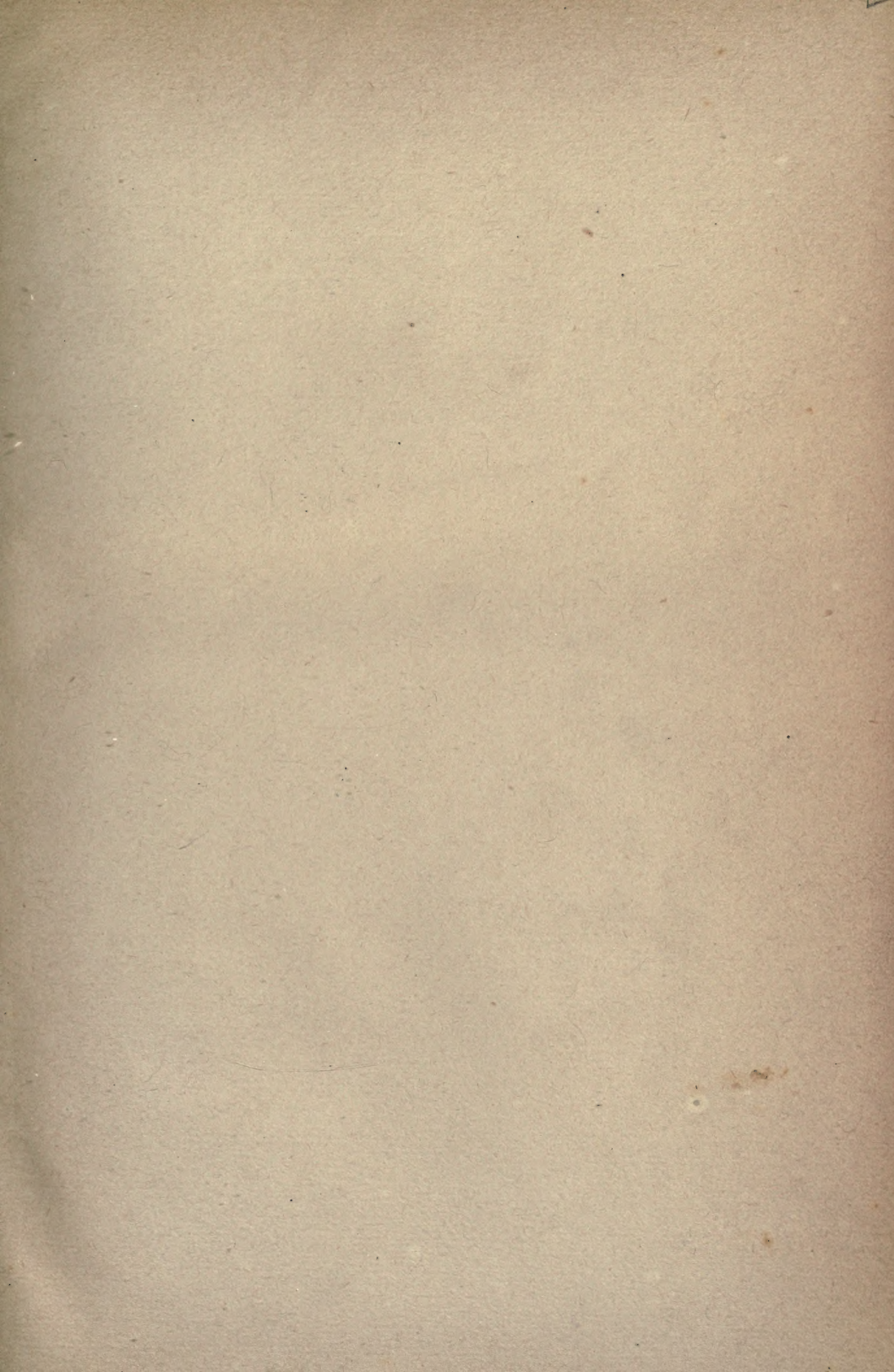
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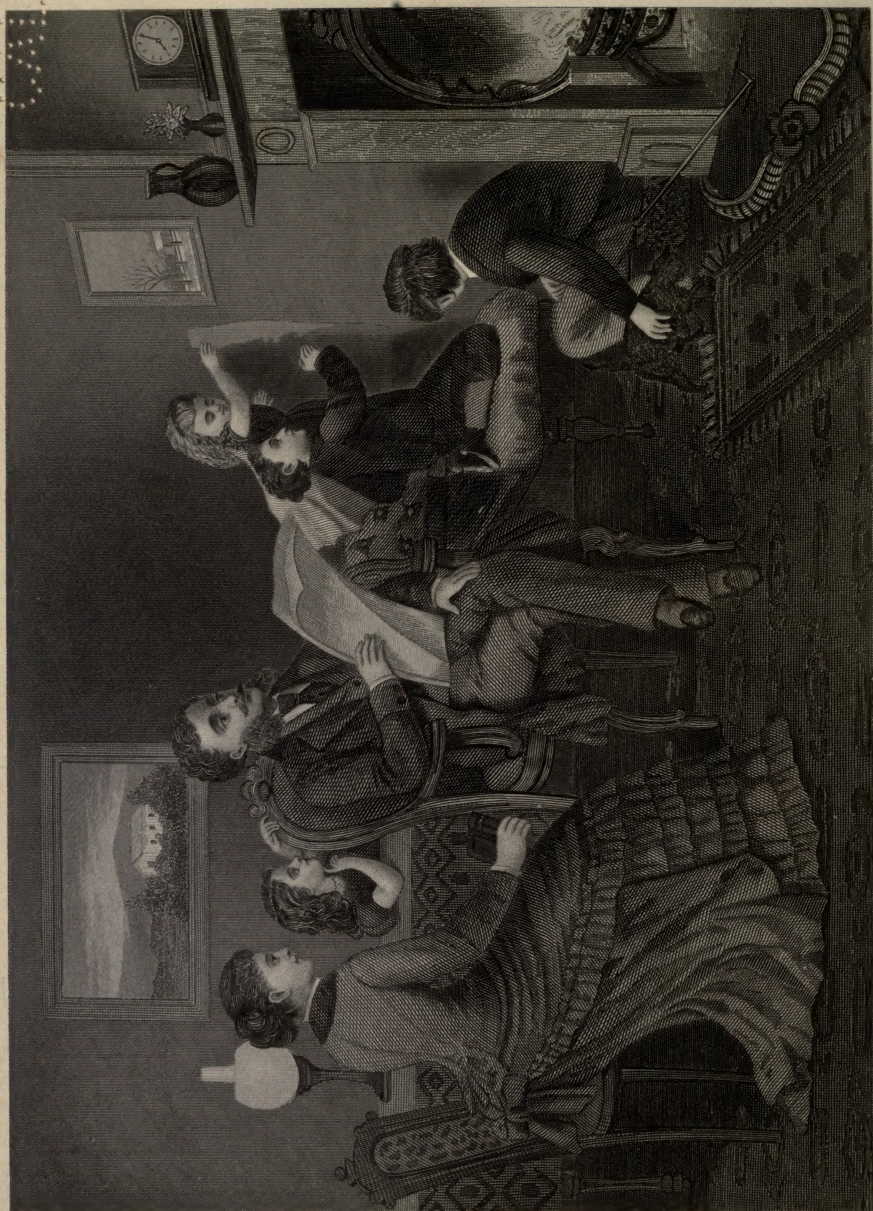
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A HAPPY HOME.

FOR "THE IMPERIAL HIGHWAY"

THE
IMPERIAL HIGHWAY.

—=ESSAYS=—

ON
BUSINESS AND HOME LIFE
WITH
BIOGRAPHIES
OF
SELF-MADE MEN.

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AND MANY OTHERS.

BY
JEROME PAINE BATES, A. M.

1)

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TO THE
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PREFACE.

It is the pride and boast of the world that this is an age of self-made men. However humble may be the position of a man, it is within his power to reach the pinnacle of fame and fortune.

This book is full of the names of men who, without friends or money to help them, have risen by the force of their own genius to the highest positions, and their example stands out boldly to encourage and cheer others who are struggling onward on this Highway to success. The reading of such examples can not fail to stimulate us to earnest endeavors to be, like them, successful.

In Part II prominence is given to social and family life. Pure, wholesome, and plain suggestions abound, applicable alike to the man who would build a home where brain and heart may find peace and rest; to the wife, mother, or sister, whose aims are kindred, and to the young people who are growing up among those refining influences so fully described in this book. To all these a rich mine of practical thought is opened. Home life is exalted and made more cheerful by a careful reading of this beautiful volume.

, PREFACE.

Part III touches upon that highway which all must tread, the highway to eternal life. Would you walk in it understandingly? Then follow the admonitions which are meant for all who desire happiness in the life to come. They are pure and sound. While no theology is taught, the lessons given are eminently Christian and holy. They leave no step of the way in doubt. Every faithful mother can gain here some new truth which shall help her to mould and direct the lives of those committed to her trust.

Such, in brief, are the aims of the "Imperial Highway." Its treasure-house of rich and varied experiences has been gathered lavishly, and given to the public with a generous hand. Its sole aim is to do good, to scatter broadcast seeds of truth that shall spring up and bear fruit. To benefit all classes and all ages. And how faithfully and conscientiously its mission has been performed, we will let the verdict rest with our readers.



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PART I.

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS LIFE.

“Years ago, a penniless boy on a journey paid for a meal by doing a job of work. Afterward he came to be the possessor of millions which he bestowed with a lavish hand upon works of charity and philanthropy. Thus fortune honored him, and he honored fortune. And when he died, the ships of two nations carried the remains of GEORGE PEABODY to his native shores.”

“It is lesson after lesson with the scholar, blow after blow with the laborer, crop after crop with the farmer, picture after picture with the painter, and mile after mile with the traveler, that secures what all so much desire—SUCCESS.”

“No abilities, however splendid, can command success without intense labor and persevering application.”

—A. T. STEWART.

“I have always had these two things before me: Do what you undertake thoroughly. Be faithful in all accepted trusts.”

—NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.

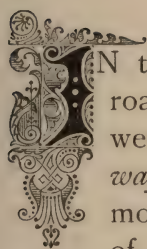


TO
The Young Men and the Young Women
WHO DESIRE TO TRAVEL THE ROAD TO
FORTUNE, HAPPINESS, AND ETERNAL LIFE,
IS THIS BOOK
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

The Imperial Highway.

PART I.

THE PURPOSE STATED.

N the days of Roman greatness, before rail-roads were known or even thought of, there were constructed *imperial or military highways* or roads leading from Rome to the most distant provinces of the Empire. Parts of these highways after the lapse of more than 2,000 years, are still seen in a comfortable state of preservation—so solidly were they built. These roads became very useful; in fact, without them, the vast empire could hardly have been held together. Over them the victorious soldiers passed rapidly from one point to another to quell revolts or make new conquests. They were, as far as possible, built straight and level, smooth and wide. On them many persons could march abreast. Hills were cut down and valleys filled up, ravines were bridged, and swamps embanked. Enormous were the sums of money expended upon them, and prodigious the


amount of labor bestowed ; and they are universally regarded the most useful, as they are the most lasting, of all Rome's public works.

In like manner, there is an *imperial highway to a successful and happy life*; but like those which existed in olden time, it is not found ready-made. On the other hand, it must be built and perfected, as those were, at some expense of time and toil. And it is the object of this volume to tell you how to build it, and what materials to use. Such imperial highways have been built all along through the ages from the very beginning of time. Noble, brave, heroic men and women have lived who have resolved to carve out for themselves through opposing hills of difficulty, and valleys of poverty, and quagmires of discouragement, a straight, level, and solid road to success, usefulness, and final felicity ; and they have done it. It cost them years of patient labor and persevering courage, it tried their souls sometimes pretty severely, but yet, in spite of all drawbacks, *the highway was built*.



SUCCESS.

"Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed."
—MONTESQUIEU.

MONG the deepest and most important thoughts that agitate the minds of humanity, none is greater or more vital than the following: *How can we make the most of life?* In many respects, our lives are like the broad and boundless sea, but at no one point is this resemblance more vivid and truthful than in regard to the possibilities of success or failure. Like the ocean, life can be made the highway to fortune and happiness, or it can be made the scene of sad disaster and fatal wreck.

As we come to the years of understanding and responsibility, we all find ourselves in a world where the prizes and rewards of labor are very unequally distributed. We look about and see a portion of our fellow-beings reveling in plenty and luxury, and another portion groveling in poverty and misery. We also find that the conditions of success, with some few exceptions, lie open to all alike, and that the laws and elements of nature are perfectly impartial in their operations. Why, then, are not all alike successful and happy? What makes the difference between the two classes already mentioned?

In endeavoring to answer these questions some will talk about good and bad luck, others of external surroundings and influences, but we lay it down as one of the *fundamental facts* of life that every man can be something and do something worthy of himself and his opportunities, if in the first place he knows how to go to work, and then keeps at it until he accomplishes his chosen object. It has been well said that the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you *can* do well, without a thought of fame. That is, by working conscientiously and faithfully without trying to make a big "splurge" over it, or attempting to "show off" too much, each man or woman can, in his or her sphere, be successful, and fulfill life's great mission. This is not saying that all persons are equally endowed with mental gifts, or that every man is a natural genius and only needs suitable opportunity to become the peer of the really great and good who, in all ages, have largely guided the current of thought and activity in the times when they lived, and who have left their indelible impress upon the pages of human history. There are, without doubt, real and specific differences in the minds and hearts of men, as there are real and visible differences in their physical constitutions and bodily powers. Some men are made up on scant and small patterns; others are simply medium or ordinary in ability; while others are large and heroic by nature; but as every man is made in the "image of God," so he can, by the proper cultivation and training of his powers, and by the diligent use of all the means within his reach, be truly fortunate or successful in business life, in family and social life, and in moral and religious life. We all remember that



Henry W. Longfellow

familiar yet immortal poem by Longfellow, entitled "*The Psalm of Life*." Let me quote a few verses here:

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But *to act*, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle—
Be a Hero in the strife!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make *our* lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time.

ABILITY.

There can be no truer utterance than this: "What a man *does* is the real test of what a man *is*." Among the different kinds of ability which different men possess, the kind which all men respect, and most men rank as highest in the scale of their estimation, is that which enables its possessor to do what he undertakes, and attain the object of his ambition or desire. Human ability can be classified under distinctive heads, and is commonly called by distinctive names. For example, there is the speculative or philosophical cast of intellect; the ability to think long and

connectedly upon abstract truth or propositions; the ability to investigate and discuss intelligently the higher range of questions and topics in physical, mental, and moral science. Then there is the poetical talent; the power to see visions of beauty and phases of truth in the scenes and events of ordinary life, and the power to express these in easy, flowing, and melodious rhyme. Then there is the executive talent; the power to manage large and critical enterprises; the power of handling men and facts; the power to carry a scheme or a purpose into immediate and telling effect; the power to "run things" generally, and make them "go." Then again there is the ingenious, inventive talent; the capacity for making discoveries in science, mechanics, and the useful arts; the power which makes a man fertile in expedients, and leads him to contrive all sorts of objects for ornament or use, or for both combined. Then there is the ability to write, which authors and editors are supposed to have; the ability to sing, play and compose, which is the peculiar characteristic of musicians; the ability to imitate and personify, which belongs especially to actors; together with a hundred other kinds which we will not now attempt to enumerate. But after all, the ability to succeed in life, or as another has happily expressed it, the talent to "*get on in the world*," is something superior to all these, if a man can have but one kind; because it is infinitely more practical and useful.

Some are always saying, If this and that thing were not as it is, or if I had lived in other days, it would have been different with me. But such kind of reasoning and murmuring never yet led to success in

any undertaking or enterprise. If you wish to succeed, you must do as you would to get in at a door through a crowd. Hold your ground and push hard. To merely stand still is to give up your chance and hope. No man has any right to ask himself whether he is a genius or not ; what he has to do is to go to work quietly and steadily, and if he has but moderate abilities, industry will at least partly supply their deficiency.

PURPOSE.

What most men want is not talent, but purpose ; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor. Said good old Richard Sharp, "After many years of thoughtful experience I can truly say that nearly all those who began life with me, have succeeded or failed, as they deserved." The wants of society raise thousands to distinction who are only possessed of common endowments. The *utility* of actions to mankind is the final standard by which they are measured, and not the intellectual supremacy which is displayed by their performance.

Years ago, a penniless boy on a journey paid for a meal by doing a job of work. Afterward he came to be the possessor of millions which he bestowed with a lavish hand upon works of charity and philanthropy. Thus fortune honored him, and he honored fortune. And when he died, the ships of two nations carried the remains of *George Peabody* to his native shores.

The career of *Sir Francis Horner*, the eminent Scotchman, also illustrates our theme. Although he died at the early age of thirty-eight, he possessed greater public influence than many other private men,

and was admired, beloved and trusted, by all except the heartless or the base. No greater homage was ever paid in Parliament to any deceased member. Now let every young man ask, How was this attained? By rank? He was the son of an Edinburgh merchant. By wealth? Neither he nor any of his relatives ever had a superfluous sixpence. By office? He held but one, and that only for a few years, of no influence, and with very little pay. By talents? His were not splendid, and he had no genius; cautious and slow, his only ambition was to be right. By eloquence? He spoke in calm good taste, without any of the oratory that either terrifies or seduces. By any fascination of manner? His was only correct and agreeable. By what, then, was it? Merely by sense, industry, good principles, and a good heart,—qualities which no well-constituted mind need ever despair of attaining. It was the force of his character that raised him, and this character not impressed upon him by nature, but formed out of no peculiarly fine elements by himself. Horner was born to show what moderate powers, unaided by anything whatever except culture and goodness, may achieve, even when these powers are displayed amidst the competition and jealousy of public life.

It is lesson after lesson with the scholar, blow after blow with the laborer, crop after crop with the farmer, picture after picture with the painter, and mile after mile with the traveler, that secures what all so much desire—*success*.

POWER OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and miseries."

—SHAKESPERE.



O thoughtful person will deny that circumstances have much to do in determining the course and current of human life, but there are hundreds of men who are always talking about good and bad luck, and who seem to think that fate is ordering the course of their lives and bestowing success or failure as its caprice or fancy may at the time decide. It will be well, therefore, at the outset to examine this question carefully and see, if we can, how much of truth there is involved in it, and how much of error.

About all of solid truth there is in the idea of "chance" is this: Circumstances do combine sometimes to give men very favorable *opportunities* for improving their condition, as well as for grasping rare and precious prizes in life. These happy combinations of circumstances are apparently fortuitous, but, on the other hand, they *may* be the result of regular and established forces whose operations are entirely hidden from human vision; and this, doubtless, is the idea that Shakespere intended to convey in the

famous quotation which opens this chapter. "There is a tide," he says, "in the affairs of men, which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune."

But who controlled this tide, or by what laws its ebbings and flowings were regulated, he does not pretend to state. And with good reason, for he did not know. Neither does any one. The utmost which can be said about the matter is, that circumstances will, and do combine to help men at some periods of their lives, and combine to thwart them at others. This much we freely admit; but there is no fatality in these combinations, neither any such thing as "luck" or "chance," as commonly understood. They come and go like all other opportunities and occasions in life, and if they are seized upon and made the most of, the man whom they benefit is fortunate; but if they are neglected and allowed to pass by unimproved, he is unfortunate.

"There is a divinity (or something else) which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will." But Shakespere's thought here is not that this divinity, or this something else, invariably dictates just what a man shall be or shall do, but rather that this divinity is so kind, merciful, and fatherly in his feelings toward the race, as well as in his government over it, that he comes into life's workshop where man is building up an eternal character and destiny, and graciously smooths, polishes and rounds off what man in his ignorance and feebleness leaves in a rough-hewn state. In other words, he so fixes up the results of human life for men, that they are in a much better shape and condition than they would be but for his kindly interference and assistance.

There is, however, no absolute dictation or iron-bound fatality in all this—rather the opposite. While we would not ignore the existence of a great Superintending Power of the universe, in whose hands and under whose control are all things in heaven and on earth; while we willingly recognize the existence of some circumstances over which man has no jurisdiction, still there is nothing in these two facts which in any way hinders one from being successful and happy if he observes well the laws of his being as well as those which control the movements of ordinary life, commercial activity, and historic development. We are not mere living and breathing human machines, by any means; but on the contrary, we are free and responsible agents gifted with the power of choice, capable of discovering right from wrong, and with full and complete liberty to do what we will, and be what we can.

LUCK.

Dr. Matthews has well said that “there is hardly any word in the whole human vocabulary which is more cruelly abused than the word ‘luck.’ To all the faults and failures of men, their positive sins and their less culpable shortcomings, it is made to stand a god-father and a sponsor. Go talk with the bankrupt man of business, who has swamped his fortune by wild speculation, extravagance of living, or lack of energy, and you will find that he vindicates his course by confounding the steps which he took indiscreetly with those to which he was forced by ‘circumstances,’ and complacently regards himself as the victim of ill-luck. Go visit the incarcerated criminal, who has im-

brued his hands in the blood of his fellow-man, or who is guilty of less heinous crimes, and you will find that, joining the temptations which were easy to avoid with those which were comparatively irresistible, he has hurriedly patched up a treaty with his conscience, and stifles its compunctious visitings by persuading himself that, from first to last, he was the victim of circumstances. Go talk with the weak-spirited man who, from lack of energy and application, has made but little headway in the world, being outstripped in the race of life by those whom he had despised as his inferiors, and you will find that he, too, acknowledges the all-potent power of luck, and soothes his humbled pride by deeming himself the victim of ill-fortune. In short, from the most venial offence to the most flagrant, there is hardly any wrong act or neglect to which this too fatally convenient word is not applied as a palliation."

It is indeed singular how many men have professed to believe in this foolish idea of luck or chance. "Beau Brummell," as he was familiarly known (real name, George Bryan Brummell), had what he called a lucky sixpence, which he always carried in his pocket. Like all other fashionable men of his day (1812-20) he was addicted to gaming, and with this lucky sixpence about him he is said to have won 40,000 pounds in the clubs of London and Newmarket. Afterward, he lost his sixpence, and with it his "luck," as he was pleased to term it, was beaten out of his fortune, ran away to Calais in France, where he dragged out a miserable existence, and finally died in Caen, in beggary and imbecility. But for what, pray, was Beau Brummell distinguished? Simply for

the fastidiousness of his dress. He aspired to be the best-dressed gentleman in England, and won his greatest victories tying his cravats. Is he very good authority on this subject? Cardinal Mazarin, the successor of Richelieu under Louis XIII, and the original Rothschild, seems also to have been wedded to this idea, while the ancient Greeks and Romans fully accepted the theory, and called the mysterious governing power Destiny. "Some people," says Pliny, "refer their successes to virtue and ability; but it is all fate." The great Alexander depended much upon luck. Cicero speaks of it in connection with the Roman Emperors and Generals as a settled thing. Cæsar was carried away with the idea, and once when crossing the sea in a storm, he pompously told the frightened pilot, "You carry Cæsar and his good fortune." Napoleon, the Cæsar of modern times, was always talking about his "star." Marlborough, one of England's greatest generals, had some similar notions about destiny, and so had Cromwell and Lord Nelson. On the other hand, Wellington, the "Iron Duke," as he was called, though he never lost a battle, never spoke of luck or destiny, but always carefully guarded himself against all possible accidents.

ACCIDENTS.

There are also such things as "happy accidents," although the difference between this term and the one already used, is not very great. For example, we read of a man who, worn out by a painful disorder, attempted suicide, and was cured by opening an internal abscess; of a Persian, condemned to lose his

tongue, on whom the operation was so bunglingly performed that it merely removed an impediment in his speech; of a painter who produced an effect he had long toiled after in vain, by throwing his brush at the picture in a fit of rage and despair; of a musical composer, who, having exhausted his patience in attempts to imitate on the piano a storm at sea, accomplished the precise result by angrily extending his hands to the extremities of the keys, and bringing them rapidly together. We also read of Mahomet, who, flying from his enemies, was saved by a spider's web; of a Whig Ministry, which was hurled from power in England by the spilling of some water on a lady's gown; of our own Franklin, who always ascribed his turn of thought and conduct through life to the finding of a tattered copy of Cotton Mather's "Essays to Do Good;" of Jeremy Bentham, who attributed similar effects to the single phrase, "The greatest good of the greatest number," which caught his eye at the end of a pamphlet.

But again, there are as many bad accidents as good ones, and they come and go just as mysteriously; so nothing definite can be determined concerning the causes of either good or bad. One man sucks an orange and is choked by the pit, and another swallows a penknife and recovers. One man runs a small thorn into his hand and dies in spite of the utmost efforts of medical skill, and another runs the shaft of a gig completely through his body, and lives. The Scottish hero, Bruce, after passing through a series of perils greater than any ever conceived by the most daring romance-writer, dies from a fall in handing a lady down stairs after dinner. The African explorer,

Speke, after escaping innumerable dangers in penetrating to the sources of the Nile, accidentally shoots himself at his home in England.

A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine* gives the following facts concerning the poetical immortality of Sir John Moore, which have a bearing on this subject. He says: "Moore had fought as other generals had, with alternate success and reverse, but on the whole had just been able to keep his head above water before the advancing army of Soult. On the walls of Corunna he met his fate, and might have lain there, as hundreds of others did, in an unrecorded grave, to this and to all future ages, had not an ordinary Irish parson, from a remote country parish, and from amid common prosaic pursuits, caught a glance, in his imagination, of the lifeless warrior, as he was hurried to a hasty grave, in the silence of the night, within the sound of the advancing enemy's guns. The look was enough,—the picture was taken, with its full significance of pathos, into the heart of the poet; and, when it reappeared, it was found to have been incrustated with amber, thereafter nevermore to pass away. It is true, little ceremony was observed at that burial,—

'Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note;'

but the lyre was struck, and the echoes went forth to the ends of the earth; and so John Moore passed, by the narrow channel of those few hasty and careless stanzas, from the shores of oblivion, where he would have wandered till doomsday with thousands of unrecorded comrades, to the Isles of the Blest, wherein

the favorite heroes of all ages have pitched their tents, and exalted their standard."

OPPORTUNITIES.

So far then from circumstances being a hindrance to men in trying to be successful, they give men opportunities and occasions to do something. The successful man is not he who sits down and idly folds his arms, saying, it is of no use; but rather he who takes advantage of circumstances when they are propitious, and endeavors to overcome them when adverse. "'Tis not in our stars, dear Brutus, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." The word luck is a mere bugbear for the idle, the languid, and the indifferent. Here are two boys in the same home, with the same parents, and the same opportunities and means; but one grows up and uses his circumstances as stepping-stones to fortune, the other becomes reckless, and dissipated, and worthless. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but by the *right application* of swiftness and strength to the object in view, most any one can achieve success. For the world in general is won by doing the right thing, in the right way, and at the right time. Says Wendell Phillips: "Common sense bows to the inevitable and makes use of it"—as a skillful mariner uses the trade-wind. "It does not ask an impossible chess-board, but takes the one before it, and plays the best game" possible under existing combinations.

"Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star,"

is, in nine cases out of ten, the fortunate and successful man. Every man is placed more or less under the influence of events, and the influence of other men, and it is for himself to decide whether he will rule, or be ruled by them. Those whom the world calls "lucky fellows" will be found in the majority of cases, to be keen-sighted men who have surveyed the world with a scrutinizing eye, and who, to clear and exact ideas of what is necessary to be done, unite the skill necessary to execute their well-approved plans.

As another has said: "In the life of the most unlucky person there are always some occasions when, by prompt and vigorous action, he may win the things he has at heart. Raleigh flung his laced jacket into a puddle, and won a proud queen's favor. A village apothecary chanced to visit the state apartments at the Pavilion, when George the Fourth was seized with a fit. He bled him, brought him back to consciousness, and, by his genial and quaint humor, made the king laugh. The monarch took a fancy to him, made him his physician, and made his fortune. Probably no man ever lives to middle age to whom two or three such opportunities do not present themselves. 'There is nobody,' says a Roman cardinal, 'whom Fortune does not visit once in his life; but when she finds he is not ready to receive her, she goes in at the door, and out through the window.' Opportunity is coy. The careless, the slow, the unobservant, the lazy, fail to see it, or clutch at it when it has gone. The sharp fellows detect it instantly, and catch it when on the wing."

FORTUNE.

Fortune has usually been represented as a *blind*

goddess. Rare Old Ben Jonson wrote many years ago that

"All human business fortune doth command
Without any order: and with her blind hand
She, blind, bestows blind gifts."

But he was speaking with poetic license just then, and told a practical untruth, although he only expressed a popular idea. Equally untrue is the following heathenish conception:

"On high, where no hoarse winds or clouds resort,
The hood-winked goddess keeps her partial court,
Upon a wheel of amethyst she sits,
Gives and resumes, smiles and frowns."

Let us away with all such crude notions—they are unworthy the intelligence and enlightenment of our nineteenth century. Robert Burns had better sense when he wrote,

"To catch dame fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her."

Fortune, luck, chance—whatever you call it—is nothing more or less than a happy or fortunate combination of circumstances, which arise partly from the operation of invisible but established forces in nature, and in God, and partly from the activity of strong minds and wills in brave, heroic souls. Consequently they can be used to advantage, or allowed to crush one, just as the person himself decides.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky

Gives us free scope; and only backward pulls
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull."

"Walk
Boldly and wisely in that light thou hast;
There is a hand above will help thee on."

--BAILEY'S FESTUS.



VOCATION.

"Brutes find out where their talents lie;
A bear will not attempt to fly,
A foundered horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barred gate.
A dog by instinct turns aside
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats nature;
Who, when she loudly cries—forbear!
With obstinacy fixes there;
And where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs."

—DEAN SWIFT.



HE two most important things for a young man just starting out in life to determine are, *vocation* and *location*, or what shall he turn his hand to, and where shall he settle?

Concerning the calling or occupation which a young man should choose as his life-work, we urge first that the question should engage his most serious thought and earnest study before coming to any decision. A mistake here may prove fatal through life, and no man can afford to throw away his time and energies recklessly. At the very best we have only one life to live on earth, and that one is not very long at the longest.

There is many a man who has made perfect shipwreck of himself and his prospects, by rushing hastily and ill-advisedly into some business or profession for which he was in no wise adapted, and then not finding out his mistake until so many years of his life had passed away in experimenting, that it became too late to change callings to advantage. A man's only alternative in such a case is to continue on as he begun, and make the best of his choice, or throw up his calling and try again with the feeling that he starts in his new line of work ten or fifteen years behind others in his class. Either horn of this dilemma will be sure to gore the mind and feelings of the one choosing it, and leave behind a perpetually sore spot in his memory and consciousness. Therefore we repeat the remark, that this question should be well considered by all concerned, by young men, their parents and friends, before any decision is made.

NATURAL CAPACITIES.

"Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; but be anything else, and you will be worse than nothing." Good old Roger Ascham, who was the preceptor of Queen Elizabeth, and one of the first writers on education in the English language (living about 1540), said upon this subject, "The ignorance in men who know not for what time and to what thing they be fit, causeth some to wish themselves rich for whom it were better a great deal to be poor; some to desire to be in the court, which be born and be fitter rather for the cart; some to be masters and rule others, who never yet began to rule themselves; some to teach,

which rather should learn; some to be priests, which were fitter to be clerks."

Again, Dr. Matthews has well observed that "to no other cause, perhaps, is failure in life so frequently to be traced, as to a mistaken calling. A youth who might become a first-rate mechanic chances to have been born of ambitious parents, who think it more honorable for their son to handle the lancet than the chisel, and so make him a doctor. Accordingly he is sent to college, pitchforked through a course of Latin and Greek, attends lectures, crams for an examination, gets a diploma, and with 'all his blushing honors thick upon his vacant head,' settles down to pour, as Voltaire said, drugs of which he knows little, into bodies of which he knows less,—till his incapacity is discovered, when he starves. In another case, a boy is forced by unwise parents to measure tape and calico, when nature shows by his intellectual acumen,—by his skill in hair-splitting, his adroitness at parry and thrust, his fertility of resources in every exigency, and a score of other signs,—that she designed him for the bar or the forum."

Many a man has gone into business possessing no business brains. But as no sensible father would try to make a musician of his son unless he had a natural ear for music, so no sensible father will put his son into business unless he discover in him some natural aptness for trade. Again, the idea that no man can be really respectable or honorable among men without going into one of the three learned professions, as they are called, namely, Law, Medicine and Divinity, is one of the most false, mischievous notions which ever obtained a lodgment in the popular mind. This

idea "has spoiled many a good carpenter, done injustice to the sledge and the anvil, cheated the goose and the shears out of their rights, and committed fraud on the corn and the potato field. Thousands have died of broken hearts in these professions,—thousands who might have been happy at the plow, or opulent behind the counter; thousands, dispirited and hopeless, look upon the healthful and independent calling of the farmer with envy and chagrin; thousands more, by a worse fate still, are reduced to necessities which degrade them in their own estimation, and render the most brilliant success but a wretched compensation for the humiliation with which it is accompanied."

A WARNING EXAMPLE.

To illustrate the truthfulness of the foregoing observations, the writer remembers the case of a boy whom he knew in early youth. The lad was born and reared in a sparsely-settled and rather out-of-the-way corner of a New England town. His parents were poor but sensible farming people, working hard to bring up a somewhat numerous family on a naturally rocky and somewhat sterile piece of land. The boy was a bright, active lad, easy to learn and with a very retentive memory. His advantages for learning, however, were nothing more than ordinary, and up to early manhood he had attended nothing higher than the common district school. But as he began to read and expand mentally, he tired of these lowly and humble surroundings, and panted for distinction and greatness in a larger sphere of life.

It was common in that part of the world and at that

time, for the minister of the parish church to be looked upon as the highest in rank and ability of all the surrounding population. Moreover, the boy's mother was the daughter of a widely-known and justly-revered minister, whose visits to the boy's home, taken in connection with the general sentiment of the place and time, naturally turned his thoughts toward the ministerial calling. His mother, too, was very anxious that one of her sons should imitate her father's example, and follow in the same path of usefulness and honor. This little boy, whom we will call Jerry, had been selected by her almost from his birth as the one to be thus consecrated to the Lord. So, when at the age of eighteen, Jerry was converted, joined the parish church and began to exhort in the evening meetings, his own thoughts, as well as those of his mother and the parish priest, at once recurred to this pre-determined choice of a profession. The duty of entering the ministry was urged upon him with a force which he found very difficult to resist, accompanied, as it was, by a mother's appeals and prayers, and a minister's solemn adjurations. Still Jerry hesitated; he did not really *want* to be a minister. In fact, he had marked out in his own mind a career of a different sort.

From boyhood he had always loved composition, and to be able to write an article for a paper or a magazine was at that time the height of his ambition. While working on the farm with his father, he went into the neighboring woods, set snares for wild game, sold it when caught, took the money, and bought paper, pens and ink, built himself a rude, unplanned, and unpainted pine table in the old attic, and there

commenced to write articles for the weekly paper which came regularly to his home. The first three articles sent were rejected, but the fourth one, much changed by the editor, was published. The joy of Jerry's heart on seeing his own composition in print, along with others from higher and more gifted minds, was greater than can well be described here. He inwardly resolved then and there that he would be an author, if it was a possible thing, and to that project his whole heart was given. Still, urged on by his mother and the parish minister, whose exhortations and warnings were half reinforced by the fears and misgivings of his own mind should he dare to refuse, he gave his consent to enter upon the sacred work, and posted off to school to prepare himself for it.

Years rolled by, and the close of them found Jerry still halting between two opinions, endeavoring outwardly to conform to the requirements of his chosen profession, and wishing inwardly that he could follow out the bent of his nature. The struggle went on between these forces up to the day of his formal entrance upon his work; yea, more than this, went right on after that event, just the same as before. And thus Jerry lived and worked for twelve years in a divided state of mind. Did he succeed in his profession? It is almost superfluous to inquire. By the strictest attention to his work, buoyed up by the hope of being able to rise in his profession after awhile, he passed among others of his class as a man who had ability enough to succeed, but whose heart was not in sympathy with the duties and sacrifices of his calling. He was trying to do what nature never intended him to do; under such circumstances no one can succeed.

About the only really successful element in Jerry's ministerial life was his sermons. While writing these in his study alone, he could easily imagine himself writing articles for some religious periodical, and so was able to enter into their construction with enthusiasm and delight.

Finally, after twelve years of varying experience, Jerry resolved to live a divided life no longer. It cost him a terrible struggle to come to this conclusion, but he found the old, inward love of his heart daily growing stronger, and the outward professional services daily becoming correspondingly feeble and unsatisfactory; and so there was no other alternative. But the next question was, what should he do after the change was made? He realized he was throwing away the results of all his previous years of preparation and experience. He had reached the age of forty, and was pretty old to commence a new manner of life. His habits of thought and feeling, too, had by this time become somewhat fixed. And it would be necessary for him to break these all up, and commence anew. He also found it very much harder than he had expected to adapt himself to any new service and its conditions. The transition trial and struggle was fearful. For a time it seemed doubtful whether Jerry would go on to fame and fortune, or "go to the dogs" in despair. But, like the traveler in the fable, as the storm increased he drew his cloak of resolution more tightly about him and pressed on toward the distant goal. By and by the clouds began to break a little, and the sun of prosperity came out on Jerry's lonely pathway. He had forded the stream running between two vocations of life in which he had tried to walk,

but he came within a step of being drowned in the passage.

Jerry still lives, and is working away bravely to realize his early hope and dream, but he feels that he will always be a crippled man to what he might have been, had he been allowed to follow the bent of his nature from the beginning. Hence we urge upon parents the folly of trying to make children over into something for which they were never fitted by birth, endowments, or early training. Better far allow them to choose their own calling in life, after giving the matter proper attention and thought, than try to coerce them into vocations which they naturally and instinctively shun.

EARLY INDICATIONS.

It often happens that this bent or leaning of a child's nature toward a certain calling or vocation, displays itself quite early in life. Thus Handel, the great musical composer, when a little boy, secretly bought a musical instrument, called a clavichord, hid it away in the attic, and at midnight used to go up there and play on it. The strings of the instrument were muffled with small bits of fine woolen cloth so that the softened sounds should not wake the sleeping inmates of the house. Another equally famous composer, Bach, used to copy whole books by moonlight when a candle had been meanly denied him. Benjamin West, the famous painter, began his career when a boy in the garret of his home, and made his brushes out of the long hairs of the old family cat. Michael Angelo, the Italian architect and painter, neglected

school to copy drawings which he dared not bring home. Murillo, a Spanish artist, filled the margin of his school-books with drawings. Dryden, an English poet, read Polybius before he was ten years old. Le Brun, in childhood, drew with a piece of charcoal on the walls of the house. Alexander Pope wrote excellent verses at fourteen. Blaise Pascal, the celebrated French mathematician, composed at sixteen a tract on the Conic Sections. Lawrence painted beautifully when a mere boy. Madame de Stael was deep in the philosophy of politics at an age when other girls were dressing dolls. Lord Nelson had made up his mind to be a hero before he was old enough to be a midshipman; and Napoleon was already at the head of armies when pelting his comrades with snowballs at the military school of Brienne.

Richard Wilson, when a mere child, indulged himself with tracing figures of men and animals on the walls of his father's house with a burnt stick. He first directed his attention to portrait-painting, but when in Italy, calling one day at the house of Zucarelli and growing weary with waiting, he began painting the scene on which his friend's chamber window looked. When Zucarelli arrived, he was so charmed with the picture that he asked if Wilson had not studied landscape, to which he replied that he had not. "Then I advise you," said the other, "to try; for you are sure of great success." Wilson adopted the advice, studied, and worked hard, and became a great English landscape-painter. Sir Joshua Reynolds, when a boy, forgot his lessons, and took pleasure only in drawing, for which his father was accustomed to rebuke him. The boy was destined for

the profession of physic, but his strong instinct for art could not be repressed, and he became a painter. Gainsborough went sketching, when a school-boy, in the woods of Sudbury, and at twelve he was a confirmed artist; he was a keen observer and a hard worker,—no picturesque feature of any scene he had once looked upon, escaping his diligent pencil. William Blake, a hosier's son, employed himself in drawing designs on the backs of his father's shopbills, and making sketches on the counter. Edward Bird, when a child only three or four years old, would mount a chair and draw figures on the walls, which he called French and English soldiers. A box of colors was purchased for him, and his father, desirous of turning his love of art to account, put him apprentice to a maker of tea-trays. Out of this trade he gradually raised himself by study and labor, to the rank of a Royal Academician.

Hogarth, though a very dull boy at his lessons, took pleasure in making drawings of the letters of the alphabet, and his school exercises were more remarkable for the ornaments with which he embellished them, than for the matter of the exercises themselves. Mulready, when a boy, went to the house of the sculptor Banks, but the servant, angry at the loud knock he had given, scolded him, and was about sending him away, when Banks, overhearing her, himself went out. The little boy stood at the door with some drawings in his hand. "What do you want with me?" asked the sculptor. "I want, sir, if you please, to be admitted to draw at the Academy." Banks explained that he himself could not procure his admission, but he asked to look at the boy's drawings. Examining

them, he said, "Time enough for the Academy, my little man! Go home,—mind your schooling,—try to make a better drawing of the Apollo,—and in a month come again and let me see it." The boy went home,—sketched and worked with redoubled diligence,—and, at the end of the month, called again on the sculptor. The drawing was better, but again Banks sent him back, with good advice, to work and study. In a week the boy was again at his door with drawing much improved. Banks now bade him be of good cheer, for if he continued to improve thus, he would be sure to distinguish himself; which prophecy was afterward amply fulfilled.

Faraday, the noted scientist, made his first electrical machine out of a bottle, while Lord Bacon, at the age of sixteen, had successfully pointed out the errors of Aristotle's philosophy. So, John Smeaton, the builder of the Eddystone lighthouse, on the English coast, when in petticoats was discovered on the top of his father's barn fixing up the model of a windmill which he had constructed. M. Carnot, who, during the Napoleonic wars, could direct the movements of fourteen armies at one and the same time, went to a theater when a boy, and seeing some poor military tactics on the stage, instinctively cried out his disapprobation at the players.

Sometimes little circumstances wake up the right idea in a boy or man. Thus George Law, the steam-boat king and millionaire, found in an old stray volume the story of a farmer's son who went away to seek his fortune, and came home rich; whereupon George himself set out and beat the achievements of the boy in the story all out of sight. It is said of the

great philanthropist, Thomas Clarkson, that when he was a competitor for the prize essay at Cambridge, he had never thought upon the subject to be handled, which was, "May one man lawfully enslave another?" Chancing one day to pick up in a friend's house a newspaper, advertising a History of Guinea, he hastened to London, bought the work, and there found a picture of cruelties that filled his soul with horror. "Coming one day in sight of Wade's mill in Hertfordshire," he says, "I sat down disconsolate on the turf by the roadside, and held my horse. Here a thought came into my mind, that, if the contents of this essay were true, *it was time that some person should see those calamities to their end.*"

Sometimes a youth is put at one calling and fails, and then tries another and succeeds. But this must always be done in early life. To change vocations after many years have gone by, is more or less dangerous, as has been shown. It is said that the father of John Adams, the second President of the United States, tried to make a shoemaker of his son, and accordingly gave him, one day, some uppers to cut out by a pattern that had a three-cornered hole in it, by which it had hung upon a nail. John went to work, and followed the pattern exactly, three-cornered hole and all! In Macmillan's Magazine there is an incident of a similar nature. A young man, whose bluntness was such that every effort to turn him to account in a linen drapery establishment was found unavailing, received from his employer the customary note that he would not suit, and must go. "But I'm good for something," said the poor fellow, unwilling to be turned out into the street. "You are good for

nothing as a salesman," said the principal, regarding him from his selfish point of view. "I am sure I can be useful," repeated the young man. "How? tell me how." "I don't know, sir; I don't know." "Nor do I." And the principal laughed as he saw the eagerness the lad displayed. "Only don't put me away, sir; don't put me away. Try me at something besides selling. I cannot sell; I know I cannot sell." "I know that, too; that is what is wrong." "But I can make myself useful somehow; I know I can." The blunt boy, who could not be turned into a salesman, and whose manner was so little captivating that he was nearly sent about his business, was accordingly tried at something else. He was placed in the counting-house, where his aptitude for figures soon showed itself, and in a few years he became, not only chief cashier in the concern, but eminent as an accountant throughout the country.

CHANGING VOCATIONS

The only remaining point in this connection to be considered is this: After choosing a vocation in life deliberately and thoughtfully, it will be better, as a general rule, to stick to it than to change. Each man will have to determine for himself whether his case furnishes an exception to the rule. If it does, then it will be best to change; but he ought to be sure he is right before he goes ahead. A late writer on this point has forcibly said: "In hours of despondency, or when smarting under some disappointment, a young man is apt to fancy that in some other calling he would have been more successful. It is so easy, while re-

garding it at a distance, to look at its bright side only, shutting the eyes at what is ugly and disagreeable ; it is so easy to dream of the resolution and tenacity of purpose with which he would follow it, and to mount up in imagination to its most dazzling honors, and clutch them in defiance of every rival, that it is not strange that men abandon their professions for others for which they are less fitted. But when we reflect that the *man* remains the same, whatever his calling—that a mere change of his position can make no radical change of his mind, either by adding to its strength or diminishing its weakness—we shall conclude that in many cases what he is in one calling, that he would be, substantially, in any other, and that he will gain nothing by the exchange.”

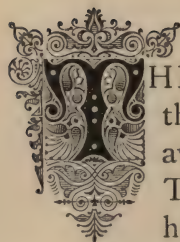
OCCUPATION.

It makes little difference what vocation a man follows, if honorable and legitimate, so far as his success is concerned, if he really likes it and finds himself adapted to it. All callings are alike honorable, if pursued with an honorable spirit ; it is the *heart* only which degrades—the intention carried into the work, and not the work itself. The most despised calling may be made honorable by the honor of its professors ; a blacksmith may be a man of polished manners, and a millionaire a clown ; a shoemaker may put genius and taste into his work, while a lawyer may only cobble. *Better be a first-class bootblack than a miserable, starving lawyer or doctor.* The day has long gone by when a man need to hang down his head because of the humbleness of his vocation, if it is useful.

LOCATION.

“God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder, then, that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened, in the fields and groves?”

—COWPER.



HERE is, on the part of young people in the country, an eager, restless desire to get away from farm life, and go to a city. They dislike the drudgery, the steady hard work of the farm, and think it would be much better and nicer if they could stand behind a counter in some dry-goods store, or work in an office. They would then be “among folks,” they think, and would be able to see for themselves “what is going on.” The glare and glitter, the noise and bustle, the activity and commotion, the apparent splendor and gayety of a city life, they think, would just suit them, and would be so different from the solitude and lonesomeness of the farm and the farm home.

Said Dr. J. G. Holland: “We see young men pushing everywhere into trade, into mechanical pursuits, into the learned professions, into insignificant clerkships; into salaried positions of every sort that will

take them into towns, and support and hold them there. We find it impossible to drive poor people from the cities with the threat of starvation, or to coax them with the promise of better pay and cheaper fare. There they stay, and starve, and sicken, and sink. Young women resort to the shops and the factories rather than take service in farmers' houses, where they are received as members of the family; and when they marry, they seek an alliance, when practicable, with mechanics and tradesmen who live in villages and large towns. The daughters of the farmer fly the farm at the first opportunity. The towns grow larger all the time, and in New England, at least, the farms are becoming wider and longer, and the farming population are diminished in numbers, and, in some localities, degraded in quality and character."

While the last part of this quotation will not apply as forcibly to Western life as to Eastern, yet the remainder of it is very appropriate, and very true.

OVERCROWDED CITIES.

All cities are generally overcrowded. One-fifth of the entire population of this country is now in the cities. Many of these are men with families, but a large proportion of the number are young men and women who crowd to the cities from all quarters, looking for a chance to change their mode of life. Somehow or other, the social life of the village and the city has intense fascination to the lonely dwellers on the farm, or to a great multitude of them. Especially is this the case with the young. The youth of both

sexes who have seen nothing of the world, have an overwhelming desire to meet life, and to be among the multitude. "They feel their lot to be narrow in its opportunities and its rewards, and the pulsations of the great social heart that comes to them in rushing trains, and passing steamers, and daily newspapers, damp with the dews of a hundred brows, thrill them with longings for the places where the rhythmic throb is felt and heard." Still, the fascination, we are inclined to think, is akin in nature, if not in destructiveness, to the fascination of gaming-tables for some minds, of drinking-cups for others, and of theatrical performances for all.

We have a few words to say to this class of young people. Shakespere wrote more than two hundred years ago, that it was "better to endure the ills we already have, than fly to others we know not of." And this remark holds good in its application to the subject in hand. The temptations and seductiveness of city life, its opportunities for self-destruction by gambling, drinking, licentiousness, and a thousand other evils, the peculiar isolation and lonesomeness of living and moving among people whose names, even, you do not know, is not half as pleasant as might appear at first thought. No one, by looking merely at the outside, can begin to tell the amount of magnificent misery and gilded poverty which exist within city walls. Besides, there is as much drudgery to be done in the city as in the country, and, if anything, even more. There is also as much hard, steady work. It is a little different in kind, to be sure, but then it tires you out just as soon, and you feel just as weary at night. In fact, one can work to better advantage in

the stillness and quietude, and amidst the unexcitable surroundings of country life, than he can with the noise and confusion of passing multitudes around him. There will be far less of nerve-exhaustion and consumption of vital forces at the old home, than in any great city. The man who ought to be the happiest of all men, is he who has a good farm, free from debt, and under a good state of cultivation, with a cheerful, loving wife, and a number of healthy, bright, dutiful children around him, to make music and assist in keeping his homestead.

FARMING.

The only really prosperous class, as a whole, is the agricultural. The farmer is demonstrably better off, more independent, fares better, lodges better, and gets a better return for his labor than the worker in the city. The country must be fed, and the farmers feed it. The city family may do without new clothes, and a thousand luxurious appliances, but it must have bread and meat. There is nothing that can prevent the steady prosperity of the American farmer but the combinations and "corners" of the middle-men, that force unnatural conditions upon the finances and markets of the country. The gains of the husbandman are slow, but sure. Speculation is not legitimate farm business. Farm stock cannot be watered like railroad stock, and made to expand at pleasure. Those who go into farming expecting to make sudden fortunes, will be disappointed. It is a highway to health and competence, but not to sudden wealth and luxury.

Says Alexander Hyde, himself a large and successful farmer in Massachusetts: "While we concede that the profits of farming are slow and sure, rather than rapid and uncertain, we still maintain that no business pays better in the long run for the capital and skill invested.

FARMERS RARELY FAIL.

"While 90 per cent. of those who enter upon a mercantile career become bankrupt, it is an anomaly for a farmer to ask his creditors to take fifty cents on a dollar. We never hear of farmer princes, and we cannot point you to millionaires among husbandmen, but we can point you to thousands and tens of thousands among the cultivators of the soil who are independent as any prince, and live surrounded with the comforts, if not the luxuries of life, all brought from the bountiful earth. The number of these might be increased indefinitely, if more intelligence, and more system generally, attended the labors of the husbandman. In this, as in every other pursuit, it is intelligent labor that commands success. Were a manufacturer to conduct his business in the shiftless manner in which many farmers direct their affairs, he would speedily come to the end of his career."

Agriculture was not only the primeval occupation of man, and the pursuit which the majority of men in all ages have followed, but it has been, is, and ever must be, the mainspring of all industry. All are dependent upon it for their daily sustenance. "The king himself is served by the field. The profit of the earth is for all." The banker and the beggar, the prince and the peasant, are alike fed from the

products of the soil. Nothing can supply the place of these products. All the gold of California, and all the Erie railroad stock, multiplied indefinitely, cannot keep the soul and body of man together. No matter what business we pursue, we must, like the fabled Antæus, draw our life afresh every day from Mother Earth.

Agriculture not only gives life to man and beast, but is the foundation of all other business. All trades and manufactures, all commerce, in short, all business, is the result directly or indirectly of agriculture. The thousands of wheels which are revolving in the country to-day, whether moved by water or steam, are only re-moulding the products of the earth into some useful form, and the thousands of ships which are traversing the oceans and rivers of the world, are merely transporting these products, either in raw or manufactured state, to a market. The merchants, whether wholesale or retail, are the mediums of exchange for the product of the soil. The millions of money deposited in our banks represent the capital accumulated from this produce. Our costly and commodious public buildings, our beautiful private residences, our splendid turn-outs, the adornments of fashion; indeed, all the representatives of value,—are ultimate results from the crops of the earth. A merchant prince once said to us, pointing to his splendid mansion, "Every stone in this house is the result of the prairie soil of Illinois." Were the annual harvests of the earth to cease, the whirling spindles and flying shuttles of our manufactories would also cease, our ships would rot by the wharves, and our banks would have no demand for discounts.

When the labors of the husbandman are rewarded with bountiful harvests, the spindles multiply, the ships are well freighted, and money is current. The resources of a country exist mainly in the soil.

ADAPTED TO ALL.

Moreover, the adaptation of agriculture to all ranks and conditions of society, is not less wonderful. The king himself, without any loss of dignity, can be a farmer. Most of the presidents of these United States have been farmers, and have retired from their high position to the cultivation of their broad acres. We should be sorry to see a president reduced to selling lace and broadcloth, but of Washington as a farmer, we are almost as proud as of Washington the president. Adams on his farm at Quincy, Jefferson on his estate at Monticello, Jackson at the Hermitage, were just as dignified as when in the presidential chair. Van Buren prided himself as much upon his large patch of cabbages at Kinderhook as upon his sharp diplomacy at Washington. Clay, surrounded by his short-horns at Ashland, was as much a nobleman as when gazed upon with delight by his compeers in the Senate chamber. The massive intellect of Webster was as conspicuous in the guidance of his farm at Marshfield as when he guided the affairs of State.

Prince and peasant alike feel that in cultivating the soil they are fulfilling the mission which the Creator gave to man when he placed him in the garden of Eden. The pleasure, too, which the cultivator feels in raising his own fruits and flowers is very analogous to the pleasure of the Creator when he looked upon

the works of his hands, and pronounced them good. We doubt not there is pleasure in the successful prosecution of any branch of useful industry. The conversion of cotton and wool into fabrics for the protection and adornment of our persons is a species of creation, a re-moulding of raw material into forms of beauty and utility, which must give the manufacturer great satisfaction; but this does not seem so much like a miracle as the creation of new life from inert matter; a transformation which the farmer constantly sees going on around him, and in the conduct of which he has a directing agency. In the case of the manufacturer, no new life is the result of his skill and labor. Matter is transformed and is made useful and beautiful, but cloth, glass and paper have no life.

Not so with the products of the farm. Here dead, inert matter is transformed, not only into a thing of beauty and utility, but becomes also a thing of life. An apple tree lives and grows, and this vegetable life is destined to enter into the composition of a still higher organization in animal life. How the vile, offensive matter in the compost heap is converted into the luscious and fragrant peach, is beyond the power of human ken to discern. It is a living, perpetual miracle, attesting the wisdom and power of the great Creator; but the farmer acts an important part in the transformation. He prepares the compost, he determines whether it shall fertilize a melon or a cabbage, sows the seed, and cultivates the plant, and so is a co-worker with the Great First Cause, and shares with him the pleasure of creation, as the worker in no other branch of industry can.

Many a professional man, with his head aching with

the perplexities of his business, sighs for the quiet, simple pleasures of farm life, and many a merchant constantly on the *qui vive* to outstrip his competitors in trade, and fearing commercial revulsions which may strip him of the results of a life of toil and enterprise, longs for a home in the country, where he may spend quietly the evening of his days. A professional man with a brilliant genius, fitting him "to govern men and guide the State," and shine in the most polished society, recently said to us, "Can I manage a few acres of land? I long to be the owner of some land, and a tiller of the soil." An extensive manufacturer, who in former years expatiated on the pleasure he derived from the music of his water-wheels, and the satisfaction he found in guiding the labors of a multitude of men, and seeing the town prosperous from the stimulus which he gave to business generally, has lately turned his attention to agriculture, and confesses that he finds in his new pursuit an enjoyment he never experienced before. Living in the open air, and exercising his muscles more vigorously, and his brains more gently, dyspepsia, which formerly tormented him, has disappeared. He finds the sleep of a laboring man sweet, whether he eats little or much. In draining his swamps and creating fertile land from a worthless bog; in tending his herds and studying and developing the good points of his animals; in planting his vines and fruit trees, he says he finds a pleasure which the old mill never gave.





HISTORY OF AGRICULTURE.

“None can describe the sweets of country life
But those blest men that do enjoy and taste them.
Plain husbandmen, though far below our pitch
Of fortune placed, enjoy a wealth above us.
They breathe the fresh and uncorrupted air,
And in pure homes enjoy untroubled sleep.
Their state is fearless and secure, enriched
With many blessings such as greatest kings
Might in true justice envy, and themselves
Would count too happy if they truly knew them.”

—THOMAS MAY.



MILLING the soil was man's primeval occupation. Adam was the first farmer. God put him into the garden of Eden “to dress and to keep it.” Cain and Abel made the first great division in agricultural labor, Cain tilling the ground, and Abel keeping the sheep; which distinction in kinds of work is kept up unto the present day. After the flood, we read that Noah became “a husbandman, and planted a vineyard.” The patriarchs also dwelt in tents, and their property consisted mainly in cattle, flocks, and herds. Land at that time seems to have been common property, and every man pitched his tent wherever he pleased, and

moved about from place to place as often as he pleased. Egypt, called in Scripture the "Garden of the Lord," being yearly enriched by the overflowing of the Nile, early attracted the attention of the tillers of the soil. This country furnished a refuge from the terrible drouths which affected the pastures of Western Asia. As population centered on the banks of the Nile, agriculture rose in importance, but the progress was slow. The change from the state of nature, and from a wandering, pastoral life, must have been the work of ages. The nutritious qualities of the cereals, wheat, barley, etc., were a long time in being discovered, and, when known, these grains were cultivated in the rudest manner. They were sown on the rich deposit of mud made by the annual overflow of the river, and the only harrowing they received was done by a herd of swine trampling the seed into the ground. In Egypt, too, animal power was first applied to agriculture, but the plow, as delineated among the hieroglyphics on the ancient tombs, was an instrument much resembling our common picks.

IN GREECE.

From Egypt, agriculture as well as letters migrated to Greece. Here, in a soil by no means as congenial as that of Egypt, agriculture rose to a degree of perfection hitherto unknown, and here agricultural literature makes its first appearance. Hesiod, who lived a thousand years before Christ, in his homely poem, "Works and Days," gives a detailed description of a plow, consisting of beam, share, and handles. It must have been a clumsy, unwieldy instrument, for he

recommends that the plowman be forty years old before he undertakes to handle it. He says :

“Let a plowman yeared to forty, drive,
And see the careful husbandman fed
With plenteous morsels, and of wholesome bread.”

There is no question but that in the palmy days of Greece, agriculture attained a high degree of perfection. Fine breeds of cattle and horses were raised, and extensive importations were made to improve the native stock. The use of manures was also well understood, which Pliny says was first taught by the old King Augeas. The compost heap was skilfully cared for, and everything added to it which could contribute to the fertility of the soil. Drainage was understood and practiced, and the swamps and marshes around Sparta were drained, and rendered tillable. Farm tools were greatly improved, and the land was thoroughly plowed, and even subsoiled by the aid of mules and oxen. The Greek farmers also enjoyed the luxury of fruits, and had apples, pears, quinces, cherries, plums, peaches, nectarines, and figs. With good culture of the soil, good houses became also a necessity, and rural architecture was carried to a high degree of perfection, though their architects devoted their highest skill to the construction of temples and public buildings.

IN ROME.

With the march of empire westward, the march of agriculture took its way from Greece to Italy. The culture of the soil was a fundamental idea in the

Roman civilization. Seven acres of land were allotted by the State to each citizen, and in the early years of Rome no man was allowed to own more than this. *Trading was never a characteristic of the Romans, and a merchant was ever considered by them inferior to a farmer.* As the territory of the empire was extended, the right of freehold to each individual was increased to fifty acres, and still later to five hundred ; but, as in Germany every man was once expected to learn a trade, so in Rome every citizen was expected to be a farmer ; and Pliny ascribed the exceeding fertility of Italy to the fact that the "earth took delight in being tilled by the hands of men crowned with laurels, and decorated with triumphal honors."

A Roman coveted, next to the honors of war, the honor of being a good husbandman. Distinguished generals and private solders, statesmen and citizens, the learned and the unlettered, alike prided themselves on their skill in agriculture. Cato, the wise censor, eloquent orator and able general, wrote a treatise on agriculture. Cato's summary of the art of terraculture cannot be excelled by the president of any modern agricultural college. He says : "The first thing is to plow thoroughly, the second to plow, the third to manure, the fourth to choose good seeds and plenty of them, the fifth to root out all weeds." Neither Lord Bacon nor Horace Greeley ever uttered more practical truth for farmers in less space. They are the grand principles on which successful agriculture ever has rested, and ever will rest. Science may explain these principles, but will never annul them. Cato not only understood the value of the plow, but insisted upon a thorough pulverization of the soil by

the harrow. He also knew the necessity of drainage, and recommended plowing wet land so as to throw it into ridges with deep furrows between them to carry off the water.

From Columella's account of a Roman farm establishment we conclude the seven-acre arrangement was outgrown in his day. He divides the farm buildings into three classes, the mansion house, the laborers' cottages, and the barns and fruit houses. The details of these buildings show an age of great wealth and luxury among the rural classes. The mansion house is a large, square building, constructed around an inner court with two complete suites of apartments, the one on the sunny side designed for winter, the other for summer. The drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, bathing-rooms, library, and servants' apartments, are all on a scale of magnificence which no seven or fifty acres, however highly cultivated, could support. Italy, however, had far greater facilities for the advancement of agriculture than Greece. Her soil was naturally fertile, agriculture was the honorable employment, and she had all the experience of Egypt and Greece to enlighten her in the art. Still, with all these advantages there were many other things in the very organization of Roman society which prevented the art from reaching its highest development. The farmer received little aid from the merchant. Commerce was looked upon with contempt, and the merchant was treated as belonging to an inferior caste. Mechanics also received but little encouragement from the State; the mechanic arts consequently languished, and hence there was little co-operation of labor. Agriculture cannot rise to its highest perfection with-

out the aid of commerce, manufactures, and the mechanic arts. They support each other as do the trees of the forest, and any jealousy between them is foolish and suicidal.

Another impediment to the advance of agriculture in Italy, was the want of general intelligence. The patricians and nobles were highly educated, but the plebeians were kept in ignorance. The masses toiled on without knowledge or hope, serving the nobility and amassing property for the few to whom wealth brought luxury and that extreme refinement known by the ungallant term, "effeminacy." The tillage of the soil was left more and more in the hands of menial slaves till in the fifth century, when the vast tide of barbarians from the North swept over Italy, and indeed, the whole of Southern Europe, bringing on the long night of the Middle Ages, when might made right, and all kinds of property, and especially the products of the farm, as most exposed, were insecure. This long night continued with scarcely a gleam of light from the fifth to the sixteenth century, during which time agriculture maintained but a feeble existence.

IN ENGLAND.

We pass now from Italy to Britain, and from the old to the modern type of agriculture. The Romans introduced the art into England during the first four centuries of the Christian era. But when the Roman power fell, and the Saxons invaded England, a great check was given to agriculture. These Saxons were a rude people, subsisting mainly by the chase and by keeping large numbers of cattle, sheep, and swine.

The latter were fattened in the forests on the mast of the oak and beech, as but small quantities of grain were raised, not enough to furnish a decent supply of breadstuffs. The character of the food is said by physiologists to determine somewhat the character of the man and the nation. We are inclined to think there is a basis of truth in this, but whether true or not we cannot deny that our Saxon ancestors were wild and semi-savage, too much like the beasts they hunted, and on whose flesh they mainly subsisted. No hoed crops and no edible vegetables were raised, and as late as the time of Henry the VIIIth, salad was brought over from Holland to supply the table of Queen Catharine, who had been accustomed in her early childhood to a more civilized diet than England afforded. Neither Indian corn, nor potatoes, nor squashes, nor carrots, nor cabbages, nor turnips were known in England till after the beginning of the sixteenth century. The suffering among the people was often intense. The shelters for man and beast were of the rudest kind, and it was estimated that one-fifth of the cattle perished each winter for the want of proper food and care.

The condition of the peasantry was miserable in the extreme. They seemingly had no rights which the landlords were bound to respect. If an estate was sold, the tenants were obliged to give up all, even their standing crops, without compensation. With such an uncertain tenure of property, agriculture could not be expected to flourish. So late as 1745, Marshal Noailles remarked to the king of France, "The misery of the mass of the people is indescribable;" and the remark was as applicable to England as to

France. The feudal system gave some little protection to persons and property against petty feuds and depredations among neighbors, but it was too much like the protection that cats give to mice. The ignorant and tyrannical lords protected the peasantry much as they protected their cattle and horses, and for the same selfish reasons.

The darkness of the Middle Ages retired slowly. It was left to Jethro Tull, in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, to make the first stride in both the science and art of agriculture. Tull investigated the principles of fertility, and invented a horse-hoe and the grain-drill to carry out his idea of thorough tillage. He also invented the threshing machine, but the ignorant English landholders declared it to be an "engine of the devil," and continued the use of the flail and fan until the commencement of the present century. If Tull had not made the great mistake of rejecting the aid of manure, his theory of the thorough pulverization of the soil, and his improved agricultural implements, would have been adopted at a much earlier day. What Tull did for the benefit of the culture of the soil, Bakewell did in the improvement of the herds of cattle and sheep. He studied the laws of breeding patiently and intelligently, and laid the foundation for the present thoroughbreds of England, which confessedly stand at the head of the herds and flocks of the world, though we expect to see still better in America.

To Arthur Young, who died in 1820, the world is indebted more than to any other man for the advancement of the modern science of agriculture. He visited different parts of Europe to study his favorite art,

and made many experiments to ascertain the causes of fertility. To him we are indebted for ascertaining the value of ammonia, which, previous to his time, had been thought to be injurious to vegetation. Young tried it on various soils and various crops, and found it in every trial to succeed. We now look upon ammonia as the test of value for most manures. Young also experimented with summer fallows, and came to the conclusion that covering the soil is more beneficial than naked fallow, and that a rotation of crops is all the rest the land needs—a conclusion which has added millions to the wealth of England and America. Young drew from his experiments the important principle that nitrogenous manures increase the power of plants to avail themselves of the mineral resources of the soil, thus establishing the necessity for the use of both these classes of manure—a principle fully corroborated by all experimenters since his day. By him, also, salt was first introduced into England as a manure. Young embodied the results of his investigations in a comprehensive work, called the “Annals of Agriculture.”

In 1793, at the request of the English Board of Agriculture, Sir Humphrey Davy, the first chemist of his age, was induced to investigate the elements of soil and manure, and his lectures mark an important era in the history of the art. They were published in 1813, under the title, “Elements of Agriculture.” In this work, Davy explains the construction of plants, gives the analyses of soils and manures, and their adaptation to each other. The zeal of Davy for agriculture led him to a practical testing of his theories in the field. We find him in 1805 experimenting

with guano, which Baron Humboldt had discovered in the islands of the Pacific. He first recommended the use of bones for manure, which have since played so important a part in English agriculture. What Davy and Johnston did for agriculture in England, Liebig has done in Germany.

IN AMERICA.

While our own country has been slow in adopting all the theories of the European savans, yet their works have been extensively circulated, and the seed sown by them has borne legitimate and satisfactory fruit. In the department of farm implements we are leading the world. In cattle and sheep breeding we also compare favorably with the Old World. But still the capacities of American agriculture, as a whole, have only begun to be developed, and there never was a time when, and never a country where, husbandry could be carried on to such advantage as in this country. Farmers have only to be true to themselves and their opportunities, to be esteemed as the real noblemen of the land.

So much for the pleasure, dignity, and profitable-ness of a country life, and the history of agricultural pursuits. These, however, are the sober and prosaic aspects of the subject. Let us now glance at its poetical side. In the *Odyssey* of Homer, written in the noontide vigor of Grecian life, we find the following description of the garden of Alcinous :

“ Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenced with a green enclosure all around ;

Tall thriving trees confined the fruitful mold,
The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows;
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail;
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples, apples, figs on figs arise.
The same mild season gives the bloom to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here ordered vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labors of the year.
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the blackening clusters in the sun;
Others to tread the liquid harvest join;
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flowers descried,
Here grapes discolored on the sunny side,
And there in Autumn's richest purple dyed."

Sir Walter Raleigh, a courtier and warrior of Queen Elizabeth's time, writes :

"Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in rural bowers."

John Gay, another English poet, writing of "Rural Sports," says :

"O happy shepherds who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve their fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor."

And again in the same poem he adds :

“What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labor while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven hath sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her homespun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring gaudy trappings sighs.
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.”

Goldsmith, in the “Deserted Village,” thus paints a picture of country life :

“Sweet was the sound when oft at evening’s close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingled notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o’er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog’s voice that bayed the gentle wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.”

James Beattie, the Scottish minstrel, asks :

“How canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even;

All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven—
O how canst these renounce, and hope to be forgiven!"

Coming to our own country, listen to what Ralph
Waldo Emerson says :

"O when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
When the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?"

On the other hand, Cowper, writing of *city* life and
pleasures, says :

"Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,
That dread the encroachment of growing streets,
Tight boxes, neatly sashed, and all in a blaze
With a July's sun collected rays,
Delight the city man, who, gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air."



FARM AND CITY LIFE.

"The city merchant has his house in town,
But a country-seat near Banstead Down;
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors;
In the other, during hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe and takes his pleasure."



E say to the reader, whether young man or young lady, or middle-aged man without a family, go where you are *sure* you can do the best, be it in city, in town, or in the country; but be *very sure* that you will better yourself materially, before leaving a good, comfortable place in the country to go to the city. The chances are ten to one that before a year passes over your head, you will wish yourself back again in the old place. If a man has plenty of money to spend or to invest in business, he can get along in a city very nicely *while his money lasts*; but the moment that is gone, he might as well be in a prison, or in a desert, as in a city. As financial and business matters go in times of depression, the city is the last place on earth for a poor man with a family, or even for a single person, unless they know just what they are to do before they go there, and

unless they are pretty certain they will succeed in their new work before beginning it.

To go to a city with a vague idea or hope of getting into some kind of profitable business, or falling in with some grand chance to make money, is the greatest folly imaginable. Such chances rarely occur to begin with, and when found, a thousand men on the ground, waiting and watching, stand ready to seize upon it before the opportunity is an hour old. As a rule, there is no greater slave on earth than the average city clerk, bookkeeper, apprentice, or workman of any kind. Late and early hours, steady application, conformity to strict rules, and a constant liability to discharge for the smallest offences, are a permanent quantity in the life of every working man or working woman in the city. Nor is it much better for the capitalist, if he be not well posted in all the games of sharpers and confidence men and rascals of every kind, and if he be not very sharp and keen himself; for his money will be cheated out of him, or he will lose it in unlucky speculation, before he is aware of it. The history of all kinds of business or of speculative ventures in any city would not offer any encouragement to a man of means to try his hand in such uncertain enterprises; for where one succeeds, a dozen or twenty fail.

To be sure, there is more to be seen and heard in a city than in the country, there is also much more life and bustle, noise and clatter. The shop windows display elegant goods of every description, but there is little satisfaction to sensible minds in seeing and wanting, and not being able to purchase. Again, there is always a higher and more aristocratic class of people

living in cities, generally speaking, than in small places, but poor people, or people below a certain social level, cannot associate with them, so their superior elegance does one no good unless he or she is *within the ring*.

If a man commences life in a small place with limited opportunities for expansion, fairly and honestly outgrows his straitened quarters, and, like Alexander the Great, sighs for more worlds to conquer, in such a case, if he takes pains beforehand to inquire thoroughly into the difficulties likely to be encountered in a new situation, and if he feels competent to grapple with them and conquer them, let him come to a city and try his hand in a new and larger sphere. But other things being equal, if a man is doing well, and is comfortably situated in the country, he had by all means better let well enough alone, than venture out on an unknown and untried city sea, where financial and moral shipwrecks abound on every hand, and where possible disasters multiply and thicken in about an equal ratio with the increase of population. Time was, when young business men could go into cities and do well, but that time has gone by and will probably never return, for the simple reason that the cities are overcrowded already, and there is no prospect of their population growing less.

Beware, then, of that foolish fascination which the idea of living in the city is liable to exercise over every young heart and mind. There is a class of people who had rather die by inches in a city than live well in the country, but such people are so shallow and weak-minded that it makes but little difference

where they live or die. They are simply human moths fluttering round the great city candle. With proper care and effort, a country life can be made just as enjoyable as a life in the city, and much more healthy and profitable.

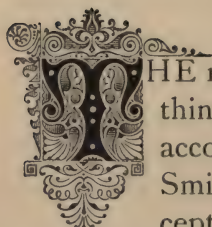
BOOKS.

How can it be done? By filling the farmhouses with books. Establish central reading rooms, or neighborhood clubs. Encourage the social meetings of the young. Have concerts, lectures, amateur dramatic associations. Establish a bright, active social life, that shall give some significance to labor. Above all, build, as far as possible, in villages. It is better to go a mile to one's daily labor than to place one's self a mile away from a neighbor. The isolation of American farm-life is the great curse of that life. The towns of Hadley, Northfield, Hatfield and Deerfield, on the Connecticut River, to this day remain villages of agriculturists. Europe, for many centuries, was cultivated by people who lived in villages. And this is the way in which all farmers should live. Settle in colonies, instead of singly, whenever feasible or possible.



CONCENTRATION OF MIND AND
POWER.

“Men make resolves, and pass into decrees
The motions of the mind.”



THE man who attempts to know or do everything, will succeed in really knowing or accomplishing but very little. Sidney Smith said: “Very often the modern precept of education is, Be ignorant of nothing. But my advice is, have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things, that you may avoid the calamity of being ignorant of all things.”

It is generally thought that when a man is said to be dissipated in his habits, he must be a drinking man, a gambler, or licentious, or all three; but dissipation is of two kinds—coarse and refined. A man can dissipate or scatter all of his mental energies and physical power, by indulging in too many respectable diversions, as easily as in habits of a viler nature. Property and its cares make some men dissipated; too many friends make others. The exactions of “society,” the balls, parties, receptions, and various entertainments constantly being given and attended by the *beau monde*, constitute a most wasting species of dissipa-

tion. Others, again, fritter away all their time and strength in political agitations, or in controversies and gossip; others in idling with music or some other one of the fine arts; others in feasting or fasting, as their dispositions and feelings incline. But the man of concentration of purpose is never a dissipated man in any sense, good or bad. He has no time to devote to useless trifling of any kind, but puts in as many strokes of faithful work as possible toward the attainment of some definite good.

ONE CAUSE OF FAILURE.


Thousands of men have failed in life by dabbling in too many things. In ancient times, great men and scholars aspired to know everything, but the day of universal knowledge and scholarship is past. The range of human inquiry has now extended to a degree when the true measure of a man's learning will be the amount of his *voluntary* ignorance, or the number of studies which he chooses to let alone. And as with knowledge, so with work. *Every man who means to be successful, must single out, from a vast number of possible employments, some specialty, and to that devote himself thoroughly.* It will, in fact, puzzle the wisest and strongest of men now to keep fairly abreast of any single branch of knowledge, or of industrial enterprise. "It is said that a Yankee can splice a rope in many different ways; an English sailor knows but one mode, but that mode is the best. The one thing which an Englishman detests with his whole soul is a Jack-of-all-trades, the miscellaneous man, who knows a little of everything. England is not a country for

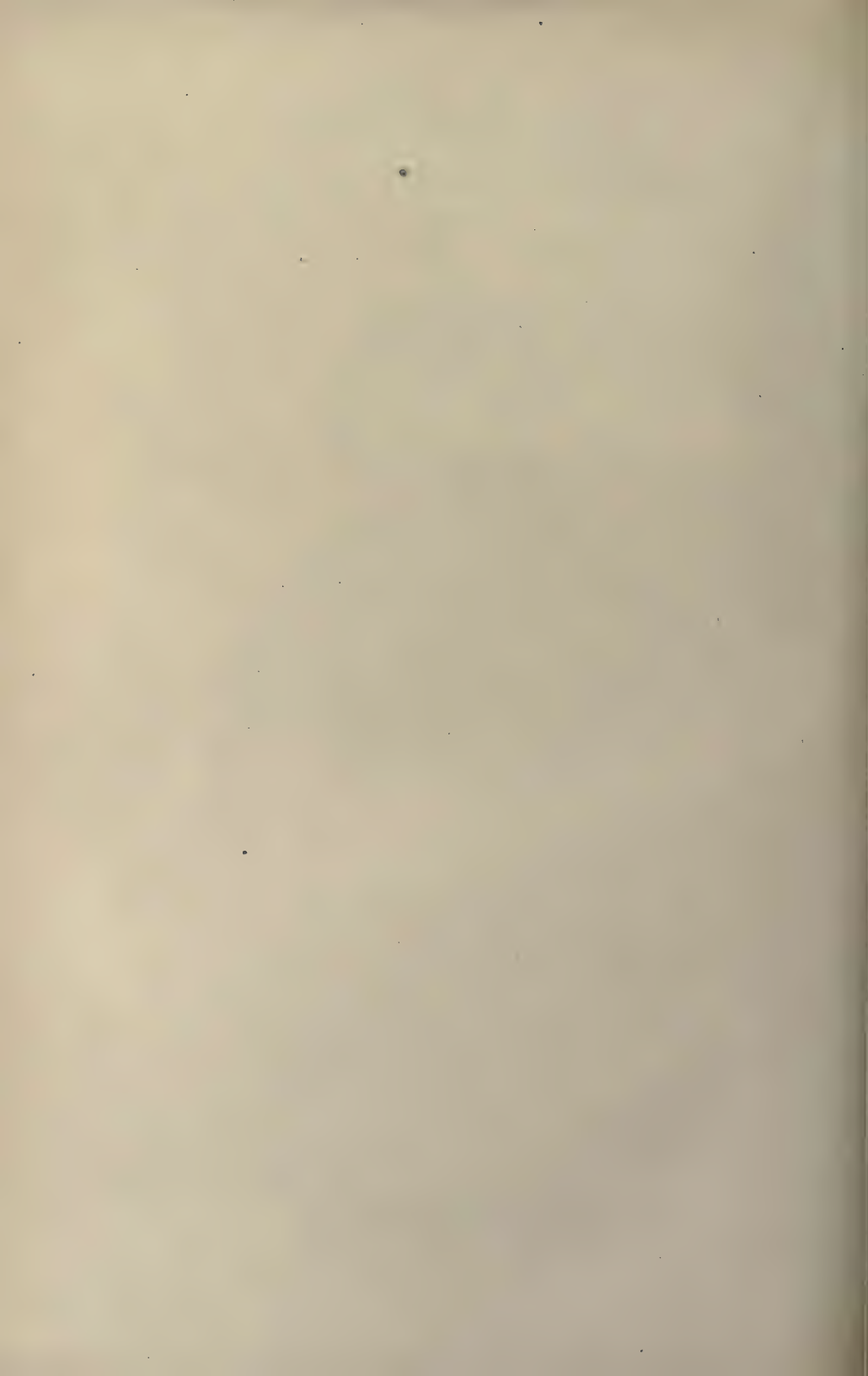
average men ; every profession is overstocked, and the only chance of success is for the man of signal ability and address to climb to a lofty position over the heads of a hundred others. America, on the other hand, is full of persons who can do many things, but who do no one thing well. The secret of their failure is mental dissipation—the squandering of their energies upon a distracting variety of objects, instead of condensing them upon one.” And what is true of England in respect to numbers, is true of all European countries ; hence, the best workmen in almost every department of industry in this country are largely foreigners, who, in the Old World, devoted the early part of their lives to the learning of some one trade or profession, and then emigrated to this country, bringing their superior attainment in workmanship with them.

There are very few universal geniuses in the world. Said a learned American chemist, “My friend laughs at me because I have but one idea, but I have learned that if I wish ever to make a breach in a wall, I must play my guns continually upon one point.” And such gunnery is usually successful. Said Charles Dickens, “Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to, completely.” This he found to be a golden rule. Says Dr. Mathews: “Many a person misses of being a great man by splitting into two middling ones. The highest ability will accomplish but little, if scattered on a multiplicity of objects; while, on the other hand, if one has but a thimbleful of brains, and concentrates them all upon the thing he has in hand, he may achieve



For the people
Charles de Vene

A series of five horizontal, wavy lines of varying lengths, stacked vertically, serving as a decorative flourish at the end of the signature.



miracles. Momentum in physics, properly directed, will drive a tallow candle through an inch board."

Once in a great while a man appears in history like Cicero, or Bacon, or Dante, or Leonardo da Vinci, who is a real prodigy of genius, and who, like these, acquires an immense amount of learning, and does a great many different kinds of work, and does them all well; but the very rareness of such men proves the contrary condition to be the rule. Da Vinci, the last-named of the above four, was a Florentine painter and sculptor, living from 1452 to 1519. Besides his devotion to painting and sculpture, he excelled in architecture (as did Michael Angelo, his cotemporary), engineering and mechanics generally, botany, anatomy, mathematics and astronomy. He was also a poet and an admirable performer on the lyre. His greatest work in painting, by which he became most famous, was "The Last Supper," originally executed in oil on the wall of a Dominican convent, and considered at the time to be the best work of art ever produced. Gladstone, when Prime Minister of England, not only attended to the multiplied affairs of State, but at the same time made experiments with Sykes' hydrometer (an instrument for determining the specific gravity of liquids), answered letters innumerable, conducted a correspondence with half a dozen Greek scholars concerning controverted points in Homer, translated scores of English hymns into Latin verse, and wrote occasional pamphlets of forty pages or so, on some legal point. But this very distraction of thought, this want of concentration in effort, was the precise cause of his failure as a party leader, and gave occasion for Disraeli, his rival and

political opponent, to take advantage of his weakness, oust him from his exalted seat, and sit down there himself in triumph !

SINGLENES OF AIM.

But with these few exceptions, made by minds essentially creative and phenomenally great, most of the great historic names are identified with some single achievement to which they gave their lives. When you read of James Watt, his name stands associated with improvements in the steam-engine. This was his great and only lifework. Sir Richard Arkwright's work was the invention and improvement of machinery for spinning cotton. Dr. Wm. Harvey is distinguished for the discovery of the circulation of the blood, and for that alone. Professor Morse only succeeded in working out one thing, and that the electric telegraph. Count Cavour gave his life to the unification of his beloved country, Italy, and Bismarck has accomplished the same political results for Germany. Commodore Macdonough, the hero of Lake Champlain, won his memorable naval victory by pointing all his guns at the "big ship" of the enemy, until her fire was silenced. Rufus Choate, the great lawyer, was wont to so concentrate his energies upon a case in hand, after once espousing it, that he could not sleep. His mind, as he himself said, took up the cause involved like a great ship, and bore it on night and day till a verdict was reached ; and he was generally so exhausted that several days elapsed before he dared to take up a new case.

Another marvelous career was that of William Pitt, the celebrated English statesmen. "If there was any

thing divine in this man, whom his cotemporaries called a heaven-born statesman, it was the marvelous gift of concentrating his powers. Whatever he did he did with all his might. Ever master of himself, he converged all the rays of his mind, as into a focus, upon the object in hand, worked like a horse, and did nothing by halves. Hence with him there was no half vision, no sleepy eyes, no dawning sense. All his life he had his wits about him so intensely directed to the point required, that, it is said, he seemed never to learn, but only to recollect. He gave men an answer before they knew there was a riddle; he had formed a decision before they had heard of a difficulty. His lightning had struck and done its work, before they had heard the thunder-clap which announced it. Is it strange that such a man went straightway from college into the House of Commons, and in two years to the Prime Ministership of Great Britain,—reigned for nearly a quarter of a century, virtual king,—and carried his measures in spite of the opposition of some of the greatest men England ever produced? The simple secret of his success was, that his whole soul was swallowed up in the one passion for political power. So we see him neglecting everything else,—careless of friends, careless of expenditures, so that with an income of fifty thousand dollars yearly, and no family, he died hopelessly in debt; tearing up by the roots from his heart a love most deep and tender, because it ran counter to his ambition; totally indifferent to posthumous fame, so that he did not take the pains to transmit to posterity a single one of his speeches; utterly insensible to the claims of art, literature, and belles-lettres; living and

working terribly for the one sole purpose of wielding the governing power of the nation."

One of Ignatius Loyola's maxims was, "He who does well one work at a time, does more than all." By spreading our efforts over too large a surface we inevitably weaken our force, hinder our progress, and acquire a habit of fitfulness and ineffective working. Whatever a youth undertakes to learn, he should not be suffered to leave until he can reach his arms round it and clench his hands on the other side. Thus he will learn the habit of thoroughness. Lord St. Leonards once communicated to Sir Fowell Buxton the mode in which he had conducted his studies, and thus explained the secret of his success. "I resolved," said he, "when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week; but, at the end of twelve months, my knowledge was as fresh as the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from recollection." Sir E. B. Lytton, once explaining how it was that, whilst so fully engaged in active life, he had written so many books, observed, "I contrived to do so much by never doing too much at a time. As a general rule, I have devoted to study not more than three hours a day; and, when Parliament is sitting, not always that. But, during those hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

POWER OF ATTENTION.

It is not the quantity of study that one gets through that makes a wise man, but the appositeness

of the study to the purpose for which it is pursued ; the concentration of mind, for the time being, upon the subject under consideration, and the habitual discipline by which the whole system of mental application is regulated. Abernethy was even of opinion that there was a point of saturation in his own mind, and that if he took into it something more than it could hold, it only had the effect of pushing something else out. And every brain-worker knows by experience that this opinion is founded on fact. One of the qualities which early distinguished John C. Calhoun was his *power of attention*. A gentleman who in his youth was wont to accompany Mr. Calhoun in his strolls, states that the latter endeavored to impress upon his friend the importance of cultivating this faculty ; “and to encourage me in my efforts,” says the writer, “he stated that to this end he had early subjected *his* mind to such a rigid course of discipline, and had persisted without faltering until he had early acquired a perfect control over it, that he could now confine it to any subject as long as he pleased, without wandering, even for a moment ; that it was his uniform habit, when he set out alone to walk or ride, to select a subject for reflection, and that he never suffered his attention to wander from it until he was satisfied with its examination.” It has been remarked by Sir William Hamilton, that “the difference between an ordinary mind and the mind of Newton consists principally in this, that the one is capable of a more continuous attention than the other ; that a Newton is able, without fatigue, to connect inference with inference in one long series toward a determined end ; while the man of inferior

capacity is soon obliged to break or let fall the thread which he has begun to spin."

Some people are always complaining that they cannot keep their thoughts from wandering whenever they sit down to write, read, or work ; in other words, they have no power to concentrate their minds on any given point or theme, to the exclusion of others. But such people have never really learned *to think*. They lack mental discipline and culture. They need to cultivate strength of will. Napoleon said of himself that his mind resembled a bureau. He could pull out one drawer, examine its contents to the exclusion of all others, shut it up when he had finished, and then pull out another. That is, he was able to take up one subject after another, concentrate the whole power of his mind upon it while under examination, then dismiss it at once and completely, like the shutting up of a drawer in a bureau, and so proceed until the entire range of topics in his mind had been passed upon. Such power is a very valuable acquisition ; in fact, there can be little progress in mental growth without it. If a man cannot first control his thoughts in some measure, how can he control his acts ? And if not able to control either thought or act, he is like a balloon in the air, or a ship on the ocean without a rudder, the sport of wind and wave. The power which he may possess will drive him ahead, but it will not drive him straight toward the goal of his ambition.

HARMONIOUS DEVELOPMENT.

We would not deny, however, but there is an injurious and even an offensive sense in which a man

can be possessed of one idea. A man may become like a tree with all its branches on one side, and so become a mental and moral deformity. What would we think of a man who was all head, or all stomach, or all arms and legs? Even so a man may become so warped and one-sided, mentally, as to practically forget there is anything else in the world besides his own trade or profession; and then he is not a *whole* man, but simply a distorted fragment. The first thing to be done in human culture is to develop as far as possible *all* the powers of the mind, and then ask nature which one faculty she intended to have in the front, as leader of the rest. A clergyman all divinity and nothing else, or a lawyer all precedents and decisions and revised statutes, or a scholar all book-learning and nothing more, is always a more or less pitiable sight. The seamstress should be something more than an animated needle, and the day-laborer more than a walking spade. Saint Bernard, the pious abbot of Clairvaux, was so much of a saint that he could keep no flesh on his bones. Neander, church historian and a professor in one of the German universities, so neglected the practical side of his nature that, after walking over the ground for nearly thirty years, he could not find his way from the lecture-room to his own house alone. Coleridge and Wadsworth, with all their learning and poetical fame, did not together know enough to take off the collar from a horse, but had to be shown how by a servant girl. Douglas Jerrold said he once knew a man with twenty-four languages, but who had not an idea in any of them.

All these are cases of one-ideaism pushed too far.

Such characters are not good specimens of fully-developed men, but are only distortions or dwarfs. Walpole tells us that Charles James Fox, after making his great and exhausting speech in the trial of Warren Hastings, could so far drop his specialty and his lawyer-like greatness as to go out, after the speech was concluded, and hand the ladies into their coaches with all the sprightliness and easy gayety of an idle gallant. It makes not so much difference if a man have two or three side-tracks on which he can "switch off" now and then, provided the side-tracks all lead to the same terminus with the main line. But a man must not be on side-tracks all his life. Edward Everett is an example of a man who tried to do so many different kinds of work, that he really excelled in none. He started life as a Unitarian minister, then became a professor in Harvard College, from which he had previously graduated at seventeen, went to Europe and studied four years more, came home and became an orator and lecturer, went to Congress for ten years as a representative, was Governor of Massachusetts for four years, became Minister to England in 1841, was elected President of Harvard College in 1849, was next made Secretary of State under President Fillmore, was chosen U. S. Senator in 1853, but resigned, and lastly ran as candidate for Vice-President in 1860 on the ticket with John Bell of Tennessee. He died two or three years after the civil war broke out. De Quincey, the English writer and opium-eater, is another example of the same kind, and so is Coleridge, a man of gigantic intellectual capacity. When Charles Lamb heard of his death, he wrote to a friend: "Coleridge is dead, and

is said to have left behind him above forty thousand treatises on metaphysics and divinity—and not one of them complete.” The poet Præad, describing a certain vicar, says of him :

“His talk is like a stream which runs
 With rapid change from rocks to roses;
 It slips from politics to puns,
 It glides from Mahomet to Moses.
 Beginning with the laws that keep
 The planets in their radiant courses,
 And ending with some precept deep,
 For skinning eels, or shoeing horses.”

STICK TO ONE THING.

All men who hope to be successful in life, must choose some kind of work for which they find themselves best adapted, *and then stick to it*. Bishop Butler spent twenty years of his life writing one book, the “Analogy,” but the book is as immortal as the Bible itself. Edward Gibbon, the historian, worked the same number of years over his “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,” but that work will never die. Immanuel Kant, the German philosopher, devoted fifty years to the investigation of metaphysic problems. Isaac Newton wrote his “Chronology” over, seventeen times. Adam Smith worked ten years at “The Wealth of Nations.” Indeed, “to strive for a high professional position, and yet expect to have all the delights of leisure ; to labor for vast riches, and yet to ask for freedom from anxiety and care, and all the happiness which flows from a contented mind ; to indulge in sensual gratification, and yet demand

health, strength, and vigor ; to live for self, and yet to look for the joys that spring from a virtuous and self-denying life,—is to ask for impossibilities. The world is a market where everything is marked at a settled price ; and whatever we buy with our time, labor, or ingenuity,—whether riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, or knowledge,—we must stand by our decision, and not, like children, when we have purchased one thing repine that we do not possess another which we did not buy.”

In one of Lucian's Dialogues, Jupiter complains to Cupid that, though he has had so many intrigues, he was never sincerely beloved. In order to be loved, says Cupid, you must lay aside your ægis and your thunderbolts, and you must curl and perfume your hair, and place a garland on your head, and walk with a soft step, and assume a winning, obsequious deportment. But, replied Jupiter, I am not willing to resign so much of my dignity. Then, returns Cupid, leave off desiring to be loved. He wanted to be Jupiter and Adonis at the same time, and he could not. Alexandre, of Paris, made “kid” gloves his specialty, and now his trademark imparts to manufactured ratskins a value peculiarly their own. William and Robert Chambers devoted their energies to the production of cheap books and periodicals, and their wealth is counted by millions. Faber has fabricated pencils till he has literally made his mark in every land. The genius of the great Dr. Brandreth ran to pills, and his name is now as familiar as a household word all over the world. Mason gave his whole soul to the invention of good blacking, and now his name shines like a pair of boots to which it has been applied.

Herring, the manufacturer of safes, has salamandered himself into celebrity, and Tobias, the watchmaker, has ticked his way to fame and fortune. A. T. Stewart made bales of dry-goods his stepping-stones to the proud position of a millionaire,—becoming at once the Cræsus and the Colossus of the trade ; and Robert Bonner, advertising by the acre, discovered a new way of reaping golden harvests from the overworked soil of journalism.

The greatest actors are those who take one or a few characters, and leave all others alone. Edwin Booth plays ever the same list of characters, while Joe Jefferson sticks to one, but in that he has become so perfect as to almost lose in it his personal identity. And the same is true of Lawrence Barrett, John T. Raymond, and a score of others. Broad culture, many-sidedness, are beautiful accomplishments to look at and admire, but it is always the *men of single and intense purpose* who concentrate their power, that do the hard and valuable work of the world, and who are everywhere in demand when such work is to be done.



SELF-HELP.

"At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
At forty, knows it, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chiding infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same."

—EDWARD YOUNG.



HARDSHIPS, poverty, and difficulties of all kinds in early life, help develop and bring out the heroic qualities of a young, manly spirit, and assist in making it great, strong, and wise, if it ever becomes such. Whereas, if the pathway of a young man is made easy, safe and smooth before him by the advice and pecuniary aid of others, it will practically be ruinous to character by making him weak, irresolute, and effeminate. It is not in the sheltered garden or the hot-house, but on the rugged Alpine cliffs, where the storms beat most violently, that the toughest plants are reared. It is not by the use of corks, bladders, and life-preservers that you can best learn to swim, but by plunging courageously into the wave and buffeting it, like Cassius and Cæsar, with lusty sinews; that difficulties and trials in life knit one's muscles

more firmly and teach him self-reliance, just as by wrestling with an athlete who is a superior in strength, one would not only increase his own strength, but learn the secret of his conqueror's skill.

A certain amount of difficulty, when happily overcome, undoubtedly does strengthen resolution, invigorate the will, and toughen the cords and sinews of the mind and heart. But let the obstacles thicken around any human spirit until they become practically insurmountable, they crush it to the earth. Poe, in "The Raven," speaks of such an one,

" Whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast, and followed faster,
Till his songs one burden bore;
Till the dirges of his hope, the
Melancholy burden bore,
Of 'Never—nevermore.' "

No human spirit can bear up long under the crushing weight of despair, and whenever difficulties and trials in life are of such a nature, or come so fast, as to induce this state, then they cripple, hinder, and bruise the mind more than they assist in developing its latent resources. The mother eagle, when her birdlings have grown large and strong enough to fly, calls them out of the nest, drives them to the edge of the cliff, and then deliberately pushes them off. But does she abandon them then? By no means; on the contrary, when she sees them fluttering and falling farther and farther down, swifter than an arrow she darts beneath them, lets them fall upon her strong, wide back, and carries them triumphantly to the old nest again. This is nature's method of developing

latent power, and from this we may gain a hint for human reason to profit by, in the treatment of young and growing minds.

HARDSHIP IN EARLY LIFE.

A certain amount of hardship in early life seems essential to ultimate success, but every young mind needs to be under the constant watch-care of some fostering and protecting parent or guardian. To send young people out into the world, and then leave them to shift for themselves, or to start a young man on a course of education, and then say, "Oh, if he has the right stuff in him, he will manage to get along, somehow," is not only hazardous, but a policy which is prompted by false philosophy, not to say by criminal ignorance of life's dangers, and of the inherent susceptibilities of an ardent, youthful nature.

We fully agree with Dr. Mathews, when he denounces "young men of vivid imaginations, who, instead of carrying their own burdens, are always dreaming of some Hercules to come and give them a 'lift.' The vision haunts their minds of some benevolent old gentleman—a bachelor, with no children, of course, but with a bag full of money and a trunk full of mortgages and stocks—who, being astonishingly quick to detect merit or genius, will give them a trifle of ten or twenty thousand dollars, with which they will earn a hundred thousand more. Or, perhaps, they will have a legacy from some unheard-of relative, who will suddenly and conveniently die." Also with another writer, who says: "One of the most disgusting sights in this world, is that of a young man with

healthy blood, broad shoulders, presentable calves, and a hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, of good bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets, longing for help." It is told of Lord Thurlow, the Chancellor of England, that, on being consulted by a parent as to the best means his son could adopt to secure success at the bar, he thus replied: "Let your son spend his own fortune, marry and spend his wife's, and then go to the bar; there will be little fear of his failure." It was for this reason that Thurlow withheld from Lord Eldon, when poor, a commissionership of bankruptcy which he had promised him, saying it was a favor to Eldon to withhold it. "What he meant," says Eldon, "was, that he had learned (a clear truth) that I was by nature very indolent, and it was only want that could make me very industrious." Beethoven said of Rossini, that he had the right stuff in him to make a good musician, if he had only been well flogged when a boy; but he was spoiled by the *ease* with which he composed. Shelley tells us of certain poets that they

"Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

A great musician once said concerning a promising, but passionless cantatrice: "She sings well, but she wants something, and in that something, everything. If I were single, I would court her; I would marry her; I would maltreat her; I would break her heart; and in six months she would be the greatest singer in Europe."

These, however, are extreme views and extreme cases, and while such a course of treatment might be

beneficial in some cases, it would, as in many others, prove the opposite. There is and must be in the very nature of things a wise limit, a golden mean, which may be said to constitute the boundary line between judicious giving or aiding, and judicious withholding of aid.

POVERTY AND RICHES.

Parents are often blamed for working hard to accumulate property for their children, and are sometimes called their children's worst enemies for so doing, but there are a great many heavier curses for children to bear than a "good start in the world" through inherited wealth. Sometimes, indeed, the proverb holds good that those rich young men who begin their fortunes where their fathers leave off, generally leave off where their fathers begun. But all rich men's sons are not fools or spendthrifts, any more than all poor children are bright, energetic, thrifty and saving. The Astor boys manage to keep that great estate together, and even to increase its proportions; Wm. H. Vanderbilt is no unworthy descendant of the great Commodore, and so in hundreds of similar instances. In fact, take the country through, the large accumulations of property, as a rule, continue in the same family through successive generations; the father handing it over to the children, and they in turn preserving it, if not adding to it, for the next generation, and so on. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, as to all rules, but these exceptions are no more numerous among the rich than among the poor. A far greater number of poor children turn out bad, than rich ones, according to the size of the respective

classes. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is more of a misfortune than a blessing to be poor.

But this is not saying that poor young men can do nothing, because they are poor, or because they have no one to help them—far from it. Many of the great names in history, many of the world's greatest heroes and benefactors, have been men of humble parentage "whose cradles were rocked in lowly cottages, and who buffeted the billows of fate without dependence, save upon the mercy of God and their own energies." Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton used to say that "no man ought to be convinced by anything short of absolute failure, that he is not meant to do much for the honor of God, and the good of mankind." Neither has any man, young or old, a right to be discouraged on account of adverse circumstances or feeble abilities. Every giant oak in the forest was once contained in a little acorn, and was kicked about by the feet of passing swine. Mohammed, who founded a new religion and changed the fate of empires, was an orphan at eight, and afterward a camel-driver. Pope Gregory VII. was a carpenter's son; Copernicus, who introduced the modern system of astronomy, was the son of a baker; Kepler, hardly less distinguished, was a waiter-boy in a hotel kept by his father.

In England, Captain Cook, the famous navigator, James Brindley, the first man who devoted himself to civil engineering as a profession, and the originator of the canal system, and Robert Burns, the poet, belonged all of them to the class of common day-laborers. Masons and bricklayers can boast of Ben Jonson, who worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn with a trowel in his hand, and a book in his pocket, Ed-

wards and Telford, the engineers, Hugh Miller the geologist, and Allan Cunningham the writer and sculptor; whilst among distinguished carpenters we find the names of Inigo Jones the architect, Harrison the chronometer-maker, John Hunter the physiologist, Romney and Opie the painters, Professor Lee the Orientalist, and John Gibson the sculptor. From the weaver class have sprung Simpson the mathematician, Bacon the sculptor, the two Milners, Adam Walker, John Foster, Wilson the ornithologist, Dr. Livingstone the missionary traveler. Shoemakers have given us Sir Cloudesley Shovel the great Admiral, Sturgeon the electrician, Samuel Drew the essayist, Gifford, the editor of the "Quarterly Review," Bloomfield the poet, and William Carey the missionary; while Morrison, another laborious missionary, was a maker of shoe lasts.

Cardinal Wolsey, Daniel Defoe, the writer, Aken-side and Kirke White, poets, were sons of butchers; the immortal Bunyan was a tinker. Newcomen, Watt, and Stephenson, names connected with the invention and perfecting of the steam-engine, were all of poor and humble origin like the others,—the first a blacksmith, the second a maker of mathematical instruments, and the third an engine-fireman. John Bewick, the father of wood engraving, was a coal-miner, Baffin, discoverer of "Baffin's Bay," began his seafaring career as a man before the mast, and Sir Cloudesley Shovel as a cabin-boy. Herschel played the oboe in a military band. Chantrey was a journeyman carver, Etty a journeyman printer, and Sir Thomas Lawrence the son of a tavern-keeper. Michael Faraday, the son of a poor blacksmith, was in early

life apprenticed to a bookbinder, and worked at that trade until he reached his twenty-second year; he now occupies the very first rank as a philosopher, excelling even his master, Sir Humphrey Davy, in the art of lucidly expounding the most difficult and abstruse points in natural science.

EARLY LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON.

Drawing nearer home, look at the early life of Andrew Jackson, whose soubriquet of "Old Hickory" is still so potent with large numbers of his countrymen. His father, after whom Andrew was named, emigrated to North Carolina in 1765, and died five days after his son's birth. The mother, with her babe and two other children, then moved into a destitute portion of South Carolina, where Andrew's boyhood was passed. Their means were slender. When the Revolution broke out the oldest boy enlisted, and was killed. At the age of thirteen, Andrew, with his brother Robert, joined a corps of volunteers attached to General Sumter's brigade.

In the next year, 1781, both the boys were captured by a party of dragoons. Andrew was ordered by a Tory officer to clean a pair of muddy boots, but proudly refused, whereupon the officer aimed a sword-stroke at his head, which the boy parried, and thereby received a wound upon the hand which he bore for life. His brother was ordered to do the same thing for another officer, and for his refusal actually received a sword-cut upon the head from which he never recovered. In the prison at Camden, the boys suffered severely from their undressed wounds, and also from

small-pox which raged among the prisoners. When at length they were exchanged with five neighbors, and given to their mother, they were little more than mere wrecks. From the prison to their home was a distance of forty miles, and there were but two horses for the whole party. On one, without saddle or bridle, Mrs. Jackson rode, and on the other the weak and wounded Robert was borne; young Andrew, barefooted, half-naked, and half-sick with the small-pox, trudging the whole distance on foot. A heavy rain set in, and drenched the party to the skin, and drove the disease back again into the systems of the two boys. Two days after, Robert died, and Andrew hung upon the brink of death for two weeks. After his recovery, his mother died, and then the seventh President of the United States was left alone upon the earth, penniless and friendless.

For a time he became reckless and dissipated, but in his eighteenth year he suddenly changed his course of life and commenced to study law at Salisbury, N. C. Two years after he was licensed to practice, and received from the Governor of the State, without asking, the appointment of solicitor for the western district, embracing the present State of Tennessee. In the spring of 1788, at just twenty-one years of age, he crossed the mountains to his new home, and as the country was wild and unsettled, he immediately engaged in bloody warfare with the fierce savage. His subsequent history has become part and parcel of the national record. He settled at Nashville, married a beautiful woman, went to Congress, from thence on, step by step, until he was seated in the Presidential chair, his name enrolled among the world's great men.

Surely no boy or young man in these days could have a harder time getting started in life than did young Jackson. His success was owing to several causes, but chiefly to his own determination, *courage, pluck, ability, and will*. His extreme youthfulness while passing through that series of trials was much in his favor, as boys usually recover from the stunning effect of such blows much easier and quicker than maturer minds. His first appointment from the Governor, and his well-chosen marriage, also, were events greatly in his favor, and helped him much ; but after that, Andrew Jackson depended chiefly upon his own resources and powers.

Generally, as another has said, "Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels ; one warehouses, another villas ; bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks until the architect makes them something else. Thus it is that in the same family, in the same circumstances, one man rears a stately edifice, while his brother, vacillating and incompetent, lives forever amid ruins ; the block of granite, which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the resolute. The difficulties which utterly dishearten one man only stiffen the sinews of another, who looks on them as a sort of mental spring-board, by which to vault across the gulf of failure onto the sure, solid ground of full success." When John C. Calhoun was in Yale College, he was ridiculed by his fellow-students for his intense application to study. "Why, sir," he replied, "I am forced to make the most of my time, that I may acquit myself creditably when in Congress."

A laugh followed, when he exclaimed: "Do you doubt it? I assure you, if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the national capital, as a representative, within the next three years, I would leave college this very day!"


Therefore, instead of being one of the "foiled potentialities" or possibilities of which the world is so full; instead of being merely a "subjunctive hero," who always might, could, would, or should, do great things, but whose not doing great things is what nobody can understand, let every man be in the imperative mood, and do that of which his talents are indicative. If this lesson of self-help is once learned and acted on, every man will be able to discover within himself the elements and capacities of usefulness and honor.



SELF-RELIANCE.

"Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unused."

—SHAKESPEARE.

FTER the age of maturity has been reached, one should learn to think for and rely upon himself, and learn to be guided by his own conclusions ; but before this can be done with entire safety, one must learn to think correctly, and reason soundly. While a too great intellectual dependence, on the one hand, is productive of mental weakness and servility, a too great intellectual confidence, on the other, is sure to lead into rashness and folly.

It would be dangerous advice to give any young man, to say : "Think for yourself, and follow out your own ideas, *right or wrong* ; for one of the most besetting sins of a youthful mind is that of ignoring the past, and rejecting the counsels of the aged. Every man who has reached the age of forty can look back and see how foolish, and rash, and headstrong he was when the hot, wild impulses of youth and early manhood were burning like fire in his heart and bones ; when he felt he could do anything, and knew

as well what was good for him as those by whom he was surrounded. Where a man is confident at twenty, he is quite likely to be cautious at forty; where he was *sure* he was right at twenty-five, he is more than likely to be mistrustful and timid at forty-five or fifty. One difficulty about over-confidence with immature minds in early life is, that they are very liable to mistake imaginings and fancies for sound reasoning and solid fact.

IMAGINATION.

Never is the imagination more active or more deceptive than in the fresh morning of life. This faculty of the mind seems to be the first to develop. Even in childhood its power is great, and a little later on it becomes well-nigh supreme among the mental forces. And very few realize what an arch and gay deceiver this intellectual sprite and trickster is among men. Sir Walter Scott exclaims in "Rokeby:"

"Woe to the youth whom fancy gains,
Winning from reason's hand the feins."

And another old poet adds:

"Subtle opinion,
Working in man's decayed faculties,
Cuts and shapes illusive fantasies,
Whereon we ground a thousand lies."

Then Shakespere culminates the accusation by declaring that "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet are of imagination all compact." Therefore, when young men and maidens become susceptible to the influences

of the tender passion ; when they begin to read (and to write, if they can) sentimental poetry ; when the world looks all bright and fascinating to them ; when every power of body and mind is intensely alive and eager for distinction, and the spirit thirsts for activity and glory, it will hardly be safe for them to follow out blindly their own ideas, or to trust too much to their own independent thought and judgment. The advice of older and cooler heads should never be contemptuously thrown aside at such a period of life.

There comes a time, however, sooner or later in human experience, when all persons are compelled to think and act for themselves.

SELF-CONCEIT.

“This self-conceit is a most dangerous elf.
He who doth trust too much unto himself
Can never fail to fall in many snares.”

// If we were called upon to describe an intellectual devil, with horns, and hoofs, and tail arrayed, whose very presence was like blasting mildew upon the mind and heart, whose looks destroyed, and whose breath benumbed, we should say his name was Self-Conceit.// When this habit of mind becomes confirmed and settled, the man or woman might as well be dead as alive, so far as doing good or being successful is concerned. There is no intellectual disease, no malady of the brain to be compared with it for deadliness of nature. It makes one disagreeable to all around ; it turns him into a laughing-stock ; it destroys the power of all true thought and right action ; it creates

a false world out of a real one. No man can be respected, or be useful, or amount to anything in the world, if he bears the character of a conceited coxcomb. Any so-called independence of thought, therefore, which leads to this evil, we most thoroughly deprecate and abominate.

But a wholesome fear of this mild form of lunacy need not deter any one from trying, to the utmost of his capacity, to be original in thought, and ingenious in methods and aims. It need not, and must not, lead any one to be *afraid* to think for himself, or to seek to carry out his ideas in all legitimate ways, and to a reasonable extent. Indeed, after one has thoroughly and conscientiously endeavored, by all means within his reach, to ascertain the absolute truth and the best possible way, he must then be true to his own matured convictions and ideas, whether these prove to be in harmony with the convictions and ideas of others or not. But there is a world of difference between being rash, headstrong, self-conceited, uppish, and indolent, and being firm, intelligent, thoughtful, persistent, ingenious, and wise.

THE PRESENT AGE.

This age of the world is in many respects unlike past ages, and calls for different measures and plans. The world is rushing on at a fearful rate of speed, and he who would keep up with his fellows must learn to think quickly, be fertile in expedient, be shrewd, active and wise, and able to travel fast. We fully coincide with another when he says: "The days when a man could get rich by plodding on, without enter-

prise and without taxing his brains, have gone by. Mere industry and economy are not enough ; there must be intelligence and original thought. Quick-witted Jacks always get ahead of the slow-witted giants. Whatever your calling, inventiveness, adaptability, promptness of decision, must direct and utilize your force ; and if you cannot find markets, you must make them. In business, you need not know many books, but you must know your trade and men ; you may be slow at logic, but you must dart at a chance like a robin at a worm. You may stick to your groove in politics and religion, but in your business you must switch into new tracks, and shape yourself to every exigency. Every calling is filled with bold, keen, subtle-witted men, fertile in expedients and devices, who are perpetually inventing new ways of buying cheaply, underselling, or attracting custom ; and the man who sticks doggedly to the old-fashioned methods—who runs in a perpetual rut—will find himself outstripped in the race of life, if he is not stranded on the sands of popular indifference. Keep, then, your eyes open and your wits about you, and you may distance all competitors ; but ignore all new methods, and you will find yourself like a lugger contending with an ocean racer."

Again, we are not the only people who run everything into the ground, but we certainly do it more generally and with greater rapidity than any other nation on the glóbe. No matter what branch of business is started—from the manufacture of pills or matches to that of sewing-machines or watches ; or from the ice-trade to the traffic in guano or Japanese goods—the moment any business is discovered to be

profitable, it is rushed into by thousands and tens of thousands, till a reaction follows, and it is ruined. These facts call for the formation and exercise of a strong individuality of character, and for true independence of thought and act, but they need not, and must not, make a man crazy or foolish through over self-confidence or disgusting conceit in opinion.

SELF-ADVERTISING.

The present age is also an age of advertising, pre-eminently, and it is a profitable and interesting inquiry, to know how far one should seek to advertise his own ability and skill. One thing is certain; there must be no false modesty in him who would be successful, and, at the same time, there need be no display of excessive impudence and brazen-faced boldness. True courage in character is a far different article from either of these. There is, as has been well said, a happy medium between the two extremes; between the "noisy, blatant pretension that is forever stunning us with proclamations of its own ability, and that excessive humility which strips itself of all real merit, and shrinks into a corner, frightened at its own shadow. This medium, although somewhat difficult to describe, is not impossible to realize in practice, and at this every one should aim. Because there is danger of invoicing yourself above your real value, it does not follow that you should always be underrating your own worth. The great mass of men have no time to examine the merits of others. They are busy about their own affairs, which claim all their attention. They cannot go about hunting for

modest worth in every nook and corner; those who would get their good opinion must come forward with their claims, and at least show their own confidence in them, by backing them with vigorous assertion."

The different ways and methods of self-advertising practiced in these times are legion. Some of them are ingenious to the last degree, displaying great tact and talent on the part of those wishing to get notoriety, and through that to attract custom to business, get a living, and, perhaps, make money.

We refer now, not to the lawful and legitimate advertising of goods in mercantile life; this is not only right in itself, but something that must be done as a matter of business policy. But we are speaking of advertising *self*, not goods, and one method which is sometimes resorted to, is happily hit off in the following sketch: "There are two rival doctors in town, equal in learning and skill, and who have just begun their professional careers. Dr. Easy puts his card on his door and in the newspapers, and then sits down in his office and waits patiently for patients. If, fortunately, somebody is good enough to break a leg or to be seized with the cholera at his very door, he secures a customer; otherwise, he may spend years in putting knowledge into his head by study, before he will put any money in his purse. Not so with Dr. Push. He has a mean opinion of the passive system, puts up a stunning brass plate on his door, gets himself puffed in the newspapers, dresses in the height of fashion, talks learnedly, looks wise, and keeps a "two-forty" horse and carriage, before he has a visit to make. He hires persons to startle his neighbors at midnight with

peals at his bell ; is continually called out of church ; and, more than once, has his name shouted, as being instantly wanted, while attending a concert or lecture at the Academy of Music. Instead of sitting down in his office and dozing over Brodie and Magendie, he scours the streets and the whole adjoining country with his carriage, driving from morning till night at a killing pace, as if life and death hung on his steps ; and, neglecting no form of advertisement, is probably making two thousand dollars a year before Dr. Easy has heard the rap of his first patient."


This kind of sharp practice will sometimes succeed, and sometimes fail. If it wins, the man's fortune is thereby advanced for the time being ; but if it is exposed, the man will very likely be obliged to leave town and try again in another locality more favorably conditioned for scheming. Washington Irving once said that "a barking dog was often more useful than a sleeping lion," and there is some truth in the assertion ; but, whether useful or not, no man would care to settle down permanently in the sphere or character of a barking dog.



LABOR.

"If little labor, little are our gains;
Man's fortunes are according to his pains."

—ROBERT HERRICK.

VOID idleness, and fill up all the spaces of thy time with severe and useful employment; for, of all employments, bodily labor is the most useful, and of the greatest benefit for driving away the devil." Perhaps, if the earth had brought forth thorns and thistles from the first, and Adam and Eve had been put at hard work, instead of in the midst of a garden, with plenty of time and leisure to toy with fruits, and flowers, and vines, they might not have yielded so readily to the voice of temptation. But, having been ruined through comparative ease and idleness, the human race was put at hard work for the express purpose of preventing, as far as possible, the recurrence of the evil.

IDLENESS.

Lazy, shiftless people are, as a rule, poor, miserable, and comparatively useless. Industry is the price of excellence in everything. They who are the most

persistent, and work in the truest spirit, will invariably be the most successful. Fortune is ever on the side of the industrious, as winds and waves are on the side of the best navigators. Genius may not be necessary, though even genius of the highest sort does not despise the exercise of common qualities. The very greatest men have been among the least believers in the power of genius, and were as worldly-wise and persevering as the successful men of a commoner sort. Some have even defined genius to be only common sense intensified. A distinguished teacher and president of a college spoke of it as the power of making efforts. Buffon said of genius: "It is patience."

Newton's was unquestionably a mind of the very highest order, and yet, when asked by what means he had worked out his extraordinary discoveries, he modestly answered: "By always thinking upon them." At another time he thus expressed his method of study: "I keep the subject continually before me, and wait till the first dawns open slowly, by little and little, into a full and clear light." In Newton's case, as it is in every other, it was only by diligent application and perseverance that a great reputation was achieved. Even his recreation consisted merely in the variety of his industry—leaving one subject only to take up another. To Dr. Bentley he said: "If I have done the public any service, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought."

GENIUS AND INDUSTRY.

Ninety per cent. of what men call genius is a talent for hard work; only the remaining tenth is the

fancied ability of doing things without work. "The extraordinary results effected by dint of sheer industry and perseverance, have led many distinguished men to doubt whether the gift of genius be so exceptional an endowment as it is generally supposed to be. Thus, Voltaire held that it is only a very slight line of separation that divides the man of genius from the man of ordinary mould. Locke, Helvetius, and Diderot believed that all men have an equal aptitude for genius, and that what some men are able to effect, under the influence of the fundamental laws which regulate the march of intellect, must also be within the reach of others, who, in the same circumstances, apply themselves to like pursuits. But while admitting, to the fullest extent, the wonderful achievements of labor, and also recognizing the fact that men of the most distinguished genius have invariably been found the most indefatigable workers, it must nevertheless be sufficiently obvious that, without the original endowment of heart and brain, no amount of labor, however well applied, would have produced a Shakespere, a Newton, a Beethoven, or a Michael Angelo.

"Dalton, the chemist, always repudiated the notion of his being a 'genius,' attributing everything which he had accomplished to simple industry and accumulation. John Hunter said of himself: 'My mind is like a bee-hive; but full as it is of buzz and apparent confusion, it is yet full of order, regularity, and food, collected with incessant industry from the choicest stores of nature.' We have, indeed, but to glance at the biographies of great men, to find that the most distinguished inventors, artists, thinkers, and

workers of all sorts, owe their success in a great measure to their indefatigable industry and application. They were men who turned all things to gold—even time itself. Hence it happens that the men who have most moved the world, have not been so much men of genius, strictly so called, as men of intense mediocre abilities, untiring workers, persevering, self-reliant, and indefatigable; not so often those gifted with naturally bright and shining qualities, as those who have applied themselves diligently to their work, in whatever line that might lie. A great point to be arrived at, is to get the working quality well trained. When that is done, the rest will be found comparatively easy. We must repeat, and again repeat, facility will come with labor. Not even the simplest art can be accomplished without it."

WORTHY EXAMPLES.

As history is philosophy teaching by example, so biography furnishes the best illustrations of principle and theory. Therefore, to show the reader what has been done by patient industry and steadfast application, we will give a number of brief sketches of distinguished workers, taken from different ranks of life. Sir Robert Peel, one of the most distinguished statesmen and prime ministers that England ever had, was a noted worker. The Peel family rose from humble circumstances to a position of great renown, wholly through the power of industry. Sir Robert's grandfather, the first of the line, was a small yeoman, living on a poor, sterile farm near Blackburn. Finding he could not support his large family by farming,

he began the business of calico-making. He was, in fact, the originator of the process of printing calico by machinery.

It was then customary, in such houses as the Peels' to use pewter plates at dinner. Having sketched a figure or pattern on one of the plates, the thought struck him that an impression might be got from it in reverse, and printed on calico in color. In a cottage at the end of the farmhouse lived a woman who kept a calendering machine, and, going into her cottage, he put the plate, with color rubbed into the figured part, and some calico over it, through the machine, when it was found to leave a satisfactory impression. Such is said to have been the origin of roller-printing on calico. Robert Peel shortly perfected this process, and the first pattern he brought out was a parsley leaf; hence he is spoken of, in the neighborhood of Blackburn, to this day, as "Parsley Peel." The process of calico-printing by what is called the mule machine—that is, by means of a wooden cylinder in relief, with an engraved copper cylinder—was afterward brought to perfection by one of his sons, the head of the firm of Messrs. Peel and Co., of Church, England.

Sir Robert Peel (the first baronet, and the second manufacturer of the name) inherited all his father's enterprise, ability, and industry. His position, at starting in life, was little above that of an ordinary working man, for his father, though laying the foundations of future prosperity, was still struggling with the difficulties arising from insufficient capital. When Robert was only twenty years of age, he determined to begin the business of cotton-printing, which

he had by this time learned with his father, on his own account. His uncle, James Haworth, and William Yates of Blackburn, joined him in his enterprise, the whole capital which they could raise among them amounting to only about £500, the principal part of which was supplied by William Yates. The frugal style in which the partners lived may be inferred from the following incident in their early career: William Yates, being a married man, commenced housekeeping on a small scale, and to oblige Peel, who was single, agreed to take him as a lodger. The sum which the latter first paid for board and lodging was eight shillings a week, but Yates, considering this too little, insisted on the weekly payment being increased a shilling, to which Peel at first demurred, and a difference between the partners took place, which was eventually compromised by the lodger paying an advance of sixpence a week. William Yates' eldest child was a girl named Ellen, and she very soon became an especial favorite with the young lodger. On returning from his hard day's work at "The Ground," he would take the little girl upon his knee, and say to her, "Nelly, thou bonny little dear, wilt be my wife?" to which the child would readily answer, "Yes," as any child would do. "Then I'll wait for thee, Nelly; I'll wed thee, and none else." And Robert Peel did wait. As the girl grew in beauty toward womanhood, his determination to wait for her was strengthened; and after the lapse of ten years—years of close application to business and rapidly increasing prosperity—Robert Peel married Ellen Yates, when she had completed her seventeenth year; and the pretty child, whom her mother's lodger

and father's partner had nursed upon his knee, became Mrs. Peel, and eventually Lady Peel, the mother of the future Prime Minister of England. Lady Peel was a noble and beautiful woman, fitted to grace any station in life. She possessed rare powers of mind, and was, in every emergency, the high-souled and faithful counsellor of her husband. For many years after their marriage, she acted as his amanuensis, conducting the principal part of his business correspondence; for Mr. Peel himself was an indifferent, and almost unintelligible writer. She died in 1803, only three years after the baronetcy was conferred upon her husband.

The third in the line was the statesman and prime minister. When a boy, at Drayton Manor, his father was accustomed to set him up at table to practice extemporaneous speaking; and he early accustomed him to repeat as much of the Sunday sermon as he could carry away in his memory. Little progress was made at first, but, by steady perseverance, the habit of attention soon became powerful, and the sermon was at length repeated almost verbatim. When, afterward, replying in succession to the arguments of his parliamentary opponents—an art in which he was, perhaps, unrivaled—it was little surmised that the extraordinary power of accurate remembrance which he displayed on such occasions had been originally acquired, while under the discipline of his father, in the parish church of Drayton. He possessed in an extraordinary degree the power of continuous intellectual labor; nor did he spare himself. His career, indeed, presented a remarkable example of how much a man of comparatively moderate powers can accomplish by

means of assiduous application, and indefatigable industry. During the forty years that he held a seat in Parliament, his labors were prodigious. He was a most conscientious man, and whatever he undertook to do, he did thoroughly. All his speeches bear evidence of his careful study of everything that had been spoken or written on the subject under consideration. He was elaborate almost to excess, and spared no pains to adapt himself to the various capacities of his audience. Withal, he possessed much practical sagacity, great strength of purpose, and power to direct the issues of action with steady hand and eye.

Another example of a similar kind is found in the career of Lord Brougham, whose indefatigable industry became proverbial. His public labors extended over a period of upward of sixty years, during which he ranged over many fields—of law, literature, politics, and science—and achieved distinction in them all. How he contrived it, has been to many a mystery. Once, when Sir Samuel Romilly was requested to undertake some new work, he excused himself by saying that he had no time; “But,” he added, “go with it to that fellow Brougham; he seems to have time for everything.” The secret of it was that he never left a minute unemployed; withal, he possessed a constitution of iron. When arrived at an age at which most men would have retired from the world to enjoy their hard-earned leisure, perhaps to doze away their time in an easy-chair, Lord Brougham commenced and prosecuted a series of elaborate investigations into the laws of light, and submitted the results to the most scientific audiences that Paris and London could muster.

About the same time, he was passing through the press his admirable sketches of the "Men of Science and Literature of the Reign of George III," and taking his full share of law business and political discussions in the House of Lords. Sydney Smith once recommended him to confine himself to only the transaction of so much business as three strong men could get through. But such was Brougham's love of work—long become a habit—that no amount of application seems to have been too great for him; and such was his love of excellence, that it has been said of him, that if his station in life had been only that of a shoeblick, he would never have rested satisfied until he had become the best shoeblick in England.

Allusion has been made in these pages to James Watt, the most conspicuous among the many names connected with the development and improvement of the steam-engine. Watt was one of the most industrious of men. Even when a boy, Watt found science in toys. The quadrants lying about his father's carpenter-shop led him to the study of optics and astronomy; his ill health induced him to pry into the secrets of physiology; and his solitary walks through the country attracted him to the study of botany, history, and antiquarianism. While carrying on the business of a mathematical instrument-maker, he received an order to build an organ; and, though without any ear for music, he undertook the study of harmonics, and successfully constructed the instrument. And, in like manner, when the little model of Newcomen's steam-engine, belonging to the University of Glasgow, was placed in his hands for repair,

he forthwith set himself to learn all that was then known about heat, evaporation, and condensation—at the same time plodding his way in mechanics and the science of construction—the results of which he at length embodied in the condensing steam-engine.

For ten years he went on contriving and inventing,—with little hope to cheer him,—with a few friends to encourage him,—struggling with difficulties, and earning but a slender living at his trade. Even when he had brought his engine into a practical working condition, his difficulties seemed to be as far from an end as ever, and he could find no capitalist to join him in his great undertaking, and bring the invention to a successful and practical issue. He went on, meanwhile, earning bread for his family by making and selling quadrants, making and mending fiddles, flutes, and other musical instruments, measuring mason work, surveying roads, superintending the construction of canals, or doing anything that turned up, and offered a prospect of honest gain. At length, Watt found a fit partner in another eminent leader of industry, Matthew Boulton of Birmingham, a skilful, energetic, and far-seeing man, who vigorously undertook the enterprise of introducing the condensing engine into general use as a working power; and the success of both is now a matter of history.

The person most closely identified with the establishment of the cotton manufacture in Great Britain, was Richard Arkwright. His parents were very poor, and he was the youngest of thirteen children. He was never at school; the only education he received he gave himself, and to the last he was only able to write with difficulty. When a boy, he was apprenticed



JAMES WATT AND HIS TEA KETTLE.

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to a barber, and after learning the business, he set up for himself in Bolton, in 1760, occupying an underground cellar, over which he put the sign, "Come to the subterraneous barber—he shaves for a penny." The other barbers found their customers leaving them, and reduced their prices to his standard; when Arkwright, determined to push his trade, announced his determination to give "A clean shave for a half-penny." After a few years he quitted his cellar, and became an itinerant dealer in hair. At that time wigs were worn, and this was an important branch of the barbering business. He went about buying hair, and was accustomed to attend the hiring fairs throughout Lancashire, resorted to by young women for the purpose of securing their long tresses; and it is said that in negotiations of this sort he was very successful. He also dealt in a chemical hair-dye, which he used adroitly, and thereby secured a considerable trade. Being of a mechanical turn, he devoted a good deal of his spare time to contriving models of machines, and, like many self-taught men of the same bias, he endeavored to invent perpetual motion.

He followed his experiments so devotedly, that he neglected his business, lost the little money he had saved, and was reduced to great poverty. His wife—for he had by this time married—was impatient at what she conceived to be a wanton waste of time and money, and, in a moment of sudden wrath, she seized upon and destroyed his models, hoping thus to remove the cause of the family privations. Arkwright was a stubborn and enthusiastic man, and, being provoked by his wife, he never forgave her, and in consequence, they separated. Later, the idea of

spinning by rollers was communicated to him, and he at once set about the construction of a machine to carry the idea into practice, but, after completing and exhibiting it, he was compelled to change his residence, on account of the ignorant hostility of the people in the town. He went, accordingly, to Nottingham, where he applied to some of the local bankers for pecuniary assistance, and the Messrs. Wright consented to advance him a sum of money, on condition of sharing in the profits of the invention. The machine, however, not being perfected as soon as they had anticipated, the bankers recommended Arkwright to apply to Messrs. Strutt and Need, the former of whom was the ingenious inventor and patentee of the stocking frame. Mr. Strutt was quick to perceive the merits of the invention, and a partnership was entered into with Arkwright, whose road to fortune was now clear. The patent was secured in the name of "Richard Arkwright of Nottingham, clockmaker;" and it is a remarkable fact that it was taken out in 1769, the very same year in which Watt secured the patent for his steam-engine. A cotton-mill was first erected at Nottingham, driven by horses, and another was shortly after built on a much larger scale, at Cromford, in Derbyshire, turned by a water-wheel, from which circumstance the spinning-machine came to be called the water-frame.

Arkwright was a tremendous worker, and a man of marvelous energy, ardor, and application in business. At one period of his life he was usually engaged in the severe and continuous labors involved by the organization and conduct of his numerous manufactories, from four in the morning until nine at night.

At fifty years of age he set to work to learn English grammar, and to improve himself in writing and orthography. When he traveled, to save time, he went at great speed, drawn by four horses. Be it for good or for evil, Arkwright was the founder in England of the modern factory system.

Equally valuable is the example of the immortal Dr. Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination as a preventive of small-pox. This terrible disease had raged for a long time, and there seemed to be no way of arresting its violence. Jenner was a youth, pursuing his studies at Sudbury, when his attention was arrested by the casual observation, made by a country girl, who came to his master's shop for advice. The small-pox was mentioned, when the girl said: "I can't take that disease, for I have had cow-pox." The observation immediately riveted Jenner's attention, and he forthwith set about inquiring and making observations on the subject. His professional friends, to whom he mentioned his views as to the prophylactic virtues of cow-pox, laughed at him, and even threatened to expel him from their society, if he persisted in harassing them with the subject. In London he was so fortunate as to study under John Hunter, to whom he communicated his views. The advice of the great anatomist was thoroughly characteristic: "Don't think, but *try*; be patient; be accurate." Jenner's courage was greatly supported by the advice, which conveyed to him the true art of philosophical investigation. He went back to the country to practice his profession, and carefully to make observations and experiments, which he continued to pursue for a period of twenty

years. His faith in his discovery was so implicit that he vaccinated his own son on three several occasions. At length he published his views in a quarto of about seventy pages, in which he gave the details of twenty-three cases of successful vaccination of individuals, to whom it was found afterward impossible to communicate the small-pox, either by contagion or inoculation. It was in 1798 that this treatise was published, though he had been working out his ideas as long before as 1775, when they began to assume a definite form.

How was the discovery received? First with indifference, then with active hostility. He proceeded to London, to exhibit to the profession the process of vaccination, and its successful results; but not a single doctor could be got to make a trial of it, and, after fruitlessly waiting for nearly three months, Jenner returned to his native village. He was even caricatured and abused for his attempt to "bestialize" his species by the introduction into their systems of diseased matter from the cow's udder. Cobbett was one of his most furious assailants. Vaccination was denounced from the pulpit as "diabolical." It was averred that vaccinated children became "ox-faced;" that abscesses broke out, to "indicate sprouting horns;" and that the countenance was gradually "transmitted into the visage of a cow, the voice into the bellowing of bulls." Vaccination, however, was a truth, and, notwithstanding the violence of the opposition, belief in it spread slowly. In one village, where a gentleman tried to introduce the practice, the first persons who permitted themselves to be vaccinated were absolutely pelted, and were driven into their houses, if they appeared out of doors. Two

ladies of title—Lady Ducie and the Countess of Berkeley—to their honor be it remembered—had the courage to vaccinate their own children, and the prejudices of the day were at once broken through. The medical profession gradually came round, and there were several who even sought to rob Dr. Jenner of the merit of the discovery, when its vast importance came to be recognized. Jenner's cause at last triumphed, and he was publicly honored and rewarded.

He was invited to settle in London, and told that he might easily command a practice of £10,000 a year. His answer was: "No! In the morning of my days I sought the sequestered and lowly paths of life, and now, in the evening, it is not meet for me to hold myself up as an object for fortune and fame." During Jenner's lifetime, the practice of vaccination had been adopted all over the civilized world, and when he died, his title as benefactor of his kind was recognized far and wide. Cuvier said: "If this had been the only discovery of the epoch, it would have made it illustrious forever."

GREAT ARTISTS.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was such a believer in the force of industry, that he held that "excellence in art, however expressed—by genius, taste, or the gift of heaven—may be acquired." Writing to Barry, he said: "Whoever is resolved to excel in painting, or, indeed, in any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object from the moment that he rises till he goes to bed." And on another occasion

he said : " Those who are resolved to excel, must go to their work, willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night ; they will find it no play, but very hard labor." And the lives of great artists go to show that the most of them had to force their way upward in the face of manifold obstructions. Their success was achieved by no luck or chance, but by sheer hard work.

Like Reynolds, Michael Angelo was also a believer in the power of labor. He was, himself, one of the greatest of workers, and attributed (though with doubtful correctness) his power of studying for a greater number of hours than others, to his spare habits of living. A little bread and wine was all he required for the chief part of the day, when employed at his work ; and very frequently he rose in the middle of the night to resume his labors. On these occasions it was his practice to fix the candle, by the light of which he worked, on the summit of a paste-board cap which he wore. Sometimes he was too wearied to undress, and he slept in his clothes, ready to spring to his work as soon as refreshed by sleep. He had a favorite device of an old man in a go-cart, with an hour-glass upon it, bearing the inscription : " Still I am learning !"

Titian, also, was an indefatigable worker. His celebrated " Pietro Martyre " was eight years in hand, and his " Last Supper," seven. In his letter to Charles V., he said : " I send your Majesty the ' Last Supper,' after working at it almost daily for seven years." Few think of the patient labor and long training involved in the greatest works of the artist. They seem easy, and quickly accomplished, yet with

how great difficulty has this ease been acquired. "You charge me fifty sequins," said the Venetian nobleman to the sculptor, "for a bust that cost you only ten days' labor." "You forget," said the artist, "that I have been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days." Once, when Domenichino was blamed for his slowness in finishing a picture which was bespoken, he made answer: "I am continually painting it within myself." It was eminently characteristic of the industry of the late Sir Augustus Callcott, that he made not fewer than forty separate sketches in the composition of his famous picture of "Rochester." It may seem a simple affair to play upon a violin, yet what a long and laborious practice it requires! Giardini said to a youth who asked him how long it would take to learn it: "Twelve hours a day for twenty years together."

The same honest and persistent industry was throughout distinctive of the career of David Wilkie. The son of a poor Scotch minister, he gave early indications of an artistic turn, and, though he was a negligent and inapt scholar, he was a sedulous drawer of faces and figures. A silent boy, he already displayed that quiet, concentrated energy of character which distinguished him through life. He was always on the lookout for a good opportunity to draw, and the walls of the manse, or the smooth sand by the river side, came alike convenient for his purpose. But his progress was slow. He displayed none of the eccentric humor and fitful application of many youths who conceive themselves geniuses, but kept up the routine of steady application to such an extent that he himself was afterward accustomed to attribute

his success to his dogged perseverance, rather than to any higher innate power. "The single element," he said, "in all the progressive movements of my pencil, was persevering industry." The prices which his works realized were not great, for he bestowed so much time and labor upon them, that his earnings continued small for many years. Every picture was carefully studied and elaborated beforehand; nothing was struck off at a heat. Many occupied him for years, touching, retouching, and improving them, until they finally passed out of his hands. As with Reynolds, his motto was: "Work! work! work!" and, like him, he expressed great dislike for talking artists. Talkers may sow, but the silent reap. "Let us be *doing* something," was his oblique mode of rebuking the loquacious, and admonishing the idle.

Among such was his friend Haydon, who was always talking so big about his art, but doing so little to advance it. Haydon, perhaps, had more of what is called "genius" than Wilkie, but he had no persistency, no work in him. The one, fitful and irregular in his habits, aimed at an unattainable idea; the other, sedulously cultivating his peculiar and original talent, aimed steadily at the success which was within his reach, and secured it. Haydon's career was both warning and example to the gifted. He was one of a numerous class who are ready to cry out, without sufficient reason, against the blindness and ingratitude of the world. But, as in most of such cases, Haydon's worst enemy was himself. Half the time spent in working, that he spent in complaining, would have gone far toward making him the great man that he aimed to be. While he went on holding himself

forth as a persecuted genius, Wilkie, with the simplicity that belongs to true genius, made no claim whatever, but worked hard, and did his best, and the world did not fail to recognize his merits.

Turner, whom Ruskin considers one of England's greatest landscape painters, was intended by his father for his own trade of a barber, until, one day, a sketch which the boy had made for a coat of arms on a silver salver, attracted the notice of a customer whom his father was shaving. The man urged the father to allow the boy to follow his bias, and he was eventually permitted to do so. But, like all young artists, Turner had many difficulties to encounter, and they were all the greater that Turner's circumstances were so straitened. But he was always willing to work, and to take pains with his work, no matter how humble the labor might be. He was glad to hire himself out, at half a crown a night, to wash in skies in India ink upon other people's drawings, getting his supper into the bargain. Thus he earned money, and acquired expertness. Then he took to illustrating guide-books, almanacs, and any sort of books that wanted cheap frontispieces. "What could I have done better?" said he afterward; "it was first-rate practice." He did everything carefully and conscientiously, never slurring over his work because he was ill-remunerated for it. He aimed at learning as well as living, always doing his best, and never leaving a drawing without having made a step in advance upon his previous work. A man who thus labored was sure to do much, and his advance in power and grasp of thought was, to use Ruskin's words, "as steady as the increasing light of sunrise."

But Turner's genius needs no panegyric; the great works bequeathed by him to the nation, will ever be his best monument, and the most lasting memorial of his fame.

Those who have visited Edinburgh, Scotland, cannot fail to have noticed the beautiful monument erected by the city to the memory of Scotland's greatest author, Sir Walter Scott. But few know the touching and pathetic career of George Kemp, whose architectural genius designed it. He was the son of a poor shepherd, who pursued his calling on the southern slope of Pentland Hills. Amid that pastoral solitude, the boy had no opportunity of enjoying the contemplation of beautiful works of art. It happened, however, that in his tenth year he was sent on a message to Roslin, by the farmer for whom his father herded sheep, and the sight of the beautiful castle and chapel there, seems to have made a vivid and enduring impression on his mind. Probably to enable him to indulge his love of architectural construction, the boy besought his father to let him be a joiner, and he was accordingly apprenticed to a neighboring village carpenter. Having served his time, he went to Galashiels to seek work, doing the journey on foot. As he was plodding along the valley of the Tweed, with his tools upon his back, a carriage overtook him near Elibank Tower, and the coachman, doubtless at the suggestion of his master, who rode inside, having asked the youth how far he had to walk, and learning he was on his way to Galashiels, invited him to mount the box beside him, and thus to ride thither. It turned out that the kindly gentleman inside was no other than Sir Walter

Scott, then traveling on his official duty as Sheriff of Selkirkshire.

Whilst working at his trade at Galashiels, Kemp had frequent opportunities of visiting Melrose, Dryburgh, and Jedburgh Abbeys, and studying them carefully. Inspired by his love of architecture, he next worked his way as a carpenter, over the greater part of the north of England, never omitting an opportunity of inspecting and making sketches of any fine Gothic building. We next find him in Glasgow, where he remained four years, studying the fine cathedral there during his spare time. In 1824 he formed the design of traveling over Europe, and supporting himself by his trade, for the purpose of studying its well-known cathedrals. He commenced at Boulogne, and from thence proceeded, by Abbeville and Beauvais, to Paris, spending a few weeks, making drawings and studies in each place. His skill as a mechanic, and especially his knowledge of mill-work, readily secured him employment wherever he went, and he was thus enabled to choose his site of employment, which was invariably in the neighborhood of some fine old Gothic structure, in studying which he occupied his leisure hours.

After a year's working, travel, and study abroad, he was abruptly summoned home by family affairs, and returned to Scotland. He continued his studies, and became a proficient in drawing and perspective. Melrose was his favorite ruin, and he produced several elaborate drawings of the building, one of which, exhibiting it in a "restored" state, was afterward engraved. He also obtained some employment as a modeler of architectural designs, and afterward made

drawings for a work commenced by an Edinburgh engraver, after the plan of Britton's "Cathedral Antiquities." This was a task most congenial to his tastes, and he labored at it with an enthusiasm which insured its rapid advance, walking on foot for this purpose over half Scotland, and living as an ordinary mechanic, whilst executing drawings which would have done credit to the greatest masters in the art. The projector of the work having died suddenly, its publication was interfered with, and Kemp sought other employment. Few knew of the genius of this man, for he was exceedingly taciturn, and habitually modest, when the Committee of the Scott Monument offered a prize for the best design. The competitors were numerous, including some of the greatest names in classical architecture; but the design unanimously selected was that of George Kemp, then working at Kilwinning Abbey, in Ayrshire, many miles off, when the letter reached him, intimating the decision of the committee. Poor Kemp! Shortly after this, he met an untimely death, and did not live to see the first result of his indefatigable industry and self-culture embodied in stone—one of the most beautiful and appropriate memorials ever erected to literary genius.

GREAT MUSICIANS.

The same spirit of work, and the same necessity for industry and application, is found exemplified among the lives of musicians. Thus, Handel was an indefatigable and constant worker; he was never cast down by defeat, but his energy seemed to increase the more that adversity struck him. When a prey

to his mortification as an insolvent debtor, he did not give way for a moment, but in one year produced his "Saul," "Israel," the music for Dryden's "Ode," his "Twelve Grand Concertos," and the opera of "Jupiter in Argos," among the finest of his works. As his biographer said of him, "He braved everything, and, by his unaided self, accomplished the work of twelve men."

Haydn, speaking of his art, said: "It consists in taking up a subject, and pursuing it." "Work," said Mozart, "is my chief pleasure." Beethoven's favorite maxim was: "The barriers are not erected which can say to aspiring talents and industry, 'Thus far, and no farther.'" When Moscheles submitted his score of "Fidelio" for the pianoforte, to Beethoven, the latter found written at the bottom of the last page: "Finis, with God's help." Beethoven immediately wrote underneath: "O man! help thyself!" This was the motto of his artistic life. John Sebastian Bach said of himself: "I was industrious, and whoever is equally sedulous, will be equally successful." But there is no doubt that Bach was born with a passion for music, which formed the mainspring of his industry, and was the true secret of his success. When a mere youth, his elder brother, wishing to turn his abilities in another direction, destroyed a collection of studies which the young Sebastian, being denied candles, had copied by moonlight, proving the strong natural bent of the boy's genius. Of Meyerbeer, Bayle thus wrote from Milan in 1820: "He is a man of some talent, but no genius; he lives solitary, working fifteen hours a day at music." Years passed, and Meyerbeer's hard work fully

brought out his genius, as displayed in his "Roberto," "Huguenots," "Prophete," and other works, confessedly among the greatest operas which have been produced in modern times.

GREAT AUTHORS.

The mere drudgery which some literary men are said to have gone through with, in executing their plans, almost staggers belief. To acquire a polished style, Lord Chesterfield for many years wrote down every brilliant passage he met with in his reading, and either translated it into French, or, if it was in a foreign language, into English. A certain elegance became at last, he says, habitual to him, and it would have given him more trouble to express himself inelegantly than ever he had taken to avoid the defect. To gain a mastery of language, Lord Chatham not only used to translate Demosthenes into English, but also read Bailey's folio dictionary twice through with discriminating attention. For the same purpose, his son, William Pitt, before he was twenty years old, had read the works of nearly all the classic authors, many of them aloud, dwelling sometimes for hours on striking passages of an orator or historian, noticing their turns of expression, and trying to discover the secret of their charm or power. The "silver-tongued" Mansfield not only translated all of Cicero's orations into English, but also translated the English orations into Latin.

Butler, who exhibits in his "Hudibras" an amount of wit, comic illustration, and curious and out-of-the-way learning that is absolutely portentous, kept a

commonplace book, in which, according to Dr. Johnson, he had deposited for many years, not such events or precepts as are gathered by reading, but such remarks, similitudes, allusions, assemblages, or inferences as occasion prompted, or inclination produced—those thoughts which were generated in his own mind, and might be usefully applied to some future purpose. “Such,” adds Johnson, “is the labor of those who write for immortality.” Before the great essayist himself began the Rambler, he had collected in a commonplace book a great variety of hints for essays on different subjects. Addison amassed three folios of manuscript materials before he began the Spectator. The papers in that periodical, like most essays which have survived the changes of time, and the caprice of fashion, were simply the form in which their author chose to impart to the world thoughts which had long been shaping and clothing themselves with words in his own mind.

Jean Paul Richter did the same thing. For years he went on reading, studying, and observing, making great books of extracts for future use, which he called his *quarries*. These note-books contained a kind of repertory of all the sciences; and he also carefully noted down his daily observations of living nature. The great Catholic writer, De Maistre, for more than thirty years noted down whatever he met with of striking interest in his reading, accompanying his extracts with comments; and he also placed in the same “immense volumes,” those “thoughts of the moment, those sudden illuminations, which are extinguished without result, if the flash is not made permanent by writing.” Hume toiled thirteen hours

a day while preparing his History of England. Lord Bacon, notwithstanding the fertility of his mind, economized his thoughts, as the many manuscripts he left, entitled "Sudden Thoughts Set Down for Use," abundantly testify. Erskine made numerous extracts from Burke, of whom he was an intense admirer; and Lord Eldon copied Coke upon Littleton twice, re-reading that crabbed work till his whole mind was saturated with its lore and spirit. Southey was unwearied in his efforts to prepare himself to write. Not content with a mere reference in a table-book, whenever he met with anything available in his reading, he marked the passage with his pencil, and it was transcribed, docketed, and deposited in an array of pigeon-holes.

Heyne, the great German classicist, shelled the peas for his dinner with one hand, while he annotated Tibullus with the other. Matthew Hale, while a student of law, studied sixteen hours a day. Sir Thomas More and Bishops Jewell and Burnett began studying every morning at four o'clock; Paley rose at five; Gibbon was hard at work, the year round, at six. Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings; Pascal killed himself by study, or rather, by study without exercise; Cicero narrowly escaped death from the same cause; Hooker, Barrow, and Jeremy Taylor were industrious scholars; Milton kept to his books as regularly as a merchant or an attorney. "My morning haunts," proudly says the latter, in one of the few passages in which he gives us a peep into his private life, "are where they should be—at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring."

No man appears to have written with more ease than Dickens; yet a published letter of his shows that, when he was brooding over a new book, his whole soul was "possessed," haunted, spirit-driven by one idea; and he used to go wandering about at night in the strangest places, seeking rest, and finding none till he was delivered. When that little Christmas book, *The Chimes*, was about to rise from the ocean depths of his thought, he shut himself up for a month, close and tight, till all his affections and passions got twined and knotted up in it, and, long ere he reached the end, he became "haggard as a murderer." It is said that, on being requested to read, at his public recitations, a new selection from his writings, he replied that he had not time to prepare himself, as he was in the habit of reading a piece once a day for six months before reciting it in public. That the author of *David Copperfield* had little faith in improvisations, is evident from the following golden words: "The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study, and every pursuit, is the quality of attention. My own invention or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention."

Addison wore out the patience of his printer. He would often stop the press to insert a new preposition. Gibbon wrote out his autobiography, a model of its kind, nine times, before he could satisfy himself. Hazlitt tells us that he was assured by one who knew, that Burke's Letter to a Noble Lord, the most rapid, impetuous, glancing, and sportive of all his

works, was returned to the printing office so completely blotted over with alterations, that the compositors refused to correct it as it was, took the whole matter to pieces, and reset the copy. Hazlitt himself spent so many weary years before he could wreak his thoughts upon expression, that he almost despaired of ever succeeding as an author. John Foster was a most painfully laborious writer. He tells us that, in revising one of his essays, his principle was to treat no page, sentence, or word with the smallest ceremony, but "to hack, split, twist, prune, pull up by the roots, or practice any other severity on whatever he did not like." The consequence was "alterations to the amount, very likely, of several thousands." When Chalmers, after a visit to London, was asked what Foster was about, he replied: "Hard at it, at the rate of a line a week."

Even the light, facile verse of Tom Moore was the efflorescence of deep strata of erudition; a quaint piece of learning often blossomed into a song, and knowledge gathered out of scores of folios bloomed into whole wildernesses of beauty. Washington Irving tells us that Moore used to compose his poetry while walking up and down a gravel walk in his garden, and when he had a line, a couplet, or a stanza polished to his mind, he would go to a little summer-house near by and write it down. Ten lines a day he thought good work, and he would keep the little poem by him for weeks, waiting for a single word. Some of his broadest squibs cost him whole weeks of inquiry. Montesquieu, speaking of one part of his writings, said to a friend: "You will read it in a few hours; but I assure you it cost me so much

labor, that it has whitened my hair," thus testifying to the amount of brain labor devoted to his efforts.

The ductility of language in the hands of Hawthorne surprises and delights every cultivated reader. But for his lately published Note Books, which betray the secret of his art—reveal the laws by which his genius wrought—we might fancy him an exception to the rule, that intense labor is the price of all high excellence. We find him in these, not trusting to inspirations, but day by day, through every month and every year, patiently jotting down every random thought that chanced to stray into his mind, pinioning every hint in ink, securing every fact or fancy that may possibly serve as material for or adornment of, some future work. Not one of his books was flung off from the top of his mind at a white heat. We find, on the contrary, that it was by condensing into a chapter, and sometimes into a sentence, the fruits of months of waiting and watching, hints by the wayside, and stray suggestions followed up and wrought out, moonlight meditations, and flashes of illumination from electric converse with congenial minds, that he wove his spells, so weird, so dark, and so potent.

It is said that a rival playwright once jeered at Euripides, because he had taken three days to compose five lines, whilst *he* had dashed off five hundred in the same time. "Yes," was the just retort; "but your five hundred lines in three days will be dead and forgotten, whilst my five lines will live forever." The number of hours spent in the manual labor of writing a book is no measure of the brain labor expended in composing it. Thoughts, to flow easily, must overflow

from a full mind. Alonzo Cano, the Spanish sculptor, completed a beautiful statue in twenty-five days. When the sordid merchant who had employed him wished to pay him by the day, he cried out indignantly : "Wretch ! I have been at work twenty-five years learning to make this statue in twenty-five days." It cannot be too often repeated that all extraordinary skill is the result of vast preparatory training. Facility of every kind comes by labor. Nothing is easy, not even walking or reading, that was not difficult at first.

GREAT ORATORS.

America has probably produced no greater orator than Henry Clay. Though endowed with great natural gifts, he was no exception to the rule that *orator fit*. He attributed his success to the one single fact that, at the age of twenty-seven, he began, and continued for years, the practice of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical and scientific book. "These off-hand efforts," he says, "were made sometimes in a corn field, at others in the forest, and not infrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of all arts, that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and shaped and moulded my subsequent entire destiny. Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears, Cicero,

by captivating their affections, and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day." Henry Ward Beecher, when a theological student, was drilled incessantly by a skillful elocutionist in posturing, gesture, and voice culture. There was a large grove between the seminary and his father's house, and it was the habit, he tells us, of his brother Charles and himself, and one or two others, to make the night, and even the day, hideous with their voices, as they passed backward and forward through the wood, exploding all the vowels from the bottom to the very top of their voices. It is said that the greatest sermon ever preached by Dr. Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry, one of the most powerful pulpit orators in America, was one on "The Government of God." When asked, as he descended the pulpit steps, how long it took him to prepare that sermon, he replied: "About forty years, sir."

Therefore, reader of these pages, whoever you are, whether young or old, if the force and inspiration of all these examples are lost upon you, there is little left that can influence or move you. You must be either incorrigibly stupid or depraved. As you stand and look out into the world, remember there is a place for you there, and work for you to do, if you care to rouse yourself up, and go after it. As an anonymous poet has expressed it:

" There is work for all in this world of ours;
Ho! idle dreamers in sunny bowers;
Ho! giddy triflers with time and health;
Ho! covetous hoarders of golden wealth;

There is work for each, there is work for all,
In the peasant's cot or baronial hall.

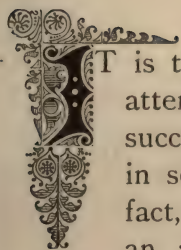
“ There is work for the wise and eloquent tongue,
There is work for the old, there is work for the young;
There is work that tasks manhood's strengthened zeal,
For his nature's welfare, his country's weal;
There is work that asks woman's gentle hand,
Her pitying eye, and her accents bland;
From the uttermost bounds of this earthly ball,
Is heard the loud cry, ‘ There is work for all.’ ”



LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE THINGS.

"Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last."



It is the close observation of little things, the attention to details, which is the secret of success and of greatness in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit of life. In fact, the vast pile of human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts, made by successive generations of men; these little bits of knowledge and experience at length growing into a mighty pyramid. The huge "chalk cliffs of Albion" were built by insects so small as only to be seen by the help of a microscope, and so were the coral islands. Christ said to his disciples at one time, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." The best of "Poor Richard's" maxims, perhaps, is the one which says, "Take care of the pennies, and the dollars will take care of themselves."

In looking at the paintings and drawings of the old masters, one striking difference between them and the modern style of art is their conscientious nicety about little things, the almost endless dwelling upon a foot, or a hand, or a face, until it was true to nature.

Michael Angelo was one day explaining to a visitor at his studio what he had been doing at a statue since his previous visit. "I have retouched this part, polished that, softened this feature, brought out that muscle, given some expression to this lip, and more energy to that limb." "But these are trifles," remarked the visitor. "It may be so," replied the sculptor, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." Sedulous attention and painstaking industry always make the true and successful worker. Nicholas Poussin, when asked by what means he had gained so high a reputation among other painters in Italy, replied, "Because I have neglected nothing." It will be found upon examination that many, if not most of the great discoveries of the world have resulted in part from the attentive observation of little things.

Dr. Johnson once remarked to a fine gentleman who had just returned from Italy, that "some men would see and learn more in an ordinary stage-ride, than others would in making the tour of Europe." Many, before Galileo, had seen a suspended weight swing before their eyes with a measured beat; but he was the first to detect the value of the fact. One of the vergers in the cathedral at Pisa, after replenishing with oil a lamp which hung from the roof, left it swinging to and fro; and Galileo, then a youth of only eighteen, noting it attentively, conceived the idea of applying it to the measurement of time. Fifty years of study and labor, however, elapsed before he completed the invention of the pendulum, —an invention, the importance of which, in the measurement of time, and in astronomical calcula-

tions, can scarcely be overvalued. In like manner, Galileo, having casually heard that a Dutch spectacle-maker had presented to Count Maurice of Nassau an instrument by means of which distant objects appeared proximate to the beholder, addressed himself to the cause of such a phenomenon, which led to the invention of the telescope, and thus proved the commencement of important astronomical discoveries.

While Captain (afterward Sir Samuel) Brown was occupied in studying the construction of bridges, with the view of contriving one of a cheap description to be thrown across the Tweed near where he lived, he was walking in his garden one dewy autumn morning, when he saw a tiny spider's net suspended across his path. The idea immediately occurred to him, that a bridge of iron ropes or chains might be constructed in like manner, and the result was the invention of his suspension bridge. So James Watt, when consulted about the mode of carrying water by pipes under the Clyde, along the unequal bed of the river, turned his attention one day to the shell of a lobster presented at table; and from that model he invented an iron tube, which, when laid down, was found effectually to answer the purpose. Sir Isambert Brunel took his first lessons in forming the Thames Tunnel from the tiny shipworm; he saw how the little creature perforated the wood with its well-armed head, first in one direction and then in another, till the archway was complete, and daubed over the roof and sides with a kind of varnish; and by copying this work exactly on a large scale, Brunel was at length enabled to accomplish his great engineering work.

When Franklin made his discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity, it was sneered at, and people asked, "Of what use is it?" To which his apt reply was, "What is the use of a child! It may become a man!" When Galvani discovered that a frog's leg twitched when placed in contact with different metals, it could scarcely have been imagined that so apparently insignificant a fact could have led to important results. Yet therein lay the germ of the electric telegraph, which binds the intelligence of continents together.

The comparative importance of "great and little things," and their mutual reaction upon each other, is well set forth in the following poem by Charles Mackay :

A traveler through a dusty road
 Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
 And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
 To breathe his early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
 To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
 The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
 A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
 Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
 A ladle at the brink,

He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that Toil would drink.
He passed again—and lo, the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo, its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great;
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

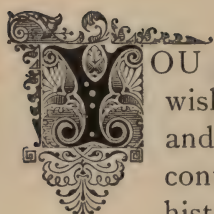
A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.



ATTENTION TO DETAILS.

“Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

“And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of Eternity.”



YOU go among a certain class of men, who wish to be considered good business men, and you will find many of them professing contempt for details. But you study the history of bankruptcies and failures, and you will find a larger number of this same class in trouble, than in any other. An Eastern merchant, who had amassed a large fortune, when asked to what he attributed his success, replied that he had made it a point never to neglect the details of his business. Many business men, he added, content themselves with planning; regarding comprehensive views as incompatible with scrupulous attention to small matters, they leave the execution of their schemes to subordinates, and the result is that, in the majority of cases, their plans fall through, in conse-

quence of the neglect of some clerk or other employe, and they remain forever at the foot of the ladder. In fact, this attention to the little things of business is "an element of effectiveness with which no reach of plan, no loftiness of design, no enthusiasm of purpose can dispense. It is this which marks the difference between the practical man and the mere dreamer; between a Stephenson, who created a *working* locomotive, and his predecessors, who merely conceived the idea of it, and could not carry their thought into execution."

There are plenty of people who are ready to talk about, and even attempt to perform, some "big thing," some huge, glorious, magnificent enterprise, but when they come right down to the small and practical details of the undertaking, they are disgusted with everything that looks like details, and so turn away. Such men are like Swift's dancing-master, who had every qualification, except that he was lame.

Let a lawyer neglect the apparently petty circumstances of his case, and he will be almost sure to lose it; for some vital fact, perhaps the keystone of the whole, will be likely to escape his attention. Let the conveyancer omit the details of a deed,—the little words that seem like surplusage,—and he will continually involve his clients in litigation, and often subject them to the loss of their property. The difference between first and second class work in every department of labor, lies chiefly in the degrees of care with which the minutiae are executed.

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that even this most excellent virtue can be carried too far,

or rather, that there must be ability great enough to comprehend larger matters conjoined with this talent for details, before the compound becomes valuable. As nearly every virtue carried to excess becomes a positive vice, so the ability to look after little things, unless properly balanced in the mind with other counteracting traits, degenerates into mere fussiness or disagreeable particularity. The venerable maiden aunt, living alone, becomes after a time wholly absorbed in attending to trifles, and thus unfits herself for any larger duties or designs. The same thing is true of a miser gathering and counting his gold. We see hundreds of men who stop and dally so long over little things that they never get on very fast in life's journey. Hence it has been well said that really great men exhibit as much ability for large matters as small, and for small matters as for large; in this respect resembling the power of an elephant who can tear a tree up by the roots, or pick up a pin, with equal facility.

It is related of a celebrated New York lawyer that when he had a case to argue, his labor on the details was enormous. He took it to his bed and board; had inspirations concerning it in his sleep; repeatedly arose at night to secure those by memoranda; and never ceased to mine and chamber in a great case, till it was actually called on the calendar. Then were to be seen the equipment and power of a great lawyer. When Brunelleschi elaborated the design of that cathedral in Florence which was one of the wonders of Italy, he did not content himself with leaving the execution of it to others, but personally superintended the laying of every brick of the dome.

Here are instances in which both kinds of this ability coalesced, and assisted each other in achieving the result.

SUCCESSFUL GENERALS.

There is no profession which furnishes such opportunities for the exercise of both sides of this trait of character as the military. A successful general must have an equal talent for great and small things. Should he fail on either side, he will be a failure as a whole. General McClellan had first-class organizing ability, but he lacked the power to execute his plans. When he took hold of the "Army of the Potomac" it was in a broken-up and disorganized condition. He looked after each regiment, compacted and solidified its separate units, arranged the details of camp life, and personally superintended each and every department of that large, unwieldy body of men, most of whom were at first but raw recruits. It was a Herculean task, and right nobly was it performed. But after the army was put in superb condition, he was unable to handle it effectively, or hurl it with crushing force against the enemy. It was like building a magnificent bridge, and then not daring to cross it first. As a military commander, McClellan lacked energy, boldness, dash, and far-reaching sagacity. He had a good deal of patient courage and scientific skill, and the power of looking after details, but still there was wanting in him those larger requisites of a great military leader.

In Napoleon, on the other hand, these two traits of character under consideration were happily and powerfully united. To a vivid imagination, which

enabled him to look along extended lines of action, he united the ability to deal with the smallest matters essential to success, with almost unerring judgment and rapidity. While other generals trusted to subordinates, he gave his personal attention to the marching of his troops, the commissariat, and other laborious and small affairs. His vast and daring plans, it has been truly said, would have been visionary in any other man ; but out of his brain every vision flew a chariot of iron, because it was filled up in all the details of execution, to be a solid and compact framework in every part. No miserly merchant ever showed more exact attention to the pence and farthings, or exhibited a more thorough knowledge of the state of his ledger, than did the hero of Austerlitz concerning his men, horses, equipments, and the minute details, as well as the totality, of his force.

We find him directing where horses were to be obtained, arranging for an adequate supply of saddles, ordering shoes for the soldiers, and specifying the number of rations of bread, biscuit, and spirits that were to be brought to camp, or stored in magazines for the use of his troops. In one letter he asks Ney if he has received the muskets sent to him ; in another he gives directions to Jerome about the shirts, great-coats, clothes, shoes, shakos, and arms to be served out to the Wurtemberg regiments ; then he informs Darn that the army wants shirts, and that they don't come to hand. Again, to the Grand Duc de Berg he sends a complaint that the men want sabres : "Send an officer to obtain them at Posen. It is said they also want helmets ; order that they be

made at Ebling." Again he writes: "The return which you sent me is not clear. I do not see the position of Gen. Gardanne's division, nor his force. . . . I see companies that do not properly belong to the army of Naples. This carelessness will at last derange the administration of the army, and destroy its discipline. Send me perfectly accurate returns." "The returns of my armies," says he, in a letter in 1806, "form the most agreeable portion of my library."

The captain who conveyed Napoleon to Elba expressed his astonishment at his precise and familiar knowledge of all the minute details connected with the ship. Consequently, his armies were "only one great engine of desolation, of which he was the head or brain. The wheeling of every legion, however remote, the tramp of every foot, and the beat of every drum, were mentally present to him." A striking illustration of this is furnished by the campaign of 1805, as described by an English writer. In that year Napoleon broke up the great camp he had formed on the shores of the Channel, and gave orders for that mighty host to defile toward the Danube. Vast and various, however, as were the projects fermenting in his brain, he did not simply content himself with giving the order, and leaving the elaboration of its details to his lieutenants. To details and minutiae which inferior captains would have deemed too microscopic for their notice, he gave such exhaustive attention that, before the bugle had sounded for the march, he had planned the exact route which every regiment was to follow, the exact day it was to arrive at each station on the road,

the exact day and hour it was to leave that station, as well as the precise moment when it was to reach its place of destination. These details, so thoroughly premeditated, were carried out to the letter, and the result—the fruit of that memorable march—was the victory of Austerlitz, which sealed for ten long years the fate of Europe.

So with our own generals, Sherman and Thomas. The correspondence of the former during the late war, published by the government, shows that for months and months before his “great march” through the South, he was studying the country through which he was to go, its resources, its power of sustaining, its populousness, the habits of the people, in short, everything that could throw light upon the probable success of his expedition. He had, in fact, literally gone over the entire country in advance. Of General Thomas, his comrade General Steadman tells us that he was careful in all the details of a battle, but once in the fight, was as furious and impetuous as Jackson. He imparted great enthusiasm to his troops, and could hurl the entire force of his army against an enemy with terrific violence.

Equally, if not more remarkable in the same line of excellence, was the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon’s conqueror at the battle of Waterloo. His business faculty was his genius, the genius of common-sense; and it is not saying too much to aver that it was because he was a first-rate man of business that he never lost a battle. The Duke began his active military career under the Duke of York and General Walmoden, in Flanders and Holland, where he

learned, amidst misfortunes and defeats, how bad business arrangements and bad generalship serve to ruin the *morale* of an army. Ten years after entering the army, we find him a colonel in India, reported by his superiors as an officer of indefatigable energy and application. He entered into the minutest details of the service, and sought to raise the discipline of his men to the highest standard. "The regiment of Colonel Wellesley," wrote General Harris, in 1799, "is a model regiment; on the score of soldierly bearing, discipline, instruction, and orderly behavior, it is above all praise."

Shortly after this event, an opportunity occurred for exhibiting his admirable practical qualities as an administrator. Placed in command of an important district, immediately after the capture of Seringapatam, his first object was to establish rigid order and discipline among his own men. Flushed with victory, the troops were found riotous and disorderly. "Send me the provost-marshal," said he, "and put him under my orders; till some of the marauders are hung, it is impossible to expect order or safety." This rigid severity of Wellington in the field was the salvation of his troops in many campaigns.

The same attention to, and mastery of details characterized him through all his career. He neglected nothing, and attended to every important detail of business himself. When he found that food for his troops was not to be obtained from England, and that he must rely upon his own resources for feeding them, he forthwith commenced business as a corn merchant on a large scale, in copartnership with the British Minister at Lisbon. Commissariat bills

were created, with which grain was bought in the ports of the Mediterranean, and in South America. When he had thus filled his magazines, the overplus was sold to the Portuguese, who were greatly in want of provisions. He left nothing whatever to chance, but provided for every contingency. He gave his attention to the minutest details of the service, and was accustomed to concentrate his whole energies, from time to time; on such apparently ignominious matters as soldiers' shoes, camp-kettles, biscuits, and horse-fodder. His magnificent business qualities were everywhere felt, and there can be no doubt that, by the care with which he provided for every contingency, and the personal attention which he gave to every detail, he laid the foundation of his great success. By such means, he transformed an army of raw levies into the best soldiers in Europe, with whom he declared it to be possible to go anywhere, and do anything.

A large manufacturer of Manchester, England, on retiring from business, purchased a large estate from a noble lord, and it was part of the arrangement that he was to take the house, with all its furniture, precisely as it stood. On taking possession, however, he found that a cabinet which was in the inventory had been removed, and on applying to the former owner about it, the latter said: "Well, I certainly did order it to be removed, but I hardly thought you would have cared for so trifling a matter in so large a purchase." "My lord," was the characteristic reply, "if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate; and, excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared

more about trifles, you might not have had occasion to sell it."

It was one of the characteristic qualities of Charles James Fox, that he was thoroughly painstaking in all that he did. When appointed Secretary of State, being piqued at some observation as to his bad writing, he actually took a writing-master, and wrote copies like a school-boy until he had sufficiently improved himself. Though a corpulent man, he was wonderfully active at picking up cut tennis-balls, and when asked how he contrived to do so, he playfully replied: "Because I am a very painstaking man." The same accuracy in trifling matters was displayed by him in things of greater importance, and he acquired his reputation, like the painter, by "neglecting nothing."



COMMON SENSE.

“Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume;
The plume exposes, but the helmet saves.
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;
If cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam,
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.”



HE man of sense and tact is one who generally succeeds in whatever line of work he takes hold of. If he makes a mistake, he somehow recovers himself, gets on his feet again, and goes ahead. He is one who knows men, and knows how to take advantage of circumstances; not in a dishonest way, but in a way that turns out to his profit, and the furtherance of his projects. If he makes a change in his business, he is sure not to lose anything by it; and so, in one way or the other, the years, as they roll, push him and his fortunes onward.

This chapter sets forth forcibly the difference which often exists between the man of sterling common sense, shrewd business capacity, and practical talent, and the learned or educated fool. We say *often* exists, because this difference is by no means uniform or universal; if it were, the best thing which could be done to promote human welfare on earth,

would be to abolish at once all the schools and colleges in the universe. But we think hardly any one is prepared to say that this abolition would be either safe or wise. Education, in itself, neither makes men fools, who have good natural endowments, nor does it transform natural idiots into men of first-class ability.

The difference under consideration, however, is not so much between fools and wise, as between theoretical, idealistic men, who have received what is called a liberal education, and whose minds are full of abstract, scientific, metaphysical, or philosophical knowledge, and uneducated men who are destitute of all scholastic accomplishments, but who have instead what is termed good, strong, common sense, or natural ability. As the world goes, men who have amassed the largest fortunes in life, and who have the best judgment in practical matters, are not, as a rule, men so profoundly versed in scholastic erudition. Not many of them received when young anything more than the merest rudiments of an education at school, but picked up the bulk of their knowledge through wise observation and practical experience. On the other hand, but few men who have been noted for eminent scholarly attainments, and whose minds are full of learned lore, gathered from the dusty tomes and urns of antiquity, are pre-eminently wise or capable, in managing the practical affairs of daily life. They have greater visionary power than practical sagacity, or shrewd business tact. They are often men of greater intellectual ability than those distinguished in the commercial world, but their ability does not seem to be of that kind which enables

a man to hit the mark every time he draws a bow. There is a hidden screw loose somewhere in their organization. They are continually being involved in unlucky enterprises; their plans and calculations miscarry; they fail to make matters "go." They are equally industrious, equally careful and prudent, equally honorable and upright, but yet, the all-important fact remains they do not, and apparently cannot, get on in the world.

A wide-awake professor in one of our prominent colleges, has lately expressed himself upon this subject as follows: "Intellectual culture, if carried beyond a certain point, is too often purchased at the expense of moral vigor. It gives edge and splendor to a man, but draws out all his temper. There is reason to fear that in the case of not a few persons the mind is so rounded and polished by education, so well balanced, as not to be energetic in any one faculty. They become so symmetrical as to have no point; while in other men, not thus trained, the sense of deficiency and of the sharp, jagged corners of their knowledge leads to efforts to fill up the chasms, that render them at last far more learned and better educated men than the polished, easy-going graduate who has just knowledge enough to prevent consciousness of his ignorance. In youth it is not desirable that the mind should be too evenly balanced. While all its faculties should be cultivated, it is yet desirable that it should have two or three rough-hewn features of massive strength. Young men who spend many years at school are too apt to forget the great end of life, which is to *be* and to *do*, not to read and brood over what other men have been and done.

"Many a young man is so exquisitely cultivated as to be good for nothing but to be kept in a show-case as a specimen of what the most approved systems of education can do. Ralph Waldo Emerson tells us that England is filled with a great silent crowd of thoroughbred Grecians, who prune the orations and point the pens of great orators and writers (that is, do literary work for them), but are indisposed from writing or speaking for themselves, by the very fullness of their minds, and the fastidiousness of their tastes." If such is the case it were better to have a mind empty, than to have one so stuffed as to be lazy, and over-gorged with richness. Better to take some intellectual emetic or cathartic and get rid of the stagnating surplus, and so come down to the hard bed-rock of common sense again. Such culture can hardly be called a blessing. It is exactly to this condition of mind that Shakespere refers when he speaks of "the native hue of resolution being sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

BOOK KNOWLEDGE AND EXPERIENCE.

The experience gained from books, however valuable, is of the nature of learning; but the experience gained from actual life is wisdom; and an ounce of the latter is worth a pound of the former. The greatest men in the world have not been elegant and polished scholars. There were wise men in Europe before there were printed books. The men who wrested Magna Charta could not⁺ write their own names. Bolingbroke, the scholar-statesman, fled an exile from England; while Walpole, who scorned

literature, held power for thirty years. "In general," says his son, "he loved neither reading nor writing." Lord Mahon justly observes that Walpole's splendid success in life, notwithstanding his want of learning, may tend to show what is too commonly forgotten in modern plans of education, that it is of far more importance to have the mind well disciplined than richly stored,—strong, rather than full. Brindley and Stephenson did not learn to read and write till they were twenty years old; yet the one gave Britain her railways, and the other her canals. It has been remarked that Disraeli, whose speeches are often a literary luxury, has never laid down a single principle of policy, foreign or domestic, nor brought forward a great measure which was not ignominiously scouted. On the other hand, Sir Robert Peel, whose speeches were often the heaviest of platitudes, and whose quotations were usually from the Eton grammar, reversed his country's financial policy, regenerated Ireland, and died with the blessings of all Englishmen on his head.

Every day we see men of high culture distanced in the race of life by the upstart who cannot spell,—the practical dunce outstripping the theorizing genius. "Men have ruled well," says Sir Thomas Browne, "who could not, perhaps, define a commonwealth; and they who understand not the globe of the earth command a greater part of it." Charlemagne could barely sign his own name; Cromwell was "inarticulate;" Macaulay's asthmatic hero, William the III., Prince of Orange, scarcely possessed a book; and Frederick the Great could not spell in any of the three languages which he habitually mis-

pronounced. Many of our greatest men were born in the backwoods; and the strongest hand that has held the helm of our government,—a hand that would have throttled secession in its cradle,—belonged to one whom his biographer pronounces “the most ignorant man in the world.”

All experience shows that for worldly success it is far more important to have the mind well-trained, than rich in the spoils of learning. Books, Bacon has well observed, can never teach the use of books. It is comparatively easy to be a good biographer, but very difficult to live a life worth writing. Some of the world's most useful work is done by men who cannot tell the chemical composition of the air they breathe, or the water they drink, and who, like M. Jourdain, daily talk nouns, verbs, and adverbs, without knowing it. They know nothing of agricultural chemistry, but they can produce sixty bushels of corn to the acre. They cannot give a philosophical account of the lever, but they know, as well as George Stephenson, that the shorter the “bite” of a crowbar, the greater is the power gained. In short, the crown of all faculties is common sense. The secret of success lies in being alive to what is going on around one; in adjusting one's self to his conditions; in being sympathetic and receptive; in knowing what people want, and in saying and doing the right thing, at the right place.

FAULTS OF GREAT MEN.

It is said that Napoleon used to complain of Laplace, whom he made Minister of the Interior,

that he was always searching after subtleties ; that all his ideas were mathematical problems, and that he carried the spirit of the infinitesimal calculus into the management of his official business. In other words, Laplace had talent, but not tact ; or, it would be better still to say, that he lacked good business sense, and consequently the power of adaptation to circumstances. Lord Bacon was a mighty genius, in whom reason worked as an instinct, but though he was the most sagacious of men in his study, nevertheless when he stepped from its "calm, still air" into the noisy arena of life, stooped sometimes to actions of which he could strikingly have shown the impropriety in a moral essay. Addison, it is well known, rose by the force of his own genius to be Secretary of State ; but, though he had every opportunity for qualifying himself for his post, he found himself incompetent, and was forced to solicit his dismissal with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year. The fine intellect of Cowper could trace with subtlety and truth all the crooks and windings of human nature ; yet, when he came to act for himself, he was a sorry bungler, and showed no tact in turning his sense and knowledge to practical account. Such were his timidity and shyness that he declared any public exhibition of himself to be mortal poison to his feelings. Dean Swift, the pride of his master at school, was buried in a country parsonage at eightscore pounds a year ; while Stafford, his schoolmate, an impenetrable block-head, acquired half a million of dollars. Dante, boiling with indignation against his enemies, could curse better than he could conspire. Machiavelli, consummate master of all the tricks and stratagems

of politics, could not get his bread. Corneille did not reserve a crown for his old age, and was so miserably poor as to have his stockings mended at the street-corner.

Beethoven was so ignorant of finance, that he did not know enough to cut the coupon from a bond to raise a little money, instead of selling the entire instrument. He was so unpractical, that, when thirty-seven years old, he sent a friend three hundred florins to buy him linen for some shirts, and a half-dozen pocket-handkerchiefs ; and about the same time, when he had a little more money than usual, he paid his tailor three hundred florins in advance. Often he was compelled to write music to meet his daily necessities ; and one of the passages of his diary is entitled, "Four Evil Days," during which he dined on a simple roll of bread and a glass of water. Need we add to all these the case of Adam Smith, who taught the nations economy, but could not manage the economy of his own house ? or that of Goldsmith, whose essays teem with the shrewdest and most exquisite sense, but who never knew the value of a dollar ; who, though receiving the largest sums for his writings, had always his daily bread to earn ; who, when he sought to take orders, attempted to dazzle his bishop by a pair of scarlet breeches ; and of whom Johnson said that no man was wiser when he had a pen in his hand, or more foolish when he had not ? Now, the gift or faculty which all these men lacked was just that which every young man must possess, if he would be a successful man in business pursuits. But this gift is not so much a single endowment, as it is a happy combination of traits and qualities.

The class of men who are sometimes called visionary men, are aptly described by the Boston merchant, who said of a certain man: "Oh, he is one of those fellows who have soarings after the infinite, and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash!" It seems a pity that "deep-thinking and practical talent should require habits of mind almost entirely dissimilar, but so it is many times. A man who sees limitedly and clearly, is both more sure of himself, and is more direct in dealing with circumstances and with others, than a man with a large horizon of thought, whose many-sided capacity embraces an immense extent of objects and objections, just as a horse with blinkers chooses his path more surely, and is less likely to shy. There is no force in mere intellectual ability, standing, to use a phrase of Burke, 'in all the nakedness and solitude of metaphysical abstraction.' It is passion which is the moving, vitalizing power, and a minimum of brains will often achieve more, when fired by a strong will, than a vastly larger portion with no energy to set it in motion. Practical men cut the knots which they cannot untie, and, overleaping all logical preliminaries, come at once to the conclusion. Men of genius, on the other hand, are tempted to waste time in meditating and comparing, when they should act instantaneously, and with power. They are apt, too, to give unbridled license to their imaginations, and, desiring harmonious impossibilities, foresee difficulties so clearly that action is foregone. In short, they theorize too much. Genius, to be useful, must not only have wings to fly, but legs whereon to stand."

EDUCATION.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
These shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely, sobers us again."



AMUEL SMILES says: "The education received at school and college is but a beginning, and is mainly valuable in so far as it trains us to the habit of continuous application, after a definite plan and system. Putting ideas into one's head will do the head no good, no more than putting things into a bag, unless it react upon them, make them its own, and turn them to account. 'It is not enough,' said John Locke, 'to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength or nourishment.' That which is put into us by others is always far less ours than that which we acquire by our own diligent and persevering effort. Knowledge obtained by labor becomes a possession—a *property entirely our own*. A greater vividness and permanency of impression is secured, and facts thus acquired become registered in the mind in a way that mere imparted information can never produce. This kind of self-culture also

calls forth power and cultivates strength. The self-solution of one problem helps the mastery of another; and thus knowledge is carried into faculty. Our own active effort is the essential thing; and no facilities, no books, no teachers, no amount of lessons learned by rote, will enable us to dispense with it. Such a spirit infused into self-culture, gives birth to a living teaching which inspires with purpose the whole man, impressing a distinct stamp upon the mind, and actively promoting the formation of principles and habitudes of conduct."

Schiller designated the final education of the human race to consist in action, conduct, self-culture, and self-control; all that tends to discipline a man, and fit him for the proper performance of the duties of life; a kind of education not to be learned from books, or acquired by any amount of mere literary training. Some have even claimed that a man perfects himself by work much more than by reading.

SELF-CULTURE.

The best teachers recognize the importance of self-culture, and of stimulating the student early to accustom himself to acquire knowledge by the active exertion of his own faculties. They have relied more upon *training* than upon *telling*, and sought to make their pupils themselves active parties to the work in which they were engaged, thus making learning something far higher than the mere passive reception of the scraps and details of knowledge. This was the spirit in which the great Dr. Arnold of Rugby worked; he strove to teach his pupils to rely

upon themselves, and to develop their own powers, while he merely guided, directed, stimulated, and encouraged them. "I would far rather," he said, "send a boy to Van Diemen's land, where he must work for his bread, than send him to Oxford to live in luxury, without any desire in his mind to avail himself of his advantages!" A great fund of knowledge may be accumulated without any purpose, and, though a source of pleasure to the possessor, it may be of little use to any one else.

It proves nothing to say that knowledge is power, for so are fanaticism, despotism, ambition, and a hundred other equally doubtful mental traits and acquisitions. Knowledge of itself, unless wisely directed, might merely make bad men more dangerous, and the society in which it was regarded as the highest good, little better than Pandemonium. Knowledge must be allied to goodness and wisdom, and embodied in upright character, else it is naught. Pestalozzi even held intellectual training by itself to be pernicious, insisting that the roots of all knowledge must strike and feed in the soil of the religious, rightly-governed will. The acquisition of knowledge may, it is true, protect a man against the meaner felonies of life, but not in any degree against its selfish vices, unless fortified by sound principles and habits. Hence do we find in daily life so many instances of men who are well-informed in intellect, but utterly deformed in character; filled with the learning of the schools, yet possessing little practical wisdom, and offering examples rather for warning than imitation.

It is possible that at this day we may even exaggerate the importance of literary culture. We are

apt to imagine that because we possess many libraries, institutes, and museums, we are making great progress. But it is not improbable that such facilities may as often be a hindrance as a help to individual self-culture of the highest kind. The possession of a library, or the free use of it, no more constitutes learning than the possession of wealth constitutes generosity. Though we undoubtedly possess great facilities, it is nevertheless true, as of old, that wisdom and understanding can only become the possession of individual men by traveling the old road of observation, attention, perseverance, and industry. The multitude of books which modern readers wade through, may produce distraction as much as culture; the process leaving no more definite impression upon the mind, than gazing through the shifting forms in a kaleidoscope does upon the eye. Reading is often but a mere passive reception of other men's thoughts; there being little or no active effort of the mind in the transaction. Then, how much of our reading is but the indulgence of a sort of literary epicurism, or intellectual dram-drinking, imparting a grateful excitement for the moment, without the slightest effect in improving and enriching the mind, or building up the character. Thus many indulge themselves in the conceit that they are cultivating their minds, when they are only employed in the humbler occupation of killing time; of which perhaps the best that can be said is, that "it merely keeps them from doing worse things."

Still, we do not want the reader to understand that we are decrying or ignoring the value of education, study, intellectual culture and reading, as means of

self-improvement. By no means; these aids have done too much good in the world to be cuffed aside by any flippant, upstart theory of utilitarianism. The professor and Mr. Smiles, whose views we have quoted, write well, and put their points tersely and vigorously, and there is much truth in what they say—truth which should be pondered deeply by all who expect or hope to build for themselves a highway to success in business life. And we agree with them in what they say about the importance of self-culture and of practical ability. If a man cannot have but one endowment, or if he must choose between book-learning and common sense, let him choose the latter, without a moment's hesitation. If a high grade of speculative, metaphysical, or literary ability must be placed in competition with the ability which enables a man to do business well and successfully, then let a man cling to that which is practical and sensible, rather than that which is fanciful or theoretical.

But why cannot a man be a tolerably good scholar, and a good practical man at the same time? Every young man can make out of a college course just about what he pleases. If he wants to be a self-conceited, shallow-pated fop, obtaining a mere smattering of knowledge on a few general topics of current interest, a college is a good place for him to accomplish this object. On the contrary, if he wants to acquire good, valuable information, and train his mind to think consecutively, and reason logically, a college is just the place to accomplish that purpose. Generally, when students turn out bad after going through college, the trouble is

organic and inherent,* rather than external and acquired. Education does for native talent only what a grindstone does for a scythe. If the scythe is made of good steel, grinding brings it to an edge, and enables it to do more effective work; but if the scythe is good for nothing to begin with, the more you grind the duller it becomes. The trouble is in the material, and not in the process of sharpening. While a thorough education is never to be despised, yet no amount of education can supply the place of original ability and energy.

NARROW MINDEDNESS.

There are as many narrow-minded men in business, as in the schools; as many useless men, lazy men, visionary, unpractical men. There is as much good sense among the educated classes as among the non-educated, and *vice versa*. As Edmund Burke once said, "He had known professional statesmen to be nothing but peddlers, while merchants had acted with the comprehensive spirit of statesmen," so all have seen instances of men of genius who were totally unfitted for business pursuits. But there have been others who were great writers and thinkers, and at the same time men of practical talent. For example: Shakespere was not only the king of dramatists, but also the successful business manager of the theater in which his plays were produced. And the crowning glory of all his literary works is their shrewd, far-seeing, vigorous common sense expressed in clear, terse, unhackneyed phraseology.

Pope was of opinion that Shakespere's principal

object in cultivating literature was to secure an honest independence. Indeed, he seems to have been altogether indifferent to literary reputation. It is not known that he superintended the publication of a single play, or even sanctioned the printing of one; and the chronology of his writings is still a mystery. It is certain, however, that he prospered in his business, and realized sufficient to enable him to retire upon a competency to his native town of Stratford-upon-Avon.

LITERATURE AND BUSINESS.

Chaucer was in early life a soldier, and afterward an effective Commissioner of Customs, and Inspector of Woods and Crown Lands. Spenser was Secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and is said to have been very shrewd and attentive in matters of business. Milton, originally a schoolmaster, was afterward elevated to the post of Secretary to the Council of State during the Commonwealth; and the extant order-book of the Council, as well as many of Milton's letters which are preserved, give abundant evidence of his activity and usefulness in that office. Sir Isaac Newton proved himself a most efficient Master of the Mint; the new coinage of 1694 having been carried on under his immediate personal superintendence. Wordsworth and Scott, the former a distributor of stamps, the latter a clerk to the Court of Session, though great poets, were eminently punctual and practical men of business. David Ricardo, amidst the occupations of his daily business as a stock-jobber, in conducting which he acquired

an ample fortune, was able to concentrate his mind upon his favorite topic, the principles of political economy, on which he threw great light, being a sagacious commercial man and a profound philosopher.

Grote, the historian of Greece, was a London banker, and John Stuart Mill retired in old age from the examiner's department of the East India Company, carrying with him the admiration and esteem of all his associates for the thoroughly satisfactory manner in which he had conducted the business of his department, as well as for his high intellectual attainments. Charles Lamb was as good a clerk as he was an essayist. In our own country, William Cullen Bryant was equally successful in business and in authorship. Oliver Wendell Holmes makes as good a professor in a medical college as he does a star contributor for the literary magazines. Fitz Greene Halleck was a private secretary and a bookkeeper, as well as a poet. And the same is true of many, many others.

Moreover, it is always well to bear in mind that the great end of life is not simply to eat, drink, get a living, and make money. All these things, of course, are essential, but the life of thought, imagination, and reflection, although it may in some cases unfit one for practical business details, is in reality the higher and nobler life of the two. How much is the world indebted to these same men of thought, and reflection, and imagination! How could the world get on without thinkers, writers, poets, inventors, and discoverers? As thought must in all cases precede intelligent action, so these theorists, these dreamy, impracticable men, if so they must be

called when judged by a utilitarian standard or weighed in the scales of commercial comparison, have ever formed the true vanguard of the race. Blot out the lives and the intellectual results achieved by these men of thought during past ages, and you would at once put the race back into the rude periods of infancy and semi-barbarism. Just as glaciers on snow-capped Alpine summits move slowly down the mountain-side, and then melt into rivers which irrigate and make fertile the valleys below, just so the intellectual results achieved by these men of thought, dwelling the greater part of their lives on summits of abstraction high up above the level of their fellows, have moved down the intellectual plane, been changed into current comment and suggestion, and at last, embodied in practical projects, or worked out into labor-saving machinery, have made the valleys of industry to teem with verdure, and blossom with prosperity!

But in living this life of thought, instead of concentrating one's energies entirely upon business pursuits, in trying to be a scholar, a poet, or an inventor, there is no necessity for bidding adieu to this sovereign and primal virtue of common sense. In fact, he who lets go of this sheet-anchor of the mind, whether he purposes to be a practical business man or an abstract thinker, will be an unsuccessful man, and a fool. It is possible for a man to be a good scholar, a clear thinker, a logical reasoner, and at least a fair average man of business, too; and toward this desirable goal every young man should bend his steps.

The career of the late Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield

and Prime Minister of England, affords an example in point. His first achievements in literature, like Bulwer's, were failures. His "Wondrous Tale of Alroy" and "Revolutionary Epic" were laughed at, and regarded as indications of literary lunacy. But he worked on in other directions, and his "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred," proved the sterling stuff of which he was made. As an orator, too, his first appearance in the House of Commons was a failure. It was spoken of as "more screaming than an Adelphi farce." Though composed in a grand and ambitious strain, every sentence was hailed with "loud laughter." "Hamlet" played as a comedy, were nothing to it. But he concluded with a sentence which embodied a prophecy. Writhing under the laughter with which his studied eloquence had been received, he exclaimed: "I have begun several times many things, and have succeeded in them at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." The time did come; and how Disraeli succeeded in at length commanding the rapt attention of the first assembly of gentlemen in the world, affords a striking illustration of what energy and determination will do; for Disraeli earned his position by dint of patient industry. He did not, as many young men do, having once failed, retire, dejected, to mope and whine in a corner, but pluckily set himself to work. He carefully unlearned his faults, studied the character of his audience, practiced sedulously the art of speech, and industriously filled his mind with the elements of parliamentary knowledge. He worked patiently for success; and it came, but slowly; then the House laughed with him,

instead of at him. The recollection of his early failure was effaced, and by general consent he was at length admitted to be one of the most finished and effective of parliamentary speakers. As an old poet puts it,

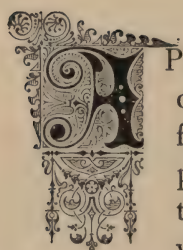
“The wise do always govern their own fates,
And fortune with officious zeal attends
To crown their enterprises with success.”



POLITENESS.

“What thou wilt,
Thou must rather enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to it with thy sword.”

—SHAKESPERE.



PLEASING exterior and true kindness of heart go a great way in helping one forward in the race for fortune; true politeness, such as was known and practiced in Lord Chesterfield's day, and of which Chesterfield himself was a distinguished exponent as well as a brilliant example, is rapidly becoming in this country one of the so-called "lost arts." There is very little of it seen or taught here, and among people in general it is not even held in very high estimation. Thus far in our national career the majority of our citizens have been too busy in pushing ahead their individual fortunes and enterprises, or have encountered too many difficulties in getting established in life, or have been too eager in shouting the praises of political liberty, and too intent upon exhibiting their independence, to pay much attention to the social amenities and refined courtesies of what is called polite life.

It is not enough to be made up of good qualities and traits of character, but it is equally important to have a good bearing toward our fellows. One of Chesterfield's maxims to his son was: "Prepare yourself for the world as the athlete does for his exercise; oil your mind and manners to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility; simple strength alone will not do." Every one knows what a powerful thing for good or evil an impression is, particularly a first impression; and every one knows that outside demeanor and general appearance have much to do in creating this impression. Once in a while a person has insight and penetration of character enough to look through all the superficial layers of a man, and read the hidden thoughts and emotions; but these persons are by no means common. With the greater part of mankind the external appearance and the manner of a man determine his reception among his fellows. "Give a boy address and accomplishments," says Emerson, "and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes; he has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess."

Strange as it may seem, the manners of a man constitute a sort of minor morals. That is, a rude man is suspected of being, or actually taken for, a bad man. Thus, while coarseness and gruffness lock doors and close hearts, courtesy, refinement, and gentleness are an "open sesame" at which bolts fly back, and doors swing open. "You had better," wrote Chesterfield to his son, "return a dropped fan genteelly than give a thousand pounds awkwardly;

and you had better refuse a favor gracefully than grant it clumsily. . . . All your Greek can never advance you from secretary to envoy, or from envoy to ambassador; but your address, your air, your manner, if good, may." It is not so much *what* a man says or does, as the *way* in which the thing is said or done, that does the business. The human mind seems to know by instinct that words and phrases can be learned and can be spoken to order, just as a parrot learns to chatter by hearing and imitating others. It also knows that deeds are prompted by motives of all sorts and kinds, some of them good and transparent, others, dark and enigmatical; and these, too, can be performed as occasion requires.

But a person's manner is something that cannot always be so well regulated and fixed up; there will usually be some cracks and seams in the external covering through which the internal light will shine out, however hard the person may try to conceal it. And this appears to be the reason why we always watch a stranger's manner so carefully. Go up to a little child on the street and commence to talk to it; it may or may not understand the import of what you say, but those bright little eyes scan your appearance most intently, and from that appearance makes up its mind almost instantly whether it is safe and best to remain, or to run away. Nature works instinctively in such a case.

In the early Abolition days, two men went out preaching, one an old Quaker, and another a young man full of fire. When the Quaker lectured, everything ran along very smoothly, and he carried the

audience with him. When the young man lectured, there was a row, and stones and eggs. It became so noticeable, that the young man spoke to the Quaker about it. He said, "Friend, you and I are on the same mission, and preach the same things; and how is it that you are received cordially, and I get nothing but abuse?" The Quaker replied, "I will tell thee. Thee says, 'If you do so and so, you shall be punished,' and I say, 'My friends, if you will *not* do so and so, you shall not be punished.'" They both said the same thing, but there was a great deal of difference in the way they said it.

GOOD MANNERS.

A good manner is not something which can be put on and off as occasion requires. To be genuine, it must spring from the heart, and have its source in the disposition. In nature, it is very closely allied with goodness and good sense; it is composed of kindness, gentleness, ready tact, and benevolence. It is carrying out the golden law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Neither can politeness be learned by studying books on "Etiquette." For the effect of such study will be to concentrate one's attention upon self, whereas the essence of true courtesy consists in thinking of others, instead of self. Dr. F. D. Huntington has well said that "a noble and attractive everyday bearing is bred in years, not moments. The principle that rules your life is the sure posture-master, and orders all your movements. Sir Philip Sidney was the pattern to all England of a perfect gentleman; but then he was

the hero that on the field of Zutphen pushed away the cup of cold water from his own fevered and parching lips, and held it out to the dying soldier at his side." It might, however, have been just as well if he had divided the cup between them, as to have wholly denied himself a solace equal to that which he so willingly administered to his suffering comrade. At least, this incident has always suggested such a thought, whenever we have read it.

That neither morality, nor genius, nor both, will insure the manifestation of courtesy, is evident from the examples of Dr. Johnson and Carlyle. The former, the despot of the "Literary Club," was so rude and gruff in manner as to acquire the nickname of "Ursa Major;" and though Goldsmith pleaded with truth in his behalf, "No man alive has a more tender heart; he has nothing of the bear about him but his skin," yet we cannot call a man polite who ate like an Esquimaux, and with whom "You don't understand the question, sir," and "You lie, sir," were the extremes of his method in arguing with scholars on his own level. Nor can Carlyle, with his many noble qualities be deemed polite, if, as a leading London journal asserts, his supreme contempt for the persons who disagree with him exasperates even those who have the highest respect for his integrity and insight. Washington, on the other hand, was polite when he promptly returned the salute of a colored man; Arnold was polite when the poor woman felt that he had treated her as if she were a lady; Chalmers was polite when every old woman in Morningside was elated and delighted with his courteous salute; and so was Robert Burns when he

recognized an honest farmer in the street of Edinburgh, declaring to one who rebuked him, that it was "not the great-coat, the scone bonnet, and the Saunders boot-hose" that he spoke to, "but the man that was in them."

JESTING.

One way in which the rules of politeness are often violated, is by a love of jesting. There are some men who would sacrifice a life-long friend for a joke. But it will be better for most people to follow the advice of Stillingfleet when he says :

" Above all things raillery decline.
'Tis in the ablest hands a dangerous tool,
But never fails to wound the meddling fool ;
For all must grant it needs no common art
To keep men patient when you make them smart.
Neither wit alone, nor humor's self will do
(Without good nature, and much prudence too)
To judge aright of persons, place and time ;
For taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was known in his day as one of the keenest of wits, and yet he rarely or never allowed it to wound the feelings of any one. Some one has said of him that

" His wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Never carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

The same was true of Curran, the celebrated Irish barrister. One day he was examining a witness in

court, when the fellow cried out to the judge, "My lord, my lord, I can't answer yon little gentleman, he's putting me in such a doldrum." "A doldrum! Mr. Curran, what does he mean by a doldrum!" exclaimed Lord Avonmore. "Oh, my lord, it's a very common complaint with persons of this sort; it's merely a confusion of the head arising from the corruption of the heart." Once when he was arguing for the defense in a state trial, the judge shook his head in doubt or denial of one of his points. "I see, gentlemen," said Curran to the jury, "I see the motion of his lordship's head. Common observers might imagine it implied a difference of opinion; but they would be mistaken; it is merely accidental. Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourselves perceive that when his lordship shakes his head, there is nothing in it."

If one can pun like this it may do, occasionally, but as a rule, politeness and wit are seldom conjoined. It will be safer to imitate the Duke of Marlborough whose charming manners often changed an enemy into a friend. To be denied a favor by him was said to be more pleasing than to receive one from another man. It was these personal graces that made him both rich and great, for, though he had nothing shining in his genius, and, according to Chesterfield, was eminently illiterate—"wrote bad English, and spelt it worse"—yet his figure was beautiful, and his manner irresistible by man or woman. It was this which, when he was ensign of the Guards, charmed the Duchess of Cleveland, the favorite of Charles II., who gave him five thousand pounds, with which he laid the foundation of his subsequent fortune. His

address was so exquisitely fascinating as to dissolve fierce jealousies and animosities, lull suspicion, and beguile the subtlest diplomacy of its arts. His fascinating smile and winning tongue, equally with his sharp sword, swayed the destinies of empires. Before the bland, soft-spoken commander, "grim-visaged war," in the person of Charles XII. of Sweden, "smoothed his wrinkled front;" and the fiery warrior-king, at his appeal, bade adieu to the grand and importunate suitor for his alliance, Louis XIV., whom it was his great mission to defeat and humble. It was by the same charm of manner that he was able so long to keep together the members of the grand alliance against France, and direct them, in spite of their clashing interests, their jealousies, and their perpetual dissensions, to the main object of the war.

IMPRESSIVE ORATORY.

Every one is familiar with the magic effect of manner on oratory. Lord Chesterfield has given us an instance of this in his legislative career. Being asked to procure the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar by England, he introduced into Parliament a bill for that purpose. "But then," he adds, "my difficulty began. I was to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both of which I was an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter, and also make them believe that *they* knew something of it themselves, which they did not. For my own part, I could just as soon have

talked Celtic or Slavonian to them as astronomy, and they would have understood me full as well ; so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please, instead of informing them. . . . I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, to my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed ; they thought I informed, because I pleased them ; and many of them said I had made the whole very clear to them, when, God knows, I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterward with infinite knowledge and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of ; but as his words, his periods and his utterance were not nearly so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me."

Chesterfield also said of the Duke of Argyle that he was the most impressive speaker he ever heard in his life. He ravished his audience, "not by his matter, but by his manner of delivering it. I was captivated, like others," continues Chesterfield ; "but when I went home and coolly considered what he had said, stripped of all those ornaments with which he had dressed it, I often found the matter flimsy, the argument weak ; and I was convinced of the power of those adventitious concurring circumstances which it is the ignorance of mankind to call trifling." Lord Chatham was a wonderfully eloquent man, but his manner added to his eloquence. The delivery of Lord Mansfield, the silver-tongued Murray, had such

ease, grace, and suavity that his bare narrative of a case was said to be worth any other man's argument. The student of English history, as he reads Wilberforce's speeches, wonders at his reputation ; but, had he heard them from the lips of the orator, delivered in tones full, liquid, and penetrating, with the matchless accompaniments of attitude, gesture and expression, he would have found that a dramatic delivery can convert even commonplace into brilliant rhetoric. Few men have influenced more powerfully the persons with whom they have come in contact than Bishop Fenelon. The secret of his sway over hearts was his uniform courtesy, a politeness springing from a profound love for his fellow-beings, of whatever rank or class. Lord Peterborough, the distinguished English general, said of him, that he was "a delicious man,"—that "he had to run away from him to prevent his making him a Christian."

It is sometimes thought in this day and age of the world that if a person pretends to be very polite and agreeable and obliging, that he or she lacks essential force of character—is, in fact, a little "soft." But nothing is wider of the real truth. It is true, a man may push his way through the world by main force. But advancement so gained is gained by a great waste of power. The same abilities accompanied with prepossessing manners, would have achieved far more brilliant results. No doubt, by the use of mere brute force one may make a certain amount of impression ; and so, too, may a soldier hew down his foes with an old-fashioned battle-axe or with a scythe, but would he be wise in preferring such a weapon to the keen Damascus blade ?

COURTESY.

"Hear every man upon his favorite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem.
The lowest genius will afford some light
Or give a hint that had escaped your sight."

—STILLINGFLEET.



MILITARY men as a class, are courteous the world over, attention to manner being a part of their training. Besides, true courage and courtesy always go hand in hand. The bravest men are the most forgiving, and the most anxious to avoid quarrels. Canon Kingsley observes that the love and admiration which that truly brave and loving man, Sir Sidney Smith, won from every one, rich and poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to have arisen from the one fact, that, without perhaps having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants and the noblemen, his guests, alike, and alike courteously, cheerfully, considerately, affectionately,—so leaving a blessing and reaping a blessing wherever he went. It was said of Sir John Franklin that he was a man "who never turned his back upon a danger, yet of great tenderness."

At a late period in life the Duke of Wellington wrote to a friend : " I am not in the habit of deciding upon such matters hastily, or in anger ; and the proof of this is, that *I never had a quarrel with any man in my life !*" Considering the long and varied career, civil and military, of " The Iron Duke," and that, too, in different parts of the globe ; the countless persons, of the most opposite qualities, with whom he had to deal ; his constant vexations in the Peninsula with Spanish pride and suspicion, and red-tapeism at home ; the habits of his army at that time ; and his trials in political life,—it is truly wonderful that the great captain, whose truthfulness was extreme, could at the age of sixty have thus spoken of himself. It is evident that he could never have said it, had he not learned, before commanding others, to command himself, watching and governing his own feelings with the same coolness and self-possession with which he handled his troops on the battlefield.

PLEASANT ADDRESS.

Hundreds of men have owed their start in life to their winning address. It is said that some years ago in England a curate of narrow income but kindly disposition, perceived two elderly spinsters, in old-fashioned costume, beset with jeers and jibes by a mob of men and boys lounging round the church porch while the bell was ringing for church service. Forcing his way through the crowd, he gave one lady his right arm and the other his left, led them both into church, and escorted them politely up the

middle aisle to a convenient pew, regardless of the stares and titters of the congregation. Some years afterward, the needy curate was agreeably surprised by the announcement that the two old ladies, having lately died, had bequeathed him a handsome fortune in recognition of his well-timed courtesy.

It is related of the late Mr. Butler, of Providence, Rhode Island, that he was so obliging as to reopen his store one night solely to supply a little girl with a spool of thread which she wanted. The incident took wind, brought him a large run of custom, and he died a millionaire, after subscribing \$40,000 toward founding a hospital for the insane,—a sum which he was persuaded to give by Miss Dix, whom he was too polite to shake off, though almost as penurious as she was persevering. Dr. Valentine Mott said wisely to a graduating class of medical students: "Young gentlemen, have two pockets made—a large one to hold insults, a small one to hold fees."

Reference has already been made to the deplorable lack of courtesy which almost all classes in this country are exhibiting in their daily life and intercourse with each other. But it appears from a recent address of Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh, that the same thing is true of Scotland, and perhaps it may be called, properly, a characteristic of the pushing, wide-awake, inquisitive, brusque Anglo-Saxon race as a whole. It may be further said to be a characteristic of this utilitarian, selfish, money-making nineteenth century. Said the Doctor: "Ask a person at Rome to show you the road, and he will always give a civil and polite answer; but ask any person a

question for that purpose in this country (Scotland), and he will say, 'Follow your nose, and you will find it.' But the blame is with the upper classes; and the reason why, in this country, the lower classes are not polite, is because the upper classes are not polite. I remember how astonished I was the first time I was in Paris. I spent the first night with a banker, who took me to a *pension*, or, as we call it, a boarding-house. When we got there, a servant girl came to the door, and the banker took off his hat, and bowed to the servant-girl, and called her mademoiselle, as if she were a lady. Now the reason why the lower classes there are so polite is because the upper classes are polite and civil to them."

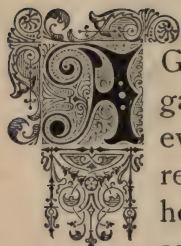
We can hardly be said to have any "upper classes" in this country, although there are many who act and feel as though they belonged to such. And one trouble with us in this respect is, that those who claim to be the aristocracy are not such by birth, or gentle blood, or distinguished noble ancestry, as a rule, but rather those who have happened, by hook or crook, to become wealthy somewhat suddenly and unexpectedly; therefore, when these have moved up into the upper circle, they have necessarily carried all their native ignorance and coarse manners with them. Consequently, there is no one to set others an example of good manners in this country, any more than in Scotland. But this is no reason why all young persons should not strive to possess it for themselves, let others do as they may.



THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

“Man should dare all things that he knows is right,
And fear to do nothing save what is wrong.”

—PHEBE CARY.



AGENTLEMAN is recognized by his regard for the rights and feelings of others, even in matters the most trivial. He respects the individuality of others, just as he wishes others to respect his own. In society he is quiet, easy, unobtrusive; putting on no airs, nor hinting by word or manner that he deems himself better, wiser, or richer than any one about him. He never looks down upon others because they have not titles, honors, or social position equal to his own. He never boasts of his achievements, or angles for compliments by affecting to underrate what he has done. He prefers to act, rather than to talk; to be, rather than to seem; and, above all things, is distinguished by his deep insight and sympathy, his quick perception of, and prompt attention to, those little and apparently insignificant things that may cause pleasure or pain to others. In giving his opinions he does not dogmatize; he listens patiently and respectfully to other men, and, if compelled to dissent from their opinions, acknowledges his fallibility, and asserts his own views in such

a manner as to command the respect of all who hear him. Frankness and cordiality mark all his intercourse with his fellows, and, however high his station, the humblest man feels instantly at ease in his presence."

Says Mr. Smiles: "The inbred politeness which springs from right-heartedness and kindly feelings, is of no exclusive rank or station. The mechanic who works at the bench may possess it, as well as the clergyman or the peer. It is by no means a necessary condition of labor, that it should in any respect be either rough or coarse. The politeness and refinement which distinguish all classes of the people in many continental countries amply prove that those qualities might become ours too—as doubtless they will become with increased culture and more general social intercourse—without sacrificing any of our more genial qualities as men. From the highest to the lowest, the richest to the poorest, to no rank or condition in life has nature denied her highest boon,—the great heart. There never yet existed a gentleman but was lord of a great heart. And this may exhibit itself under the hodden grey of the peasant as well as under the laced coat of the noble.

"The true gentleman has a keen sense of honor,—scrupulously avoiding mean actions. His standard of probity in word and action is high. He does not shuffle nor prevaricate, dodge, nor skulk; but is honest, upright, and straightforward. His law is rectitude,—action in right lines. When he says *yes*, it is a law; and he dares to say the valiant *no* at the fitting season. The gentleman will not be bribed;

only the low-minded* and unprincipled sell themselves to those interested in buying."

When the Duke of Wellington was in India, shortly after the battle of Assaye, one morning the prime minister of the Court of Hyderabad waited upon him for the purpose of privately ascertaining what territory and what advantages had been reserved for his master in the treaty of peace between the Mahratta princes and the Nizam. To obtain this information the minister offered the general a very large sum,—considerably above £100,000. Looking at him quietly for a few seconds, Sir Arthur said, "It appears, then, that you are capable of keeping a secret?" "Yes, certainly," replied the minister. "*Then so am I,*" said the English general, smiling, and bowing the minister out. It was to Wellington's great honor, that, though uniformly successful in India, and with the power of earning in such modes as this enormous wealth, he did not add a farthing to his fortune, and returned to England a comparatively poor man.

Occasionally the brave and gentle character may be found under the humblest garb. Here is an old illustration, but a fine one. Once on a time, when the Adige suddenly overflowed its banks, the bridge of Verona was carried away, with the exception of the center arch, on which stood a house, whose inhabitants supplicated help from the windows, while the foundations were visibly giving way. "I will give a hundred French louis," said the Count Spolverini, who stood by, "to any person who will venture to deliver these unfortunate people." A young peasant came forth from the crowd, seized a

boat, and pushed into the stream. He gained the pier, received the whole family into the boat, and made for the shore, where he landed them in safety. "Here is your money, my brave young fellow," said the count. "No," was the answer of the young man, "I do not sell my life; give the money to this poor family, who have need of it." Here spoke the true spirit of the gentleman, though he was but in the garb of a peasant!

Finally, a consideration for the feelings of inferiors and dependants as well as equals, and respect for their self-respect, will pervade the true gentleman's whole conduct. He will rather himself suffer a small injury, than, by an uncharitable construction of another's behavior, incur the risk of committing a great wrong. He will be forbearing with the weaknesses, the failings, and the errors of those whose advantages in life have not been equal to his own. He will be merciful even to his beast. He will not boast of his wealth, or his strength, or his gifts. He will not confer favors with a patronizing air. Sir Walter Scott once said of Lord Lothian, "He is a man from whom one may receive a favor, and that's saying a great deal in these days." Lord Chatham once said that the gentleman is characterized by his preference for others to himself in the little daily occurrences of life.

In illustration of this ruling spirit of considerateness in a noble character, we may cite the anecdote of the gallant Sir Ralph Abercromby, of whom it is related, that when mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir, he was carried in a litter on board the "Foudroyant;" and, to ease his pain, a soldier's

blanket was placed under his head, from which he experienced considerable relief. He asked what it was. "It's only a soldier's blanket," was the reply. "*Whose* blanket is it?" said he, half lifting himself up. "Only one of the men's." "I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is." "It is Duncan Roy's, of the 42d, Sir Ralph." "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night." Even to ease his dying agony, the general would not deprive the private soldier of his blanket for one night.



FORCE OF WILL.

“Be firm ; one constant element of luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.
Stick to your aim ; the mongrel’s hold will slip,
But only crowbars loose the bull-dog’s grip ;
Small though he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields !”

—O. W. HOLMES.



HERE was never a time in the world’s history when force of will was more necessary to success than now. People are multiplying rapidly, the earth is becoming more thickly settled, knowledge has increased, and the number of contestants for every prize grows more formidable. Nearly every kind of business is overdone, the professions are crowded, and the only way in which one can hope to do anything, or succeed at all in life, is by the exercise of the greatest patience and unwearied application. And it takes an immense will-power to keep up one’s spirits while making a life-long effort to achieve success.

The will-power commands, guides, controls, preserves, or blasts and ruins. Nature is the engine in the hold, furnishing power, but the will directs the exercise of this power toward any given object or

end. Hence, the will is president of the intellectual republic; it is the executive force in humanity. Without will, a man would be like the soft, flabby, nerveless mollusk or shell-fish in the ocean; he could only drift about with the tide, and open his mouth occasionally to catch the good things that might come along. As for going anywhere, or being anything in particular, that would be out of the question entirely. Some men have a normal will, but no vim or energy in it, and so they accomplish but little. Again, some men are all will, and no brains; these are simply human mules, stubborn, ignorant, and intractable. A well-balanced and perfectly-furnished man would have body, brains, heart, and will,—all four; for neither of these elements is identical with the others, but, taken all together, they make up the whole man. As another has said, "It is not eminent talent that is required to insure success in any pursuit so much as purpose,—not merely the power to achieve, but the will to labor energetically and perseveringly. Hence energy of will may be defined as the very central power of character in a man,—in a word, it is the Man himself. It gives impulse to his every action, and soul to every effort. True hope is based upon it,—and it is hope that gives the real perfume to life."

In Scandinavian mythology, the chief god, Thor, is always represented with a hammer in his hand. And this pictorial device exactly images to the eye the idea of a hero which those rough, rude, strong Northmen cherished. The great, brawny arm and hand, clenching a hammer, was the very embodiment of force or purpose in character. Very similar was

the ancient crest of a pickaxe with the motto: "Either I will find a way, or make one." It is not enough to simply wish and desire to be and do, but one must remember that "nothing of real worth can be achieved without courageous working. Man owes his growth chiefly to that active striving of the will, that encounter with difficulty, which we call effort; and it is astonishing to find how often results apparently impracticable, are thus made possible. An intense anticipation itself transforms possibility into reality; our desires being often but the precursors of the things which we are capable of performing. On the contrary, the timid and hesitating find everything impossible, chiefly because it seems so." It is related of a young French officer, that he used to walk about his apartment, exclaiming, "*I will* be Marshal of France, and a great general." This ardent desire was the presentiment of his success; for he did become a distinguished commander, and he died a Marshal of France.

The story is also told of a carpenter who was observed one day planing a magistrate's bench which he was repairing with more than usual carefulness, and when asked the reason, replied, "I wish to make it easy against the time when I come to sit upon it myself." And, singularly enough, the man actually lived to sit upon that very bench as a magistrate.

There has always been a great controversy among theologians and metaphysicians as to whether man's will is free or not; but if the will is *not* free there is no such thing as the voice of conscience within us; because, being machines, we could neither be justly praised nor blamed. As has already been partially

expressed, the will, considered without regard to direction, is simple constancy, firmness; and therefore it will be obvious that everything depends upon right direction and motives. Directed toward the enjoyment of the senses, the strong will may be a demon, and the intellect merely its debased slave; but directed toward good, the strong will is a king, and the intellect is then the minister of man's highest well-being.

WILL-POWER AND STRENGTH.

The impulse of a powerful will often endows both mind and body with heroic strength. Men have cured themselves of painful diseases by a herculean effort of the volition, and physicians always count upon a cheerful, hopeful frame of mind in their patients as one of the most important agencies in effecting a restoration to health. Aaron Burr laid aside a wasting fever like a garment, to join the expedition against Quebec. One of the greatest generals of the Thirty Years' war was Torstenson. On account of his sufferings from the gout, he was usually carried about in a litter; yet the rapidity of his movements was the astonishment of the world. When Douglas Jerrold, being very sick, was told by his physician that he must die, "What!" he said, "and leave a family of helpless children? *I won't die!*" and die he did not for several years.

When were the prospects of any man gloomier than those of Wolfe just before he captured Quebec? From his early youth he had suffered severely from a fatal disease, and the seeds of others were deep

laid in his constitution. He had been severely repulsed in an attack on Montcalm's entrenchments south of Quebec; his troops were dispirited; the promised auxiliaries under Amherst and Johnson had failed to arrive; and he himself, through the fatigue and anxiety preying on his delicate frame, fell violently ill of a fever. Partially recovering his health, he writes to the government at home, as if to prepare the public mind in England for his failure or retreat, a letter full of gloom, concluding thus: "I am so far recovered as to do business, but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, or without the prospect of it." Within five days only from the date of that letter, the Heights of Abraham had been scaled, Montcalm defeated, the seemingly impregnable fortress surrendered, and the name of Wolfe had become immortal to all ages!

Another remarkable example of this is furnished by the captured Texans of the Santa Fe Expedition, who, after having marched until they were nearly dead with fatigue and exhaustion, yet, being told that any who should prove unable to walk would be shot, contrived to pluck up, and set off at a round pace, which they kept up all day. So Quintin Matsys, the famous Dutch painter, in his youth, despaired of being ever able to paint, till his master told him that only by producing a picture of merit within six months could he have his daughter's hand; and then he set vigorously to work and brought forth "The Misers," a masterpiece of art, which connoisseurs have admired for ages. Nearly all great men—those who have towered high above their fellows—have

been remarkable above all things else for their energy of will. Of Julius Cæsar it is said by a contemporary, that it was his activity and giant determination, rather than his military skill, that won his victories. A glance at Hannibal's life will show that a resolute will was the leading quality of that commander, though less conspicuous, perhaps, in him than in others, because of the exact proportion in which all the military qualities were united in him, who, by the common consent of soldiers as well as historians, was the greatest captain the world has seen.

Napoleon was a terrible example of what the power of will can accomplish. He always threw his whole force of body and mind direct upon his work. Imbecile rulers and the nations they governed went down before him in succession. He was told that the Alps stood in the way of his armies,—“There shall be no Alps,” he said, and the road across the Simplon was constructed, through a district formerly almost inaccessible. “Impossible,” said he, “is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools.” He was a man who toiled terribly; sometimes employing and exhausting four secretaries at a time. He spared no one, not even himself. His influence inspired other men, and put a new life into them. “I made my generals out of mud,” he said.

His great adversary, Wellington, was distinguished by a similar inflexibility of purpose. The entire Peninsular campaign was but one long-continued display of iron will, resolute to conquer difficulties by wearing them out. In the life-and-death struggle between England and France, of which that campaign was a part, and which lasted nearly a quarter of a

century, it was the stubborn will of the former which triumphed in the end ; for though Napoleon defeated the British coalitions again and again, yet new ones were constantly formed, until at last the French people, if not their emperor, were completely worn out. And, finally, the battle of Waterloo, which was the climax of this stupendous struggle, was another illustration of the enormous energy, the exhaustless patience, the bulldog will, of the English. In that fearful contest, French impetuosity and prowess proved an unequal match for English pluck and resolution. For eight long hours the British army stood up against the murderous fire of the enemy ; column after column fell, and the entire side of one square was literally blown away by a volley of grape. One sullen word of command ran along the line as thousands fell, "File up ! file up !" and the troops silently obeyed. At length the crisis came ; the order to charge was given ; and the men who had stood like statues before the "iron hail" of the French artillery, swept like a whirlwind upon the foe.

When Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the great agitator, commenced the publication of his paper called "The Liberator," he began with these memorable words : "I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and *I will be heard.*" And he *was* heard, and felt, and his paper became a great power for good in the cause to which it was devoted. Dr. Arnold, the teacher, used to say that the difference between one boy and another in school consisted not so much in talent as in energy. When Ledyard, the traveler, was asked by the African Association when he would be ready to set


out for Africa, he promptly answered, "To-morrow morning." Blucher's promptitude obtained for him the cognomen of "Marshal Forwards" throughout the Prussian army. When John Jervis, afterward Earl St. Vincent, was asked when he would be ready to join his ship, he replied, "Directly." For it is rapid decision, and a similar promptitude in action, such as taking instant advantage of an enemy's mistakes, that so often wins battles. "Every moment lost," said Napoleon, "gives an opportunity for misfortune;" and he used to say that he beat the Austrians because they never knew the value of time; while they dawdled, he overthrew them.



RESOLUTION.

“The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear.”

—ROWE.

E who resolves upon doing a thing, by that very resolution often scales the barriers to it, and secures its achievement. To think we are able, is sometimes to be so. Sir Fowell Buxton held the conviction that a young man might be very much what he pleased, provided he formed a strong resolution, and held to it. Writing to one of his own sons, he once said, “You are now at that period of life, in which you must make a turn to the right or the left. You must now give proofs of principle, determination, and strength of mind; or you must sink into idleness, and acquire the habits and character of a desultory, ineffective young man; and if once you fall to that point, you will find it no easy matter to rise again. I am sure that a young man may be very much what he pleases. In my own case it was so. . . . Much of my happiness, and all my prosperity in life, have resulted from the change I made at your age. If you seriously resolve to be energetic and

industrious, depend upon it that you will for your whole life have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and to act upon that determination."

But who was Sir Fowell Buxton? He was one of the leaders in the cause of slavery abolition throughout the British dominions, and took the position formerly occupied by Wilberforce in the House of Commons. Buxton was a dull, heavy boy, and noted even then for a strong self-will which often amounted to real and violent obstinacy. His father died when he was but a child, but fortunately he had a wise mother who trained his will with great care, constraining him to obey, but encouraging the habit of deciding and acting for himself in matters which might safely be left to him. This mother believed that strong will, directed upon worthy objects, was a valuable manly quality, if properly guided, and she acted accordingly. When others about her commented on the boy's self-will, she would merely say, "Never mind,—he is self-willed now,—you will see it will turn out well in the end." Fowell learned very little at school, and was somewhat of a dunce and an idler. He got other boys to do his exercises for him, while he romped and scrambled about. He returned home at fifteen, a great, growing, awkward lad, fond only of boating, shooting, riding, and field-sports,—spending his time principally with the game-keeper, a man possessed of a good heart, and an intelligent observer of life and nature, though he could neither read nor write.

He started in life as a brewer's clerk, and his power of will which had made him so difficult to deal with when a boy, now formed the backbone of his

character, and made him energetic in whatever he undertook. He threw his whole strength and bulk right down upon his work, and the great giant, "Elephant Buxton," as they called him, standing, as he did, some six feet four in height, became one of the most vigorous and practical of men. He worked during the day at his trade, and gave up his evenings to the reading and digesting of Blackstone, Montesquieu, and solid commentaries on English law. His maxims in reading were, "Never to begin a book without finishing it;" "Never to consider a book finished until it is mastered;" and "To study everything with the whole mind."

When only thirty-two Buxton entered Parliament, and at once assumed that position of influence there, of which every honest, earnest, well-informed man is secure. The principal question to which he devoted himself was the complete emancipation of the slaves in British colonies. He himself used to attribute the strong interest which he early felt in this question to the influence of Priscilla Gurney, one of the Earlham family,—a woman of a fine intellect and warm heart, abounding in illustrious virtues. When on her deathbed, in 1821, she repeatedly sent for Buxton, and urged him "to make the cause of the slaves the great object of his life." Her last act was to attempt to reiterate the solemn charge, and she expired in the ineffectual effort. Buxton never forgot her counsel; he named one of his daughters after her; and on the day on which she was married from his house, on the 1st of August, 1834,—the day of negro emancipation,—after his Priscilla had left her father's home in the company of her husband, Buxton sat

down and thus wrote to a friend; "The bride has just gone; everything has passed off to admiration; and *there is not a slave in the British colonies!*"

Buxton was no genius,—not a great intellectual leader nor discoverer, but mainly an earnest, straightforward, resolute, energetic man. Indeed, his whole character is most forcibly expressed in his own words, which every young man might well stamp upon his soul: "The longer I live," said he, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy,—invincible determination,—*a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talent, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

Another man of resolute will and indefatigable industry was Warren Hastings, so celebrated in English history as one of the rulers of the British Empire in India. His family was ancient and illustrious, but their vicissitudes of fortune and ill-requited loyalty in the cause of the Stuarts, brought them to ruin, and the family estate at Daylesford, of which they had been lords of the manor for hundreds of years, at length passed from their hands. The last Hastings of Daylesford had, however, previously presented the parish living to his second son; and it was in his house, many years later, that Warren Hastings, his grandson, was born. The boy learned his letters at the village-school of Daylesford, on the same bench with the children of the peasantry. He played in the fields which his fathers had owned;

and what the loyal and brave Hastings of Daylesford *had* been, was ever in the boy's thoughts. His young ambition was fired, and it is said that, one summer's day, when only seven years old, as he laid him down on the bank of the stream which flows through the old domain, he formed in his mind the resolution that he would yet recover possession of the family lands.

It was the romantic vision of a mere boy ; yet he lived to realize it. The dream became a passion, rooted in his very life ; and he pursued his determination through youth up to manhood, with that calm but indomitable force of will which was the most striking peculiarity of his character. The poor orphan boy became one of the most powerful men of his time ; he retrieved the fortunes of his line ; bought back the old estate, and rebuilt the family mansion. "When, under a tropical sun," says Macaulay, "he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics, his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford. And when his long public life, so singularly checkered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed forever, it was to Daylesford that he retired to die."



PERSEVERANCE.

“Perseverance is a Roman virtue,
That wins each godlike act, and plucks success
E’en from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger.”



HERE are hundreds of men who, in the beginning of their career, are obliged to war against both wind and tide, but those who persevere for years and conquer their difficulties, generally overcome at last, unless their will-power fails them, when they sink down by the wayside, give up in despair, and come to nothing. Savonarola, the Italian reformer, broke down in his first sermon and was humiliated beyond expression. Resolved, however, to succeed, he kept on preaching to peasants and children, and in the solitude of his own chamber, till at last he acquired a facility of utterance and a command of striking language which made him the prophet of his age and the first orator in Italy. Robespierre, contending with the disadvantages of a harsh voice, an ugly face, and a hesitating tongue, failed in his first essays at speaking so egregiously that not one man in a thousand, under the circumstances, could have helped being disheartened; yet by ceaseless effort he succeeded in leading the National Assembly of France. Mr. Cobden's first speech was a humiliating failure.

He was nervous, confused, and finally broke down ; yet he did not retire to a corner and mope and whine, but persevered, till at last he became one of the most powerful speakers of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and extorted the praise of the accomplished Robert Peel.

When Daniel Webster attended an academy in his boyhood, though he was proficient in the other branches of education, there was one thing, he tells us, he could not do,—he could not declaim before the school. “The kind and excellent Buckminster especially sought to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation like other boys, but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory, and rehearse it in my own room, over and over again ; but when the day came, when the school collected, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the masters frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed and entreated with the most winning kindness that I would only venture *once* ; but I could not command sufficient resolution, and when the occasion was over, I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification.’

Rev. Dr. Francis Wayland began his ministerial career under many discouragements. They would have crushed a feeble man, but only stimulated him to greater efforts. Son of an English currier, who had abandoned a profitable trade to become a Baptist preacher, he gave up the profession for which he had partially prepared himself, and followed the example of his father. A single year at Andover, where he was so poor that he had once to choose between a

coat and a copy of Schleusner's lexicon, summed up his study of theology; yet he had so faithfully improved this slender opportunity, that he was called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Boston. On a cold, rainy night in October, 1823, he preached before the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society a sermon on missions. There were about fifty persons present; the discourse kindled no enthusiasm; and with keen chagrin the preacher next morning flung himself upon a lounge in the study of a friend, exclaiming, "It was a complete failure; it fell perfectly dead." Luckily, among the hearers was a shrewd printer, a deacon in the church, who insisted that the sermon should be published. Against his own will, the author consented. The discourse—the memorable one on "The Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise"—ran through several editions, both in this country and in England, called forth the warmest encomiums of the press without distinction of sect, and kindled a new enthusiasm in behalf of missions throughout the Christian world. Robert Hall, on reading it, predicted a still greater distinction for the preacher; and only three years later the author, hitherto an obscure man, was elected to the Presidency of Brown University, almost by acclamation.

History abounds with instances of doubtful battles or unexpected reverses transformed by one man's stubbornness into eleventh-hour triumphs. It is opinion, as De Maistre truly says, that wins battles, and it is opinion that loses them. The battle of Marengo went against the French during the first half of the day, and they were expecting an order to retreat, when Dessaix, consulted by Napoleon, looked

at his watch, and said, "The battle is completely lost; but it is only two o'clock, and we shall have time to gain another." He then made his famous cavalry charge, and won the field. Blucher, the famous Prussian general, was by no means a lucky leader. He was beaten in nine battles out of ten; but in a marvelously brief time he had rallied his routed army, and was as formidable as ever. He had his disappointments, but turned them, as the oyster does the sand which annoys it, into a pearl. Washington lost more battles than he won, but he organized victory out of defeat, and triumphed in the end. It was because they appreciated this quality of pluck, that, when the battle of Cannæ was lost, and Hannibal was measuring by the bushels the rings of Roman knights who had perished in the strife, the Senate of Rome voted thanks to the defeated general, Consul Terentius Varro, for not having despaired of the republic.

When Daniel Webster entered upon the study of law, some one told him he had better not do it, that the profession was overcrowded already, and that the chances were all against him. "Overcrowded?" said Webster, "there is always room enough at the top." And so he started for the "top" of his profession, and finally reached it. But how many give out before they reach the top, or come anywhere near it?

It cannot be too often repeated that there is no such thing as genius by which one can scale the walls of difficulty which are sure to be encountered in life's pathway, or to fly to the pinnacle of fortune, fame and glory at a single endeavor. Genius is simply another name for force of will, power of endurance, and good

native talent. Nor must one be easily discouraged by failures at first. The very brightest stars in fortune's firmament have climbed their way up the giddy steep, step by step, never becoming disheartened, never going back, or giving out, after having once set their faces like a flint in the direction of their ambition or desire.

What the elder Kean said of the stage is applicable to every profession and art in life: "Acting does not, like Dogberry's reading and writing, 'come by nature;' with all the high qualities which go to the formation of a great exponent of the book of life (for so the stage may justly be called), it is impossible, totally impossible, to leap at once to fame. 'What wound did ever heal, but by slow degrees?' says our immortal author; and what man, say I, ever became an 'actor' without a long and sedulous apprenticeship? I know that many think to step from behind a counter or jump from the high stool of an office to the boards, and take the town by storm in Richard or Othello, is 'as easy as lying.' O, the born idiots! they remind me of the halfpenny candles stuck in the windows on illumination nights; they flicker and flutter their brief minute, and go out unheeded. Barn-storming, my lads, barn-storming,—that's the touchstone; by that I won my spurs; so did Garrick, Henderson and Kemble; and so, on the other side of the water, did my almost namesake, Lekain, and Talma."

ADVERSITY.

Dr. Mathews has well said that "adversity is often

like a panther ; look it boldly in the face, and it turns cowering away from you. It is with life's troubles as with the risks of the battlefield ; there is always less of aggregate danger to the party that stands firm than to that which gives way,—the cowards being always cut down ingloriously in the fight. We are aware that it is hard to begin life without a dollar, hard to be poor, and harder to seem poor in the eyes of others. No young man, especially no young man in our cities, likes to make his *entree* in life with his boots patched ; to wear an antediluvian hat, and clean gloves smelling of camphene and economy ; nor to carry a cotton umbrella ; nor to ask a girl to marry him and live in the 'sky-parlor' of a cheap boarding-house. We all like to drive along smoothly, to have a fine turnout, to have the hinges of life oiled, the backs padded, and the seats cushioned. But such is not the road to success in any profession or calling ; and if you are poor, and feel that you cannot climb the steeps of life unassisted,—that you must be carried in a vehicle, instead of trudging on foot along the dusty highway,—then confess your weakness, and seek your Hercules in the first heiress who is as wanting in judgment, as you in nerve and resolution. Marry \$5,000 a year, if you can, and be a stall-fed ox for the remainder of your days. But do not, while thus 'boosted' into, boast of your success. Do not, while rising in the world like a balloon, by pressure from without instead of from within, fancy you have any claim to triumph."

No man should be discouraged because he does not get on rapidly in his calling from the start. It should be remembered that a solid character is not

the growth of a day, that the mental faculties are not matured except by long and laborious culture. To refine the taste, to fortify the reasoning faculty with its appropriate discipline, to store the cells of the memory with varied and useful learning, to train all the powers of the mind symmetrically, is the work of calm and studious years. A young man's education has been of little use to him if it has not taught him to check the fretful impatience, the eager haste to drink the cup of life, the desire to exhaust the intoxicating draughts of ambition which is so characteristic of Young America.

Handel, the composer, had a harpsichord, every key of which, by incessant practice, was hollowed like a bowl of a spoon. When an East-Indian is learning archery, he is compelled by his master to exercise the attitudes and drawing the string to his ear for three months together, before he is suffered to set an arrow. "Half the intellectual or physical efforts which, put forth by some persons for petty or worthless, perhaps shameful objects, would suffice, in many cases, if directed to noble ends, to place them on a level with the great lights of the age,—the superior intelligences of art, literature, and science,—and to lay the foundation of a glory which might vie hereafter with that of 'the mighty dead.' And yet the cry of most dullards, and of many who are not, is, 'I am too low in the scale; it is of no use for *me* to try to rise; I am not, and never shall be, anybody.' But does a prisoner cling to his captivity and hug his fetters because his dungeon is low and dark and noisome? No; he pants for the 'upper air' all the more aspiringly. The very consciousness of his prostration should be

a spur stimulating one to raise himself by all possible efforts."

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

Again, Mr. Smiles forcibly remarks that "the road to success may be steep to climb, but it puts to the proof the energies of him who would reach the summit. By experience a man soon learns how obstacles are to be overcome by grappling with them,—how soft as silk the nettle becomes when it is boldly grasped,—and how powerful a principle of realizing the object proposed, is the moral conviction that we can and will accomplish it. Thus difficulties often fall away of themselves, before the determination to overcome them. In nine cases out of ten, if marched boldly up to, they will flee away. Like thieves, they often disappear at a glance. What looked like insuperable obstacles, like some great mountain chain in our way, frowning danger and trial, are found to become practicable when approached, and paths formerly unseen, though they may be narrow and difficult, open a way for us through the hills."

Curran, the Irish orator, when a youth, had a strong defect in his articulation, and at school he was known as "stuttering Jack Curran." While he was engaged in the study of the law, and still struggling to overcome his defect, he was stung into eloquence by the sarcasms of a member of a debating club, who characterized him as "Orator Mum;" for, like Cowper, when he stood up to speak, Curran had not on a previous occasion been able to utter a word. But the taunt raised his pluck, and he replied with a triumph-

ant speech. This accidental discovery in himself of the gift of eloquence, encouraged him to proceed in his studies with additional energy and vigor. He corrected his enunciation by reading aloud, emphatically and distinctly, the best passages in our literature, for several hours every day, studying his features before a mirror, and adopting a method of gesticulation suited to his rather awkward and ungraceful figure. He also proposed cases to himself, which he detailed with as much care as if he had been addressing a jury.

The well-known author and publisher, William Chambers, of Edinburgh, thus tells of his humble beginning: "My education was that which is supplied at the humble parish schools of Scotland; and it was only when I went to Edinburgh, a poor boy, that I devoted my evenings, after the labors of the day, to the cultivation of that intellect which the Almighty has given me. From seven or eight in the morning till nine or ten at night, was I at my business as a bookseller's apprentice, and it was only during hours after these, stolen from sleep, that I could devote myself to study. I assure you that I did not read novels; my attention was devoted to physical science and other useful matters. During that period I taught myself French. I look back to those times with great pleasure, and am almost sorry I have not to go through the same troubles again. I reaped more pleasure when I had not a sixpence in my pocket, studying in a garret in Edinburgh, than I now find when sitting amidst all the elegances and comforts of a parlor."

William Cobbett has told the interesting story of

how he learned English grammar, and, as a curious illustration of that brave man's pluck in grappling with a difficulty, we cannot do better than quote it here. "I learned grammar," he said, "when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in ; my knapsack was my bookcase ; a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table ; and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life. I had no money to purchase candle or oil ; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of the fire, and only my turn, even, of that. And if I, under such circumstances, and without parent or friend to advise or encourage me, accomplished this undertaking, what excuse can there be for any youth, however poor, however pressed with business, or however circumstanced as to room or other inconveniences ? To buy a pen or sheet of paper I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half-starvation ; I had no moment of time that I could call my own ; and I had to read and to write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless men, and that, too, in the hours of their freedom from all control. Think not lightly of the farthing that I had to give, now and then, for ink, pen, or paper ! That farthing was, alas ! a great sum to me ! I was as tall as I am now ; I had great health and great exercise. The whole of the money not expended for us at market, was twopence a week for each man. I remember, and well I may, that on one occasion I, after all necessary expenses, had, on a Friday, made shifts

to have a half-penny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a red herring in the morning; but when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life, I found that I had lost my half-penny! I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child! And again I say, if I, under circumstances like these, could encounter and overcome this task, is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth to find an excuse for the non-performance?"

CAREER OF A FORTUNE HUNTER.

Every student of American history will remember Sir William Phipps, one of the early colonial governors of Massachusetts. His career furnishes a remarkable example of the power of will, and of perseverance, in the pursuit of a given object. He was one of twenty-six children (twenty-one sons and five daughters) and was raised in the forests of the then province of Maine. William seems to have had a strong dash of Danish sea-blood in his veins, and did not take kindly to the quiet life of a shepherd in which he spent his early years. By nature bold and adventurous, he longed to become a sailor, and roam through the world. He sought to join some ship; but not being able to find one, he apprenticed himself to a ship-builder, with whom he thoroughly learned his trade, acquiring the arts of reading and writing during his leisure hours. Having completed his apprenticeship and removed to Boston, he wooed and married a widow of some means, after which he set up a little ship-building yard of his own, built a

ship, and, putting to sea in her, he engaged in the lumber trade, which he carried on in a plodding and laborious way for the space of about ten years.

It happened that one day, whilst passing through the crooked streets of old Boston, he overheard some sailors talking to each other of a wreck which had just taken place off the Bahamas; that of a Spanish ship, supposed to have much money on board. His adventurous spirit was, at once kindled, and getting together a likely crew without loss of time, he set sail for the Bahamas. The wreck being well inshore, he easily found it, and succeeded in recovering a great deal of its cargo, but very little money; and the result was, that he barely defrayed his expenses. His success had been such, however, as to stimulate his enterprising spirit; and when he was told of another and far more richly laden vessel, which had been wrecked near Port de la Plata more than half a century before, he forthwith formed the resolution of raising the wreck, or at all events fishing up the treasure.

Being too poor, however, to undertake such an enterprise without powerful help, he set sail for England, in the hope that he might there obtain it. The fame of his success in raising the wreck off the Bahamas had already preceded him. He applied direct to the government; and by his urgent enthusiasm, he succeeded in overcoming the usual inertia of official minds; and Charles II. eventually placed at his disposal the "Rose Algier," a ship of eighteen guns and ninety-five men, appointing him to the chief command. Phipps then set sail to find the Spanish ship and fish up the treasure. He reached the coast of

Hispaniola in safety; but how to find the sunken ship was the great difficulty. The fact of the wreck was more than fifty years old; and Phipps had only the traditionary rumors of the event to work upon. There was a wide coast to explore, and an outspread ocean, without any trace whatever of the wrecked argosy beneath it. But the man was stout in heart, and full of hope. He set his seamen to work to drag the coast, and for weeks they went on fishing up seaweed, shingle, and bits of rock. No occupation could be more trying to seamen, and they began to grumble together, and to whisper that the man in command had brought them on a fool's errand.

At length the murmurs spoke aloud, and the men broke into open mutiny. A body of them rushed one day on to the quarter-deck, and demanded that the voyage should be relinquished. Phipps, however, was not a man to be intimidated; he seized the ring-leaders, and sent the others back to their duty. It became necessary to bring the ship to anchor close to a small island for the purpose of repairs; and, to lighten her, the chief part of the stores were landed. Discontent still increasing among the crew, a new plot was laid among the men on shore to seize the ship, throw Phipps overboard, and start on a piratical cruise against the Spaniards in the South Seas. But Phipps frustrated their plans, had the goods reshipped under cover of loaded guns, got rid of a part of his crew, took on others, and went about his work. Soon his vessel gave out and he was obliged to return to England for repairs. As he had been unsuccessful, many had lost faith in him, and he found it difficult to get another ship. After four years of exertion,

however, during which time he lived in great poverty, he succeeded in raising the requisite means to start again. A company was formed, in twenty shares, the Duke of Albemarle, son of General Monk, taking the chief interest in it, and subscribing the principal part of the necessary funds for the enterprise.

Phipps proved more fortunate in his second voyage than in his first. The ship arrived without accident at Port de la Plata, in the neighborhood of the reef of rocks supposed to have been the scene of the wreck. His first object was to build a stout boat capable of carrying eight or ten oars, in constructing which Phipps used the adze himself. It is also said that he constructed a machine for the purpose of exploring the bottom of the sea, similar to what is now known as the Diving-Bell. Such a machine was found referred to in books, but Phipps knew little of scientific books, and therefore may be said to have re-invented the apparatus for his own use. He also engaged Indian divers, whose feats of diving for pearls, and in submarine operations, were very remarkable. The tender and boat having been taken to the reef, the men were set to work, the diving-bell was sunk, and the various modes of dragging the bottom of the sea were employed continuously for many weeks, but without any prospect of success. Phipps, however, held on valiantly, hoping almost against hope. At length, one day, a sailor, looking over the boat's side down into the clear water, observed a curious sea-plant growing in what appeared to be the crevice of the rock; and he called upon an Indian diver to go down and fetch it for him. On the red man coming up with the weed, he reported that a

number of ship's guns were lying in the same place. The intelligence was at first received with incredulity, but on further investigation it proved to be correct. Search was made, and presently a diver came up with a solid bar of silver in his arms. When Phipps was shown it, he exclaimed, "Thanks be to God! we are all made men."

Diving-bell and divers now went to work with a will, and in a few days treasure was brought up to the value of £300,000, with which Phipps set sail for England. On his arrival, many government officials tried to seize the ship's cargo, and appealed to the King for power. But the King replied that he knew Phipps to be an honest man, and that he and his friends should have the whole of it. Phipps' share was about £20,000, and the King, to show his approval of his energy, conferred upon him the honor of knighthood, and he became Sir William Phipps, founding the house of Normanby. He died in London in 1695, having done valiant service for the King as a military leader and royal ruler. He was never ashamed of the lowness of his origin, but continually referred to the fact with pride. Often, when perplexed with public business, he declared it would be easier for him to go back to his broad-axe again. He left behind him a noble character for honesty, courage, and energy.



RESERVE POWER.

"An honest soul is like a ship at sea,
That rides at ease when the ocean's calm,
But when it rages and the wind blows high,
She cuts her way with skill and majesty."

—JOANNA BAILLIE.



O man can be self-collected and confident of victory, unless he knows that he has reserve forces which he can summon to his aid at a moment's call. The man who is poor within and knows that he is poor, is always ill at ease, and ever fearful of a surprise or an ambuscade from some real or imaginary foe. Nothing will give others such confidence in a man as to have him create the impression by his manner that there is more in him than he constantly gives out ; and in order to create this impression, lawfully and properly, there must actually *be* in him more resources than he daily expends. Therefore, unless some great prize is before you, or some all-important issue is at stake—something that demands the exercise of every faculty you possess, and the putting forth of all your strength—it will be better to husband your resources and have a little accumulated fund of power, ability or knowledge on hand, than to work up to the full measure of

your capacity each day and hour, and then, when some unlooked-for crisis comes on and you need extra force, find yourself a physical or intellectual bankrupt, and in imminent danger of collapse.

An old teamster used to say to his sons, when they had a peculiarly long and hard drive to make in a given time: "Boys, you'll be sure to get there, if you don't drive too hard when you first start." And there is much of good sound philosophy wrapped up in the old man's pithy remark. As another has observed, "To serve a long and weary apprenticeship to any calling, to spend years in training the faculties till one has become an athlete, costs, we know, patience and self-denial; but is it not the cheapest in the end? Does not all experience show that in the long run it is easier *to be* than *to seem*,—to acquire power, than to hide the lack of it? Was there ever a lazy boy at school, or student in college, who did not take infinitely more pains to dodge recitations and to mask his ignorance than would have been necessary to master his lessons, however dry or crabbed? Is there a mechanic who scrimps his work, that does not cheat himself in the end? Depend upon it, nothing is more exhausting than the shifts to cover up ignorance, the endless contrivances to make nothing pass for something, tinsel for gold, shallowness for depth, emptiness for fullness, cunning for wisdom, sham for reality."

When a man once breaks down, or "plays out"—to use a common expression—his career is necessarily arrested, and he becomes like a steamship in mid-ocean with her fires out or engines disabled. The great criminal lawyer, Rufus Choate, was an

example of this kind. He persisted in transgressing the laws of his physical and mental natures, worked away like a blazing locomotive at every case he took hold of, whether petty or important, and died an exhausted, worn-out man when he should have been in the very fullness and ripeness of his years. Therefore, we say to every worker in the world's great hive, husband your resources, accumulate power, facts and wisdom faster than you can expend them, and always try to be richer and stronger within, than you appear on the surface.

It is said that all machinists construct engines with reserve power. If the force required is four-horse, they make a six-horse power, so that the machine will work easily and last long. In like manner, the man who has strength to do ten hours' work a day, physical or intellectual, should do but seven or eight; and then he may hope to accumulate a reserve fund of energy which will not only round out his frame to fair proportions, and enable him to toil with ease, cheerfulness and alacrity, but furnish a capital, a fund in bank, upon which he can draw heavily in any emergency, when called on to do two days' work in one. Without this capital, he will not only do his work painfully, forever tugging at the oar, but he will be incapable of increasing the strain upon his powers, however urgent the necessity; he cannot put a pound more of pressure upon the engine without an explosion.

There are indeed "some persons of dull and phlegmatic temperament—slow coaches, that jog on at a lazy pace—who need no note of alarm. They need the whip, not the rein; and the utmost speed

you can get out of them will only call their muscles into healthy activity. But there is another class,—the fiery, earnest, zealous men, the nervous men, tremulous as the aspen, enthusiasts in their callings,—who need to economise their nerve-force, unless they would prematurely exhaust themselves and sink into an early grave. Such men need to be reminded that they have but a limited fund of strength, upon which they are making draughts with every breath they draw, and every word they utter, and that therefore they cannot guard too jealously against any waste of their nerve-power."

ACCUMULATION.

The first strong word of advice to every young man who wants to be successful, is, *accumulate*. If you expect to lead a professional life, you cannot have too large a store of knowledge and facts laid up. It often seems to a student in college that he is merely wasting his time by going through with the routine exercises of the class-room, week after week, and year after year; that the studies he is pursuing can never do him much, if any, good, in after life; but he will find to his sweet satisfaction, when the duties of that after-life press upon him, and he has no time to hunt up facts and opinions, that not a day diligently spent in study in early years, was lost; that all resources of an intellectual nature accumulated when thought and memory were fresh and vigorous, were held by the mind as a sort of capital stock and came into use exactly when most wanted. Many a young man has ruined himself for life because he too

soon thought he knew it all and could do anything, and then found out his mistake only when it was too late to recover the ground so foolishly lost.

Everybody knows that in the composition of an army one of the first essentials of effective action is a well-constituted, powerful, reserved force. It consists of picked men, trained veterans, with a cool, sagacious commander, who can be thrown at any moment into the very thick of the fight, to sustain a faltering legion, or to turn a doubtful combat into a decisive victory. The lack of such a force, or its lack of numbers and discipline, has often made the difference between a battle won and a battle lost. Who that is familiar with the campaigns of Napoleon does not remember how often the trembling scale was turned, and the exultant legions of the enemy were rolled back, just as victory was about "to sit eagle-winged on their crests," by the resistless charge of the Imperial Guard? So also at the bar, in the senate, in the pulpit, in the field of business, in every sphere of human activity, he only organizes victory and commands success behind whose van and corps of battle is heard the steady tramp of the army of the reserve.

Says Dr. W. W. Patton, "The merchant is in a dangerous position whose means are in goods trusted out over the country on long credits, and who in an emergency has no money in the bank upon which to draw. A heavy deposit, subject to a sight-draft, is the only position of strength. And he only is intellectually strong who has made heavy deposits in the bank of memory, and can draw upon his faculties at any time, according to the necessities of the case."

There is no mental reservoir of such capacity that will not be empty at last, if we perpetually draw from it and never pour into it. When old Dr. Bellamy was asked by a young clergyman for advice about the composition of his sermons, he replied: "Fill up the cask ! fill up the cask ! fill up the cask ! and then if you tap it anywhere you will get a good stream. But if you put in but little, it will dribble, dribble, dribble, and you must tap, tap, tap, and then you get but a small stream, after all."

COOLNESS AND COURAGE.

The second point to be emphasized is, keep cool, have your resources well in hand, and reserve your strength until the proper time arrives to exert it. There is hardly any trait of character or faculty of intellect more valuable than the power of self-possession, or presence of mind. The man who is always "going off" unexpectedly, like an old rusty firearm, who is easily fluttered and discomposed at the appearance of some unforeseen emergency; who has no control over himself or his powers, is just the one who is always in trouble, and never successful or happy. It is very unfortunate when men lose their talents, wit, or fancy, at any sudden call. Better be like the Frenchman, M. Tissenet, who had learned among the Indians to understand their language, and who, coming upon a wild party of Illinois, overheard them say that they would scalp him. He then said to them, "Will you scalp me? Here is my scalp," and confounded them by lifting a little periwig he wore. He then explained to them that he was a great medicine-man,

and that they did great wrong in wishing to harm him, who carried them all in his heart. So he opened his shirt a little and showed to each of the savages in turn the reflection of his own eyeball in a small pocket mirror which he had hung next to his skin. He assured them that if they should provoke him he would burn up their rivers and their forests; and, taking from his portmanteau a small phial of white brandy (which they believed to be water), he burned it before their eyes. Then taking up a chip of dry pine, he drew a burning glass from his pocket and set the chip on fire. Of course, his presence of mind and rare courage saved his life.

The great world of nature is always calm and silent when performing some of her mightiest operations, but the effect of what she does is always deepened and intensified by the sense of greater power which lies behind. And the same is true of the higher works of art. It has also been truly said that the great orator is not he who exhausts his subject and himself at every effort, but he whose expressions suggest a region of, thought, a dim vista of imagery, an oceanic depth of feeling, beyond what is compassed by his sentences. He affects you hardly less by what he leaves out than than by what he puts in. So the military leader who brings all his troops to the front, has no resource when beaten; every defeat is a Waterloo. Not so with the man who has always battalions in reserve; he fights more and more valiantly after each overthrow. Like Blucher at Ligny, he may be forced back from his position; but he will retreat in good order, and in two days more the thunder of his guns will be heard at Waterloo, sending death and

dismay into the ranks of his late victors. Like Washington, he may lose more battles than he wins ; but he will organize victory out of defeat, and triumph in the end. Napoleon said of Massena that he was not himself until the battle began to go against him ; then—when the dead began to fall in windrows around him—awoke his marvelous power of combination, and he put on terror and victory as a robe.

We all remember the gallant conduct, admirable coolness and resources of General Sheridan when he found his army retreating before the victorious Early. "O, sir," said the General in command, "we are beaten !" "No, sir," was the reply ; "*you* are beaten, but this army is *not* beaten ;" and then, seizing his army as Jupiter his thunderbolt, he hurled it upon the enemy. In like manner, the great men of history are those who impress us with the fact that they themselves are greater than their deeds, and that they have mightier and vaster resources back, than any which they ordinarily display. This latent force acts directly by presence, and without means. Their victories are won by demonstration of superiority, not by crossing of bayonets.

It has been often remarked that a speech never seems truly great unless there is a man behind it who is greater than the speech. It was this which gave such prodigious power to the words of Chatham, and made them smite his adversaries like an electric battery. Men who listened to his oratory felt that he "put forth not half his strength,"—that the man was far greater than anything he said. It was the magnetism of his person, the haughty assumption of superiority, the scowl of his imperial brow, the

ominous growl of his voice, "like thunder heard remote," and, above all, the evidence which these furnished of an imperious and overwhelming will, that abashed the proudest peers in the House of Lords, and made his words perform the office of stabs and blows.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

But the most memorable illustration of the value of coolness, courage and reserved force is furnished by the debate in the United States Senate in 1830, concerning the sale of the public lands. "The occasion," says a thoughtful writer, "was not a great one; the debate upon it for some days dragged heavily. The vast reserve power of one man made it the event of our history for a generation. The second speech of Mr. Hayne, to which Mr. Webster was called upon to reply, was able and brilliant, its constitutional argument specious, its attack upon New England and upon Mr. Webster sharp, even to bitterness. But Mr. Hayne did not understand this matter of reserved power. He had seen Mr. Webster's van and corps of battle, but had *not* heard the firm and measured tread behind. It was a decisive moment in Mr. Webster's career. He had no time to impress new forces, scarcely time to burnish his armor. All eyes were turned to him; some of his friends were depressed and anxious. *He* was calm as a summer's morning; calm, his friends thought, even to indifference. But his calmness was the repose of conscious power, the hush of nature before the storm. He had measured his strength.

He was in possession of himself. He knew the composition of his 'army of the reserve.' He had the eye of a great commander, and he took in the whole field at a glance. He had the prophetic eye of logic, and he saw the end from the beginning. The exordium itself was the prophecy, the assurance of victory. Men saw the sun of Austerlitz, and felt that the Imperial Guard was moving on to the conflict. He came out of the conflict with the immortal name of the Defender of the Constitution.

"Of this speech, and of the mode of its delivery, one of the greatest of our orators has said, 'It has been my fortune to hear some of the ablest speeches of the greatest living orators on both sides of the water; but I must confess I never heard of anything which so completely realized my conception of what Demosthenes was when he delivered the Oration for the Crown.' I venture to add that, taking into view the circumstances under which the speech was delivered, and especially the brief time for preparation, the importance of the subject, the breadth of its views, the strength and clearness of its reasoning, the force and beauty of its style, its keen wit, its repressed but subduing passion, its lofty strains of eloquence, the audience to which it was addressed (a more than Roman audience), its effect upon that audience and the larger audience of a grateful and admiring country, history has no nobler example of reserved power brought at once and effectively into action. The wretched sophistries of nullification and secession were swept before his burning eloquence as the dry grass is swept by the fire of the prairies." In describing his feelings while making his speech

we have just noticed, Mr. Webster is reported to have said to a friend: "I felt as if everything I had ever seen or read or heard was floating before me in one grand panorama, and I had little else to do than to reach up and cull a thunderbolt, and hurl it at him!"

Many years ago a Mr. Whipple, of Rhode Island, had occasion to consult Daniel Webster touching an important law-case,—a case in which were presented many cross-questions of law and equity, and so involved that it required days and weeks of hard labor to discover a channel-way over its shoals, and amid its rocks. Meeting Mr. Whipple early in the morning, Mr. Webster by dinner-time had threaded all the avenues and crosspaths of the labyrinth, and gave an opinion so clear and comprehensive that Mr. Whipple was constrained to ask him what had been his system of mental culture. In reply, Mr. Webster observed, that it is a law of our natures that the body or the mind that labors constantly must necessarily labor moderately. He instanced the race-horse, which, by occasional efforts in which all its power is exerted, followed by periods of entire rest, would, in time, add very largely to his speed; and the great walkers or runners of our race, who, from small beginnings, when fifteen miles a day fatigued them, would, in the end, walk off fifty miles at the rate of five or six miles an hour. He also mentioned the London porter, who, at the first, staggering under the load of one hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds, would in time walk off with six or eight hundred pounds with apparent ease. The same law governs the mind. When employed at all, its powers

should be exerted to the utmost. Its fatigue should be followed by its entire rest. Mr. Webster added that, whatever mental occupation employed him, he put forth all his power, and when his mental vision began to obscure, he ceased entirely, and resorted to some amusement or light business as a relaxation.

Dr. Mathews has well observed that "we live in an age of bustle and excitement; the click of the telegraph, the whistle of the locomotive, the whirr of the machinery, is ever in our ears. The tendency of the times is to force every man of ability into great outward activity, and thereby in many cases to dam up and divert to the turning of this mill or that the stream which, if left unbroken, would have gathered volume enough to fertilize a vast tract of thought. Besides this, in our large towns every cultivated man is beset with a multiplicity of social enjoyments and excitements, the very waste-pipes of spiritual powers; and the energies of the brain, instead of forming a fund that is continually deepening by influx from secret sources, are diffused and wasted on trivialties. Add to this the fact that the Americans are the most impatient people under the sun,—that we are not content to wait through long and weary years for the fruits of our toil, but, in the stockjobbers' phrase, are anxious 'to realize' at once,—and can we wonder that so few of us accumulate the reserve power which is indispensable if we would do anything worthy of our faculties?"

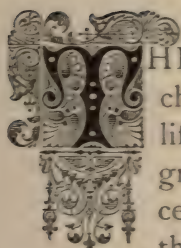


BUSINESS TRAITS.

"His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth."

—SHAKESPERE.

"Real glory
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves,
And without that the conqueror is naught
But the veriest slave."



HERE are a number of valuable traits of character, qualities of mind, and habits of life, which, when grouped together, go a great ways toward making up the successful man of business; and some of these we will now mention and illustrate. And first we place the trait called

DECISION.

Many a business man has made his fortune by promptly deciding at some nice juncture to expose himself to a considerable risk. To know when to sacrifice a little to win a great deal, when to abandon important minor objects to accomplish a great end, exacts the soundest judgment, and the decision has sometimes to be made in a moment's thought.

In one respect, this trait is similar to that of "Force of Will," which has previously been discussed. Still, there is an important difference between them. We stated in that chapter that the four principal elements entering into the composition of a well-balanced and perfectly-furnished man, were a sound body, a large brain, a strong will, and a good heart—the will being the President or Executive force over all. In a man of decision, however, the will occupies only the second post of honor, and Brain comes to the front. In plain language, this trait of character consists in the power of making up one's mind on any question which arises, *instantly, intelligently, and firmly*. Neither one of these three characteristics can be left out. If a man stops and hesitates when he ought to act quickly, he is not, and cannot be, a man of decision. If he decides blindly or rashly, it will be equally fatal with the first defect. If he decides, and then repents, and then re-decides, he is also unstable and unreliable. So that all three of the ingredients mentioned must enter into each decisive act, in order to make it decisive.

As we said before, the will in this act only takes the second place ; it is the brain which comes into play first in determining upon any given course, and then after one's mind is made up, the intellect hands over the matter to the will for execution, just as a general on the field gives an order to his aid-de-camp to carry out. This previous act of the mind is called *resolution* ; as Churchill puts it,

"Men make resolves, and pass into decrees
The motions of the mind."

To be a resolute man, is to be a brave man, a determined man, and a far-seeing man. Indeed, there is hardly any intellectual exercise which is more difficult, or of a higher nature, than this power of instant, intelligent, and firm resolve, which is the first step toward exercising decision of character. It requires both insight and foresight; a knowledge of men and of things, and of laws and forces in nature and life; that prophetic power so happily described by Philip James Bailey, when he says:

“ There are points from which we can command our life;
When the soul sweeps the future like a glass;
And coming things full-freighted with our fate,
Jut out on the dark offing of the mind.”

One writer has gone so far as to say that, “ decision of mind, like vigor of body, is a gift of God. It cannot be created by human effort.” But then, apparently frightened at the boldness and sweeping nature of his declaration, he adds: “ Every man has the germ of this quality, which can be cultivated by favorable circumstances and motives presented to the mind; and by method and order in the prosecution of his duties or tasks, he may by habit greatly augment his will-power, or beget a frame of mind so nearly resembling resolution that it would be difficult to distinguish between the two.”

But the confusion in this writer's thought arises from his imperfect analysis, from not distinguishing between resolution as the previous act of intellect, and will-power as the subsequent executive force of the mind. John Foster, in his celebrated essay, comes nearer the truth when he says: “ Could the

histories of all the persons remarkable for decisive character be known, it would be found that the majority of them have possessed great constitutional firmness. By this is not meant an exemption from disease and pain, nor any certain measure of mechanical strength, but a tone of vigor, the opposite to lassitude, and adapted to great exertion and endurance."

So much, then, for the definition of the nature of this trait of character; now concerning its importance there will be no question. A hesitating, undecided man is invariably pushed aside in the race of life. "Many men," says Carlyle, "long for the merchandise of life, yet would fain keep the price, and so stand chaffering with fate in vexatious altercation, till the night shuts in, and the fair is over." Sidney Smith has well and wittily said, that "in order to do anything in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first-cousins, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age,—that he has lost so much time in consulting first-cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice." There are many cases in which the element

of decision is acquired in after years by those who come to make a study of the faculties and powers of the mind, and put them to the test in the region of activity.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Nearly every great movement, and especially every great battle in the world, has turned on one or two rapid movements executed amid the whirl of smoke and the thunder of guns. Napoleon always calculated the value of moments, and won a battle once by sending his troops to a given point ten minutes before the enemy came up. At the celebrated battle of Rivoli the day seemed on the point of being decided against him. He saw the critical state of affairs, and instantly formed his resolution. He dispatched a flag to the Austrian headquarters, with proposals for an armistice. Napoleon seized the precious moments, and, while amusing the enemy with mock negotiations, re-arranged his line of battle, changed his front, and in a few moments was ready to renounce the farce of discussion for the stern arbitrament of arms. The splendid victory of Rivoli was the result.

Another signal example of this promptness of decision occurs at an earlier date in Napoleon's career. He had made his wondrous burst into Northern Italy, and had driven the Austrian troops before him like sheep. Hardly anything was wanting to the conquest of Lombardy but the taking of Mantua, to which he devoted 10,000 of his troops. At this juncture he heard of the coming of a new Austrian army consisting of 60,000 men, while he had in all but

40,000. By marching quickly along the banks of the Lake of Garda they cut off his retreat to Milan, and thus greatly endangered his position; but, as the Austrians came on both sides of the lake, 20,000 on the one and 40,000 on the other, Napoleon most wisely determined to take a position at the end of the lake, so as to be between the two parties when they should attempt to unite. "By rapidly forming a main mass," says the historian, M. Thiers, "the French might overpower 20,000 who had turned the lake, and immediately after return to the 40,000 who had defiled between the lake and the Adige. But, to occupy the extremity of the lake it was necessary to call in all the troops from Legnago, and from Mantua, for so extensive a line was no longer tenable. This involved a great sacrifice, for Mantua had been besieged during two months, a considerable battering train had been transported before it, the fortress was on the point of capitulating, and by allowing it to be re-victualled, the fruits of these vigorous efforts, an almost assured prey, would escape his grasp.

"Napoleon, however, did not hesitate. Between the two important objects he had the sagacity to seize the most important and sacrifice it to the other,—a simple resolution in itself, but one which displays not only the great captain, but the great man. It is not in war merely; it occurs in politics, and in all the situations of life, that men encounter two objects, and, aiming to compass both, fail in each. Bonaparte possessed the rare and decisive vigor which prompts at once the choice and the sacrifice. Had he persisted in guarding the whole course of the Mincio, from the extremity of the Lake of Garda to Mantua, he

would have been pierced. By concentrating on Mantua to cover it, he would have had 70,000 men to cope with at the same time,—60,000 in front, and 10,000 in the rear. He sacrificed Mantua, and concentrated at the point of the Lake of Garda." The results of this rapid decision were a brilliant reward of the masterly genius he had displayed. Meeting first the corps of 20,000 under Quasdanovich, he drove back its vanguard; whereupon the Austrian general, surprised to find everywhere imposing masses of the French, was alarmed, and resolved to halt till he should hear from the other corps under Wurmser. Guessing what was passing in the Austrian general's mind, Napoleon turned to meet the other corps. Wurmser had divided his force, himself marching on to Mantua, and leaving 20,000 behind to capture Napoleon. Their army advanced with widespread wings, as if to envelop the French, but Napoleon broke through its center and compelled it to retreat. Other battles followed, and in six days the Austrian generals were flying back to the Tyrol, having lost the kingdom of Lombardy and 20,000 men.

At the close of his career, Napoleon himself made the same mistake which the Austrians did, and wasted precious hours before, on, and after the day of Ligny, and on the morning of Waterloo, when he should have fallen on the enemy like a thunderbolt. Wellington, on the other hand, who never lost a battle, manifested the same decisiveness and promptitude to the very end of his military life. An amusing instance of the old Duke's presence of mind and coolness in time of danger is the reply which he is said to have made to the captain of a vessel in which

he was sailing. There was a terrible storm, and the captain, fearing shipwreck, came to him in great affright and said, "It will soon be all over with us." "Very well," replied the Duke, "then I shall not take off my boots." Again, when a certain commissary-general complained to the Duke that Sir Thomas Picton had declared that he would hang him if the rations for that general's division were not forthcoming at a certain hour, the Duke replied, "Ah! did he go so far as that? Did he say he'd hang you?" "Yes, my lord." "Well, if General Picton said so, I have no doubt he will keep his word; you'd better get up the rations in time."

WISDOM.

It has been well said that all wisdom is a system of balances, or, better still, a golden mean between two extremes. Of course there is always a point where decision passes into rashness, as there are always some subjects which require the utmost deliberation before any safe and definite conclusion can be reached concerning them. One of these subjects, as has already been indicated in a previous chapter, is the choice of a vocation in life. But on the other hand, there are numerous exigencies in a man's life when there is not a moment to be lost, when a decision must be rendered instantly, and then, without this faculty under consideration, a man's fortune and welfare are liable to be greatly endangered. To never know what to do, or to debate like Coleridge which side of the road to take during a whole journey, is to miserably fail when important emergencies arrive.

There are two supreme moments, says Browning, in a diver's life ;

“One when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge;
One when, a prince, he rises with his pearl,”

and the same is true in every working career.

A lawyer must needs have his wits about him, as there are only about so many possibilities in every case, and he who knows these best will generally win. When on trial, too, all unexpected developments must be attended to at the moment. The same thing is true of a physician. As the patient grows nervous and frightened, the doctor must grow cool and collected. Dr. John Brown, speaking of this quality in a physician, well observes: “It is a curious condition of mind that this requires. It is like sleeping with your pistol under your pillow, and the pistol on full cock ; a moment lost, and all may be lost. There is the very nick of time. Men, when they have done some signal feat of presence of mind, if asked how they did it, do not very well know,—they just *did it*. It was in fact done, and then thought of ; not thought of and then done, in which case it would most likely never have been done at all. To act thus, requires one of the highest powers of mind.” There are some men that remind one of Voltaire's sarcasm upon the French author, La Harpe, whom he called an “oven that was always heating up, but which never cooked anything.” These men never get ahead an inch, because they are always hugging some cowardly maxim or other, such as, “A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,” etc.

Now, there is always more or less of truth in proverbs, but proverbs should always go in pairs, as they contain only half-truths, and can always be matched with reverse or opposite "saws," just as true as themselves. The reader will remember those two about "a rolling stone," and "the sitting hen," which just balance each other. Also this: "It is an ill wind," etc., which, turned around, is equally true, for that indeed must be a *good* wind which blows no one any hurt—especially if the wind happens to be a modern cyclone. John Foster is about the highest authority on this subject, and he says: "A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself; since, if he dared to assert that he did, the puny force of some cause, about as powerful as a spider, may make a seizure of the unhappy boaster the very next moment, and contemptuously exhibit the futility of the determinations by which he was to have proved the independence of his understanding and will. He belongs to whatever can make capture of him; and one thing after another vindicates its right to him, by arresting him while he is trying to go on; as twigs and chips, floating near the edge of a river, are intercepted by every weed and whirled in every little eddy. Having concluded on a design, he may pledge himself to accomplish it—if the hundred diversities of feeling which may come within the week will let him. His character precluding all foresight of his conduct, he may sit and wonder what form and direction his views and actions are destined to take to-morrow; as a farmer has often to acknowledge that next day's proceedings are at the disposal of its winds and clouds."

Those who take pains to learn wisdom and to be harmless in its exercise, may be accounted wise.

INDECISION.

A melancholy example of this is furnished by the life of Sir James Mackintosh, whom Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, in his "Historical Characters," terms "The Man of Promise." The career of Sir James was a perpetual struggle between that which he desired to be, and that for which his talents fitted him. At the University of Aberdeen he was alike remarkable for his zeal in politics and his love for metaphysics. At Edinburgh, also, where he went to study medicine, he spent his mornings in poetical lucubrations, his evenings in making speeches at a "spouting" club, giving little attention to the study of medicine, until he was absolutely compelled to do so. He then applied himself with a start to that which he was obliged to know; but his diligence was not of that resolute and steady kind which insures success as the consequence of a certain period of application; and, after rushing into the novelties of "The Brunonian System," which promised a knowledge of medicine with little labor, and then rushing back again, he tried to establish himself as a medical practitioner at Salisbury and Weymouth in England, but getting no patients, he retired, disgusted and wearied, to Brussels.

He next dabbled in politics; wrote the famous pamphlet, "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," in reply to Burke; delivered soon after at Lincoln's Inn a course of learned and eloquent lectures on public law, which were received with great enthusiasm · defended M.

Peltier in a speech at the bar, which was read with admiration, not only in England, but on the Continent, and, though he lost his cause, led him to be considered no less promising as a pleader; became Recorder of Bombay; returned to England, and feeling that "it was time to be something decided," resolved "to exert himself to the utmost," if he could get a seat in Parliament; entered the House of Commons, and made several remarkable speeches; accepted a professorship at the same time in Haileybury College, projected a great historical work which he never completed, and finally, when near the end of his life, stung by the thought that he had accomplished nothing worthy of himself, crowded into three years, what he ought to have done long before in ten, and left nothing behind him but broken columns and unfulfilled designs.

One of the great defects in the character of Charles V., Emperor of Germany, was his slowness of decision in the cabinet and in the field. Had he been prompt and decisive, he might have crushed the Reformation in the bud. Coligni, one of the champions of Protestantism in France, who perished in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, had a similar defect. A braver man never lived, but he lacked both decision and energy. On the contrary it is told of Pellissier, the hero of the Crimea, that, getting angry one morning, with a sub-officer of a cavalry regiment, he cut him across the face with a whip. The man drew a pistol, and attempted to explode it in the face of his chief; but it missed fire. Uttering a fearful oath, but otherwise calm, "Fellow!" said the grim chief of the Zouaves, "I order you a three

days' arrest for not having your arms in better order."

Some forty years ago murder was so rife in Havana that it seemed literally to be cultivated as one of the fine arts, to use De Quincey's phrase; and the city, if less libidinous, was probably more blood-stained than Sodom or Gomorrah. Yet, in a short time, by the vigor and decision of one man, this hideous state of things was entirely changed; and through Havana then, as through England under Alfred, or through Geneva now, the most gently-nurtured woman could walk at midnight with a female attendant, unscared and unharmed. One night a murder was committed, and Tacon, the Chief of Police, heard in the morning that the perpetrator was still at large. He summoned the prefect of the department in which the crime was committed. "How is this, sir? a man murdered at midnight, and the murderer not yet arrested?" "May it please your Excellency, it is impossible. We do not even know who it is." Tacon saw the officer was lying, "Hark you, sir. Bring me this murderer before night, or I'll garrote *you* to-morrow morning." The officer knew his man, and the assassin was forthcoming.

Avoid, then, as you would the plague, being the kind of man described many years ago in the "London Spectator:"

"A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
Everything by starts, and nothing long,
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon."

Hugh Miller has told how, by an act of youthful decision, he saved himself from one of the strong temptations so peculiar to a life of toil. When employed as a mason, it was usual for his fellow-workmen to have an occasional treat of drink, and one day two glasses of whiskey fell to his share, which he swallowed. When he reached home, he found, on opening his favorite book,—“Bacon’s Essays,”—that the letters danced before his eyes, and that he could no longer master the sense. “The condition,” he says, “into which I had brought myself was, I felt, one of degradation. I had sunk, by my own act, for the time, to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed; and though the state could have been no very favorable one for forming a resolution, I in that hour determined that I should never again sacrifice my capacity of intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage; and with God’s help, I was enabled to hold my determination.” It is such decisions as this that often form the turning-point in a man’s life, and furnish the foundation of his future character.

PATIENCE.

Nine out of every ten who fail in life get discouraged and give up before the battle is fairly won. They lose hope and heart, They lack courage and faith. They become impatient at the slow results of their toil. They cannot learn to “labor and to wait.” But no one can succeed in life by pursuing such a course. It is only by a resolute holding on and a patient continuance in well-doing, that the end of a

journey is reached. Nearly all really great men began life at the foot of the ladder, and worked their way up by slow degrees, and through many trials and difficulties. And so, my reader, you must make up your mind to do the same, or stay where you are and abandon all hopes of preferment.

The grandest results cannot be achieved in a day; the fruits that are best worth plucking usually ripen the most slowly.

Laborers for the public good especially have to work long and patiently, often uncheered by the prospect of immediate recompense or result. The seeds they sow sometimes lie hidden under the winter's snow a long while before the spring comes and brings them to the surface. Adam Smith, the founder of the science of Political Economy, wrote a work called "The Wealth of Nations," and it took seventy years before it produced any substantial fruits; but the harvest is not gathered in yet.

One of the most cheerful and courageous, because one of the most hopeful of workers, was Carey, the missionary. When in India, it was no uncommon thing for him to weary out three pundits, who officiated as his clerks, in one day, he himself taking rest only in change of employment. Carey, himself, the son of a shoemaker, was supported in his labors by Ward, the son of a carpenter, and Marshman, the son of a weaver. By their labors, a magnificent college was erected at Serampore; sixteen flourishing stations were established; the Bible was translated into sixteen languages, and the seeds were sown of a beneficent moral revolution in British India. Carey was never ashamed of the humbleness of his origin.

On one occasion, when at the Governor-General's table, he overheard an officer opposite him asking another, loud enough to be heard, whether Carey had not once been a shoemaker: "No, sir," exclaimed Carey immediately, "only a cobbler." An eminently characteristic anecdote has been told of his perseverance as a boy. When climbing a tree, one day, his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground, breaking his leg by the fall. He was confined to his bed for weeks, but when his strength had grown again, and he was able to walk without support, the very first thing he did was to go and climb that tree. Carey had need of this sort of dauntless courage for the great missionary work of his life, and nobly and resolutely did he do it.

Not less interesting is the following anecdote of Audubon, the American ornithologist, related by himself: "An accident," he says, "which happened to two hundred of my original drawings, nearly put a stop to my researches in ornithology. I shall relate it, merely to show how far enthusiasm—for by no other name can I call my perseverance—may enable the preserver of nature to surmount the most disheartening difficulties. I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, situated on the banks of the Ohio, where I resided for several years, to proceed to Philadelphia on business. I looked to my drawings before my departure, placed them carefully in a wooden box, and gave them in charge of a relative, with injunctions to see that no injury should happen to them. My absence was of several months; and when I returned, after having enjoyed the pleasures of home for a few days, I inquired after my box,

and what I was pleased to call my treasure. The box was produced and opened ; but, reader, feel for me,—a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and reared a young family among the gnawed bits of paper, which, but a month previous, represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of air ! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured without affecting my whole nervous system. I slept for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion,—until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might make better drawings than before ; and, ere a period not exceeding three years had elapsed, my portfolio was again filled.”

ILLUSTRATIONS.

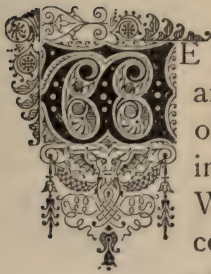
Sir Isaac Newton had a little dog Diamond, who, one evening when his master had gone to his supper, upset a lighted taper upon the table where lay the laborious calculations of years. When the philosopher returned and beheld the destruction of his manuscripts, he is said to have exclaimed : “ Ah ! Diamond, you little know the mischief you have wrought,” and then sat down and commenced to reproduce them. A like mischance befell Thomas Carlyle, when he had finished the first volume of his French Revolution. He lent the manuscript to a friend for perusal, and it having been left, by some carelessness, on the parlor floor, the maid-of-all-work, finding

what she supposed to be a bundle of waste paper, used it to light the kitchen and parlor fires. The first composition of the book had been a labor of love; the drudgery of re-writing it, with no help but memory, was contemplated by the author with a degree of anguish which it is not easy to conceive. Yet, without wasting time in complaints, he set resolutely to work, and at last triumphantly reproduced the book in the form in which it now appears. A similar anecdote is told of Robert Ainsworth, a celebrated writer and antiquary of the eighteenth century. He had toiled for years in compiling a voluminous dictionary of the Latin language, during which time he gave so little of his society to his wife, that, before he had quite completed the work, she committed it to the flames. Instead of abandoning himself to despair, he began at once to re-write the book, which, with almost incredible labor, he finally accomplished. When Edward Livingston had finished his great code of Louisianian law, he had the anguish of beholding the labor of long years perish instantly in the flames; yet he was not disheartened, but patiently re-commenced and re-performed his task.



"HABITS."

"Habit at first is but a silken thread,
 Fine as the light-winged gossamers that sway
 In the warm sunbeams of a summer's day;
 A shallow streamlet, rippling o'er its bed;
 A tiny sapling, ere its roots are spread;
 A yet unhardened thorn upon the spray;
 A lion's whelp that hath not scented prey;
 A little smiling child obedient led.
 Beware ! that thread may bind thee as a chain;
 That streamlet gather to a fatal sea;
 That sapling spread into a gnarled tree;
 That thorn, grown hard, may wound and give thee pain;
 That playful whelp his murderous fangs reveal;
 That child, a giant, crush thee 'neath his heel."



Come now to personal habits which are essential to business success. Habits of all kinds play a more important part in human life than most people realize. What is done once and again, soon becomes a kind of second nature from which it is almost impossible to break away. Lord Brougham said in reference to the training of youth, "I trust everything under God to habit, on which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and

casts the difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course." Character is always weakest where it has once given way, just as a water-dyke is most treacherous where the current has once broken through. A principle restored can never become as strong as one that has never been moved. In fact, principles themselves are but the names which we give to habits, for the principles are but words, while the habits are the things in reality. The small acts of life, taken singly, are like the snowflakes which fall one by one, but when accumulated, they constitute the resistless avalanche. Montaigne, in one of his essays, says of custom or habit, "She is a violent and treacherous schoolmistress. She, by little and little, slyly and unperceived, slips in the foot of her authority, but having by this gentle and humble beginning, with the aid of time, fixed and established it, she then unmasks a furious and tyrannic countenance, against which we have no more the courage nor the power so much as to lift up our eyes."

The habit at first may seem no stronger than a spider's web, but when once rooted and formed it becomes a chain of iron. "Remember," said Lord Collingwood to a young man, "before you are five-and-twenty, you must establish a character that will serve or ruin you for life." Even happiness may become a matter of habit, that is, a man can accustom himself to look upon the bright or upon the dark side of things. Dr. Johnson said that the habit of looking upon the best side of things was worth to a man, more than a thousand pounds a year. Old men, accustomed to certain ways in life, find it exceedingly difficult to change those ways. Thus Lord

Kames tells of a man who, having relinquished the sea for a country life, reared in the corner of his garden an artificial mound with a level summit, resembling most accurately a quarter-deck, not only in shape, but in size, where he generally walked. When Franklin was superintending the erection of some forts on the frontier, as a defense against the Indians, he slept at night in a blanket on the hard floor, and, on his first return to civilized life, could hardly sleep in a bed. Captain Ross and his crew, having been accustomed during their polar wanderings to lie on the frozen snow, or on the bare rock, afterward found the accommodations of a whaler too luxurious for them, and he was obliged to exchange his hammock for a chair.

METHOD.

Among good business habits, method holds an important place. In the past ages, before the invention of the steam-engine and the electric telegraph, when commerce had a narrow range, but few faculties of the mind were called into play by business; but to-day, when submarine cables are making of the whole world a whispering gallery, and the fluctuations of one market are felt in every other, when so varied a knowledge and so constant a watchfulness are necessary to success, method becomes doubly important. In fact, there is hardly any kind of business which does not demand system. Commissioners of insolvency say that the books of nine bankrupts out of ten are always found to be in a perfect muddle—kept without plan or method. It is easy enough to

sneer at "red tape" and formality, but "an intelligent method, which surveys the whole work before it, and assigns the several parts to distinct times and agents, which adapts itself to exigencies, and keeps ever in its eye the object to be attained, is one of the most powerful instruments of human labor. The professional or business man who despises it will never do anything well. It matters not how clever or brilliant he is, or how fertile in expedients, if he works without system, catching up whatever is nearest at hand, or trying to do half a dozen things at once, he will sooner or later come to grief."

The importance of system in the discharge of daily duties was strikingly illustrated in the experience of Dr. Kane when he was locked up among the icebergs of the Arctic Circle, with the prospect of months of dreary imprisonment. With his men enfeebled by disease and privations, and when all but eight of his company had left him to search for a way of escape, he sustained the drooping spirits of the handful who clung to him, and kept up their energies, by a systematic performance of duties and moral discipline. "It is," he observes, "the experience of every man who has either combated difficulties himself or attempted to guide others through them, that the controlling law shall be systematic action. Nothing depresses and demoralizes so much as a surrender of the approved and habitual forms of life. I resolved that everything should go on as it had done. The arrangement of hours, the distribution and details of duty, the religious exercises, the ceremonials of the table, the fires, the lights, the watch, the labors of the observatory, and the notation of the tides and

the sky,—nothing should be intermitted that had contributed to make up the day.”

William Cecil afterward, Lord Burleigh, said of method, it “is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one.” Cecil’s dispatch of business was extraordinary, his maxim being, “The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once;” and he never left a thing undone when it could be attended to at the time. He would rather encroach on his hours for meals than omit any part of his work. De Witt’s maxim also was; “One thing at a time. If I have dispatches to make, I think of nothing else until they are finished; if other affairs demand my attention, I give myself wholly to them until done. Besides this, all peculiarly important affairs should be attended to in person. An indolent country gentleman in England had a freehold estate producing about five hundred a year. Becoming involved in debt, he sold half of the estate, and let the remainder to an industrious farmer for twenty years. About the end of the term the farmer called to pay his rent, and asked the owner whether he would sell the farm. “Will *you* buy it?” asked the owner, surprised. “Yes, if we can agree about the price.” “That is exceedingly strange,” observed the gentleman; “pray, tell me how it happens that while I could not live upon twice as much land, for which I paid no rent, you are regularly paying me two hundred a year for your farm, and are able, in a few years, to purchase it.” “The reason is plain,” was the reply; “you sat still and said *Go*; I got up and said *Come*; you laid in bed and enjoyed your estate, I rose in the

morning and minded my business." Sir Walter Scott, writing to a youth who had obtained a situation and asked him for his advice, gave him in reply this sound counsel: "Beware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you from not having your time fully employed,—I mean what the women call *dawdling*. Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, never before it."

PUNCTUALITY.

Be punctual; there can be few worse traits in a business man than to be continually behind time in his engagements. If a man's word or appointments cannot be depended upon, he is sure to be mistrusted and then neglected altogether. Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance, but lost time is gone forever. Lord Nelson once said, "I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time." He who holds to his appointment and does not keep you waiting for him, shows that he has regard for *your* time as well as for his own. Thus punctuality is one of the modes by which we testify our personal respect for those whom we are called upon to meet in the business of life. It is also conscientiousness in a measure; for an appointment is a contract, express or implied, and he who does not keep it, breaks faith as well as dishonestly uses other people's time, and thus inevitably loses character. We naturally come to the conclusion that the person who is careless about time, will be careless

about business, and that he is not the one to be trusted with the transaction of matters of importance. When Washington's secretary excused himself for the lateness of his attendance, and laid the blame upon his watch, his master quietly said, "Then you must get another watch, or I another secretary."

It is said of Lord Brougham, that when he was in the full career of his profession, presiding in the House of Lords and the Court of Chancery, he found time to be at the head of some eight or ten public associations,—one of which was the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,—and that he was most punctual in his attendances, always contriving to be in the chair when the hour of meeting had arrived. To steal another's time by delay, is nearly or quite as bad as to steal his property, because in consuming another's time by careless neglect you take away from him that which can be converted into direct and immediate capital. Indeed, all money is earned by time and labor. In one of Dickens' stories there is a character whom he names "Captain Cuttle." The Captain was a very eccentric man, and he had a watch as eccentric as himself. He used to say that "if he could remember to set it ahead half an hour in the forenoon, and back quarter of an hour in the afternoon, it would keep time with anybody's watch." Too many business men have watches of a similar kind, it is to be feared, and the result is, they are always late at the counting-room, late at the railway station, late in getting letters into the mail. Business is thus thrown into confusion, and every one concerned is put out of temper.

How many persons have been ruined by neglecting

for a day, or even an hour, to renew an insurance policy ! How many merchants are made bankrupts by delays of their customers in paying their notes or accounts ! Often the failure of one man to meet his obligations promptly, causes the ruin of a score of other men, just as in a line of bricks the toppling down of the master brick necessitates the fall of all the rest.

John Quincy Adams, who filled a greater number of important offices, political and civil, than has any other American, was pre-eminently punctual. He was an economist of moments, and was never known to be behind time. His reputation in this respect was such that when in old age he was a member of the House of Representatives at Washington, and a gentleman observed that it was time to call the House to order, another replied, "No, Mr. Adams is not in his seat." The clock, it was found, was actually three minutes too fast ; and before three minutes had elapsed, Mr. Adams was at his post.

"When a regiment is under march," writes Sir Walter Scott, "the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily. And it is the same with business. If that which is first in hand be not regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind until affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion." Napoleon studied his watch as closely as he studied the maps of the battlefield. His victories were not won by consummate strategy merely, but by impressing his subordinates with the necessity of punctuality to the minute. Manœuvring over large spaces of country, so that the enemy was puzzled to decide

where the blow would fall, he would suddenly concentrate his forces and fall with resistless might on some weak point in the extended lines of the foe,—a plan the successful execution of which demanded that every division of his army should be at the place named at the very hour.

It is related that on one occasion, his marshals, who had been invited to dine with him, were ten minutes late. Rising to meet them, the Emperor, who began his dinner as the clock struck, and had finished, said: "Gentlemen, it is now past dinner, and we will immediately proceed to business;" whereupon the marshals were obliged to spend the afternoon in planning a campaign on an empty stomach. Later in life, Napoleon was less prompt; and it was his loss of precious hours on the morning of Ligny, and his inexplicable dawdling on the day after the defeat of Blucher, which contributed more than any other cause to the fatal overthrow at Waterloo. On the other hand, it was the promptness and punctuality of "Marshal Forwards" (as Blucher was nicknamed by his troops) which enabled Wellington to convert what otherwise would have probably been a drawn battle into a brilliant victory. The Napoleon of Austerlitz and Jena would have made history tell a different story. It is said that Colonel Rahl, the Hessian commander who in the American Revolution was routed and taken prisoner at Trenton, lost the battle through procrastination. Engrossed in a game of cards, he postponed the reading of a letter which reached him, informing him that Washington was about to cross the Delaware, and thus lost the opportunity of thwarting the design of the American gen-

eral, and perhaps giving a different direction to the War of Independence.

ECONOMY.

There is no man in the universe, however shrewd, or capable he may be, who can be a successful business man unless he contrives to live within his means. Extravagance in ideas, in dress, and in habits of life, is one of the most destructive vices connected with our latter-day civilization. Nearly all classes are infected with this mania, but the average well-to-do class especially seem possessed to live beyond their income and put on a kind of false show or style which they are not able to carry out. And not only this, but there seems to be an insane ambition to bring up children "genteelly," and thus cripple all native energy and resolution of character, at the very outset of life. As another has said, "They acquire a taste for dress, style, luxuries, and amusements, which can never form any solid foundation for manly or gentlemanly character; and the result is, that we have a vast number of gingerbread young men and women thrown upon the world, who remind one of the abandoned hulls sometimes picked up at sea, with only a monkey on board." People seem determined to keep up appearances and try to be "big," whether they can afford it or not. Even honesty and honor are nothing in comparison with a vulgar outside show and a certain self-constituted importance in style of living.

Multitudes have not the courage to go patiently onward in the path of life in which their birth and circumstances have placed them, but they must needs

try to get out of this, and into some fashionable state or other where they can swell and strut like peacocks, in a plumage that is not paid for. There is a constant struggle and pressure for front seats in the social amphitheatre; in the midst of which all noble self-denying resolve is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways,—in the rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in their ruin.

Economizing one's means with the mere object of hoarding, is a very mean thing, but economizing for the purpose of being independent is one of the soundest indications of manly character; and when practiced with the object of providing for those who are dependent upon us, it assumes quite a noble aspect. Francis Horner's father gave him this good advice on first entering life: "Whilst I wish you to be comfortable in every respect, I cannot too strongly inculcate economy. It is a necessary virtue to all; and however the shallow part of mankind may despise it, it certainly leads to independence, which is a grand object to every man of a high spirit. Those who are careless about personal expenditure, and consider merely their own gratification, without regard for the comfort of others, generally find out the real uses of money when it is too late. Though by nature gener-

ous, these thriftless persons are often driven in the end to do very shabby things. They dawdle with their money as with their time; draw bills upon the future; anticipate their earnings; and are thus under the necessity of dragging after them a load of debts and obligations which seriously affect their action as free and independent men. The loose cash which many persons throw away uselessly, and worse, would often form a basis of fortune and independence for life. These wasters are their own worst enemies, though generally found amongst the ranks of those who rail at the injustice of the world."

One of the best of those who are called by the world "good fellows," was the poet Burns. He earned money easily, and spent it as freely. With anything like a decent economy he might have saved enough to have made himself and family comfortable through life. But he was an easy and a fast liver, and on his deathbed he wrote to a friend, "Alas! Clarke, I begin to feel the worst. Burns' poor widow, and a half dozen of his dear little ones helpless orphans;—there I am weak as a woman's tear. Enough of this;—'tis half my disease."

BEING IN DEBT.

"To be in debt," says Mr. Smiles, "lowers a man in self-respect, places him at the mercy of his tradesman and his servant, and renders him a slave in many respects, for he can no longer call himself his own master, nor boldly look the world in the face. It is also difficult for a man who is in debt to be truthful; hence it is said that lying rides on debt's back. The

debtor has to frame excuses to his creditor for postponing payment of the money he owes him; and probably also, to contrive falsehoods. It is easy enough for a man who will exercise a healthy resolution, to avoid incurring the first obligation; but the facility with which that has been incurred often becomes a temptation to a second; and very soon the unfortunate borrower becomes so entangled that no late exertion of industry can set him free. The first step in debt is like the first step in falsehood; almost involving the necessity of proceeding in the same course, debt following debt, as lie follows lie."

Haydon, the painter, dated his decline from the day on which he first borrowed money. He realized the truth of the proverb, "Who goes a-borrowing, goes a-sorrowing." The significant entry in his diary is: "Here began debt and obligation, out of which I have never been and never shall be extricated as long as I live." Haydon had long been accustomed to borrow money from his poor father, which, however, he did not include in his obligations. Far different was the noble spirit displayed by Fichte, who said, when struggling with poverty, "For years I have never accepted a farthing from my parents, because I have seven sisters who are all young, and in part uneducated; and because I have a father who, were I to allow it, would in his kindness bestow upon me that which belongs by right to his other children."

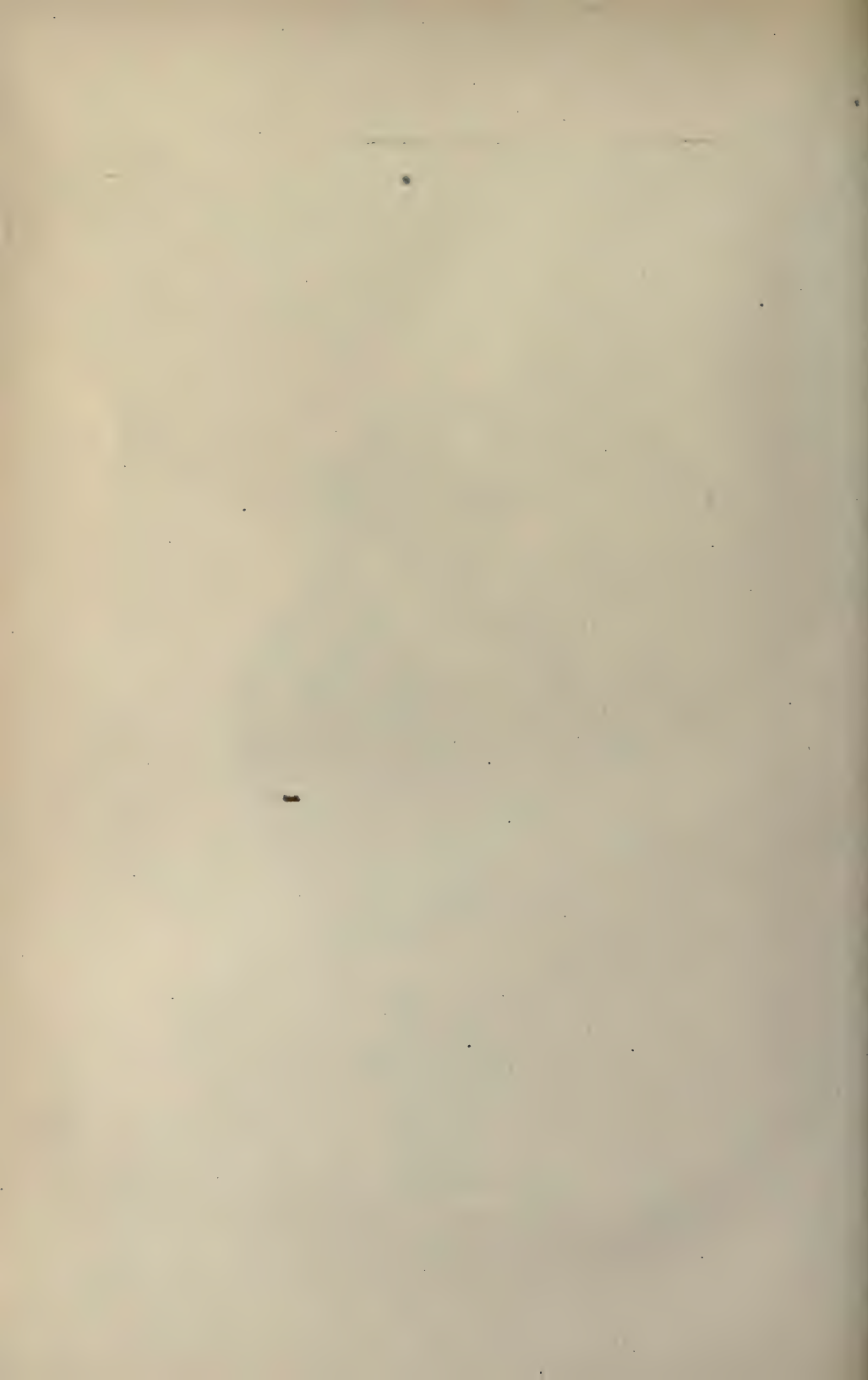
Admiral Jervis, Earl St. Vincent, has told the story of his early struggles, and, amongst other things, of his determination to keep out of debt. "My father had a very large family," said he, "with limited means. He gave me twenty pounds at starting, and that was

all he ever gave me. After I had been a considerable time at sea, I drew for twenty more, but the bill came back protested. I was mortified at this rebuke, and made a promise which I have ever kept, that I would never draw another bill without a certainty of its being paid. I immediately changed my mode of living, quitted my mess, lived alone, and took up the ship's allowance, which I found quite sufficient ; washed and mended my own clothes ; made a pair of trousers out of the ticking of my bed ; and having by these means saved as much money as would redeem my honor, I took up my bill ; and from that time to this I have taken care to keep within my means." Jervis for six years endured pinching privation, but preserved his integrity, studied his profession with success, and gradually and steadily rose by merit and bravery to the highest rank. Samuel Drew's first lesson in economy is thus described by himself : "When I was a boy, I somehow got a few pence, and coming into St. Austell on a fair day, laid out all on a purse. My empty purse often reminded me of my folly ; and the recollection has since been as useful to me as Franklin's whistle was to him."





SCHILLER.



RIGHT USE OF TIME.

"Whose only labor was to kill the time,
Who sit and loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth with tottering step, and slow.
But this too rude an exercise they find,
Then straight on the couch their limbs they throw,
Where hours and hours they, sighing, lie reclined,
And court the vapory god soft-breathing in the wind."



TIME and labor are the two oars by which a man propels his life-boat toward the distant shores of achievement and fruition. It is astonishing to think how much time is thrown away and wasted each year, and how much could be learned by those who felt disposed to use these spare moments in furthering the objects of their ambition. Purpose and persistent industry make a man sharp to discern opportunities, and turn them to account. To the feeble, the sluggish, and the indolent, the happiest opportunities avail nothing; but with perseverance the very odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of the greatest value. An hour every day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits, and profitably employed, would enable a person of ordinary capacity to go far in mastering a complete science. It would make an

ignorant man well-informed in ten years. Stephenson taught himself arithmetic and mensuration while working in an engine-room during the night shifts, and he studied mechanics during his spare hours at home; thus preparing himself for his great work, the invention of the passenger locomotive. Watt taught himself chemistry and mechanics while working at his trade.

Dalton's industry began from boyhood, and at twelve years of age he taught a little village school in the winter, and worked on his father's farm in the summer. This early habit of industry was continued until a day or two before he died. Dr. Mason Good translated Lucretius while riding in his carriage in the streets of London, going his rounds among his patients. Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works in the same way, while driving about in his "sulky," from house to house in the country—writing down his thoughts on little scraps of paper, which he carried about with him for the purpose. Hale wrote his "Contemplations" while traveling on circuit. Dr. Burney learned French and Italian while traveling on horseback from one musical pupil to another in the course of his profession. Kirke White learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office.

ODD MOMENTS.

Elihu Burritt attributed his first success in self-improvement, not to genius, which he disclaimed, but simply to the careful employment of those invaluable fragments of time, called "odd moments." While working and earning his living as a blacksmith, he

mastered some eighteen ancient and modern languages, and twenty-two European dialects. Withal, he was exceedingly modest, and thought his achievements nothing extraordinary. Like another learned and wise man, of whom it was said that he could be silent in ten languages, Elihu Burritt could do the same in forty. "Those who have been acquainted with my character from my youth up," said he, writing to a friend, "will give me credit for sincerity when I say that it never entered into my head to blazon forth any acquisition of my own. . . . All that I have accomplished, or expect, or hope to accomplish, has been and will be by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the antheap—particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact. And if ever I was actuated by ambition, its highest and warmest aspiration reached no further than the hope to set before the young men of my country an example in employing those invaluable fragments of time called odd moments."

Daguesseau, one of the great Chancellors of France, by carefully working up his odd bits of time, wrote a bulky and able volume in the successive intervals of waiting for dinner ; and Madame de Genlis composed several of her charming volumes while waiting for the Princess Orleans to whom she gave daily lessons. Jeremy Bentham and Melancthon arranged their hours of labor and repose so that not a moment should be lost. Ferguson learned astronomy from the heavens while wrapped in a sheepskin on the Highland hills. Stone learned mathematics while working as a journeyman gardener, and Drew became acquainted with the highest philosophy in the interval of cob-

bling shoes. Locke carried a note-book in his pocket to catch the scintillations of all the conversations which he heard. Pope, when not able to sleep, would get up and write. Dr. Rush studied in his carriage while visiting patients, and prepared himself to write not only upon professional but other themes, works which are still almost as useful as when first published. Cuvier, the father of Comparative Anatomy, also studied while passing in his carriage from place to place, and by his ceaseless industry did perhaps more for the physical sciences than any other man that ever lived.

Franklin stole his hours of study from meals and sleep, and for years, with inflexible resolution, strove to save for his own instruction every minute that could be won. Hugh Miller found time while pursuing his trade as a stone-mason, not only to read, but to write, cultivating his style till he became one of the most facile and brilliant authors of the day. Mr. Grote, the historian of Greece, whose work is by far the fullest and most trustworthy on the subject, and who also snatched time from business to write two large volumes upon Plato, was a banker. Sir John Lubbock, the highest English authority on pre-historic archæology, has made himself such by stealing the time from mercantile pursuits. John Quincy Adams, to the last day of his life, was an economist of moments. To redeem the time, he rose early. "I feel nothing like *ennui*," he said. "Time is too short for me, rather than too long. If the day were forty-eight hours long, instead of twenty-four, I could employ them all, if I had but eyes and hands to read and write." While at St. Petersburg, he complained

bitterly of the great loss of his time from the civilities and visits of his friends and associates. "I have been engaged," he wrote, "the whole forenoon, and though I rise at six o'clock, I am sometimes able to write only a part of a private letter in the course of the day."

Dr. Channing knew a man of vigorous intellect who had enjoyed few advantages of early education, and whose mind was almost engrossed by the details of an extensive business, who yet composed a book of much original thought in steamboats and on horseback. These examples are enough, and more than enough, to show that the moments commonly wasted during a long life by the busiest men, would suffice, if avariciously improved, for the execution of even colossal undertakings, which seemingly demand a lifetime of uninterrupted leisure. We say therefore, in the language of that prodigy of industry, Goethe, "Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situations. A long-continued walk is better than a short flight." The small stones that fill up the crevices are almost as essential to the firm wall as the great stones; and so the wise use of spare time contributes not a little to the building up in good proportions, and with strength, a man's mind. If you really prize mental culture, or are deeply anxious to do any good thing, you *will* find time, or *make* time for it, sooner or later, however engrossed with other employments. A failure to accomplish it can only demonstrate the feebleness of your will, not that you lacked time for its execution.

"Old-fashioned economists," says the eloquent Wirt, "will tell you never to pass an old nail, or old horseshoe, or buckle, or even a pin, without taking it up; because, although you may not want it now, you will find a use for it some time or other. I say the same thing to you with regard to knowledge. However useless it may appear to you at the moment, seize upon all that is fairly within your reach. For there is not a fact within the whole circle of human observation, that will not come into play at some time or other; and occasions will arise when they involuntarily present their dim shadows in the train of your thinking and reasoning, as belonging to that train, and you will regret that you cannot recall them more distinctly." Daniel Webster once repeated with effect an anecdote which he had treasured in his memory for fourteen years. The celebrated jurist and politician of Massachusetts, Caleb Cushing, was a man of great energy and force of character, and one that made the most of every moment.

KNOWLEDGE.

And another thoughtful writer expresses himself on the same subject in a similar strain: "Every kind of knowledge," he says, "comes into play some time or other; not only that which is systematic and methodized, but that which is fragmentary, even the odds and ends, the merest rag or tag of information. Single facts, anecdotes, expressions, recur to the mind, and, by the power of association, just in the right place. Many of these are laid in during what we think our idlest days. All that fund of matter

which is used allusively in similitudes or illustrations, is collected in diversions from the path of hard study. He will do best in this line whose range has been the widest and the freest. A man may study so much by rule as to lose all this, just as one may ride so much on the highway as to know nothing that is off the road."

Indeed, the practice of writing down thoughts and facts for the purpose of holding them fast, and preventing their escape into the dim region of forgetfulness, has been much resorted to by thoughtful and studious men. Lord Bacon left behind him many manuscripts, entitled "*Sudden thoughts set down for use.*" Erskine made great extracts from Burke; and Eldon copied Coke upon Littleton twice over with his own hand, so that the book became, as it were, part of his own mind. The late Dr. Pye Smith, when apprenticed to his father as a book-binder, was accustomed to make copious memoranda of all the books he read, with extracts and criticisms. This indomitable industry in collecting materials distinguished him through life, his biographer describing him as "always at work, always in advance, always accumulating." These notebooks afterward proved, like Richter's "quarries," the great storehouse from which he drew his illustrations and metaphors.

In saying these things, however, we wish to acknowledge with equal emphasis the necessity of suitable seasons of recreation in the midst of this intense and protracted application, and also the necessity of a sufficient amount of sleep with which to recuperate exhausted nature. Modern life is so driving and busy, so restless and feverish in its excitements,

that unless due care is bestowed upon the preservation of mental vigor and clearness of thought, the mind soon wears itself into a state where all healthy growth and accumulations of power are practically impossible. It has been well said that the mind, "If not a mere plodding, mechanical mind, is capricious in its workings, and will not be tyrannized over. It loves dearly to assert its independence, and will be consulted as to whether it will do this or that. It is not a mere machine, and cannot be used as if it were one. It must often 'gang its ain gait,' and sometimes must be left alone, even when it stoops to trifles. Many of its processes go on unbidden, without our control. In its very highest efforts it abhors task-work, and utterly refuses to be a drudge. The happiest thoughts and most brilliant fancies, the aptest similitudes, are those sudden illuminations, those flashes, which come to us in hours of relaxation, of play, when we throw the reins upon the neck of our winged steed, and let it roam where it will."

CHANGE AND VARIETY.

It is still further true that change and variety in study are sometimes quite as beneficial as steady devotion to any single branch of intellectual effort. There seems to be different sets of powers in the mind, and by pursuing one line of thought until wearied, and then turning to another of an exactly opposite character, more can be accomplished in the aggregate, than by following in a continuous straight line of mental exertion. It is not necessary to be always pounding away on one corner of an anvil, in

order to be busy. With a vigorous, inquiring mind, idleness, in one sense, is impossible. The brain is busy, often, when it seems to be most at rest. Says Ralph Waldo Emerson :

“Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floateth in the sky,
Writes a letter in my book.”

A mind that does a good deal of thinking must needs spend some time gathering the raw material for thought; it must ruminate and browse among books, and more than this, it must be turned over occasionally like summer fallow, and suffered to lie exposed to the various fertilizing influences which, like winds, sweep over it from the great worlds of nature and action, lying outside.

Still another desirable form of mental activity is described by N. P. Willis, who speaks of sitting down and “reading sometimes, and sometimes listening to the faster falls of the large drops without, and sometimes rising with the stir of an unbidden thought, and then composedly sitting down again to some quaint book of olden poetry;” but this can hardly be called idleness.


Why? Because the object sought in the first instance was mental enrichment through a pleasing change or variety of mental life, and in the other the only desire and wish was to blot out all mind-work, and leave the brain in a state of utter vacuity. While, therefore, it may be well to remember that “of sloth comes pleasure, of pleasure comes riot, of

riot comes disease, of disease comes spending, and of spending comes want," as an old English author states, adding with knowledge of modern justice that "of want comes theft, and of theft comes hanging," yet, on the other hand, we should not forget that time spent in physical culture, in necessary recreation, in sound, healthful sleep, and in a miscellaneous gathering of thought-material for future use, is by no means lost time ; for each and all of these diversions are necessary to continuous mental activity.

Especially are such breaks in study needful for children with undeveloped minds, as instances are numerous where a child, by rambling as his fancy led, has fallen upon some book which determined his whole after-life, or has struck out some line of labor in which he afterward became distinguished. Thus Dr. Johnson, in his youth, believing that his brother had concealed some apples beneath a large folio upon an upper shelf in his father's shop, climbed up to make the capture, and finding no apples, attacked the folio, which proved to be the works of Petrarch ; and thus his very idleness instructed him, and the apples led him to literature.



HOW TO MAKE MONEY.



THE art of making money is condensed into four single rules, as follows : Work hard—improve every opportunity—economize—avoid debt. And these four can again be condensed into one, namely : *Spend every day less than you earn.* Nothing more than this is needed, and to this nothing can be added. The famous Micawber in “David Copperfield,” tersely sums the matter up thus : “Annual income, twenty pounds ; annual expenditure, nineteen pounds nineteen and six ; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds, annual expenditure, twenty pounds one and six ; result, misery.” And this latter condition was always poor Micawber’s fortune. As has been well said, there is no working man in good health who may not become independent, if he will but carefully husband his receipts, and guard jealously against the little leaks of useless expenditure. There are a hundred persons who can work hard, to every ten who can properly husband their earnings. The classes that toil the hardest squander most recklessly the money they earn. Instead of hoarding their receipts so as to provide against sickness or want of employment, they eat and drink up their earnings as they go, and thus in the first financial crisis, when mills and factories stop, and capitalists lock up their cash in-

stead of using it in great enterprises, they are ruined. Men who thus live "from hand to mouth," never keeping more than a day's march ahead of actual want, are little better off than slaves.

To one who has seen much of the miseries of the poor, it is hard to account for this short-sightedness of conduct ; but doubtless the main cause is the contempt with which they are wont to look upon petty savings. Ask those who spend all as they go why they do not put by a fraction of their daily earnings, and they will reply, "That's of no use ; what good can the saving of a few cents a day, or an occasional dollar, do ? If I could lay by four or five dollars a week, that would ultimately amount to something." It is by this thoughtless reasoning that thousands are kept steeped to the lips in poverty, who, by a moderate degree of self-denial, might place themselves in a state of comfort and independence, if not of affluence. They do not consider to what enormous sums little savings and little spendings swell, at last, when continued through a long series of years. Accordingly, there is no inward revolution in the history of a man so important in itself and in its consequences, as occurs at the moment when a man makes his first saving. Among the heavy capitalists in one of our cities some years ago, was a builder who began life as a bricklayer's laborer at one dollar per day. Out of that small sum he contrived to lay up fifty cents per day, and at the end of the first year he had saved \$182, from which moment his fortune was made. This beginning to lay up a little at regular intervals, daily or weekly, is the beginning of the end of poverty. When you begin this habit, stick to it. If one

be faithful in pursuing a rule of small gains, the time of large increase cannot be very far off, for one's interest and influence grows with one's bank account.

EXPENSES.

"Whatever your means be," says Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer in an excellent essay upon "The Management of Money," "so apportion your wants that your means may exceed them. Every man who earns but ten shillings a week can do this if he please, whatever he may say to the contrary; for, if he can live upon ten shillings a week, he can live upon nine and eleven-pence. In this rule mark the emphatic distinction between poverty and neediness. Poverty is relative, and therefore not ignoble. Neediness is a positive degradation. If I have only £100 a year, I am rich as compared with the majority of my countrymen. If I have £5,000 a year, I may be poor compared with the majority of my associates, and very poor compared to my next-door neighbor. With either of these incomes I am relatively poor or rich; but with either of these incomes I may be positively needy or positively free from neediness. With the £100 a year I may need no man's help; I may at least have 'my crust of bread, and liberty.' But with £5,000 a year I may dread a ring at my bell; I may have my tyrannical masters in servants whose wages I cannot pay; my exile may be at the fiat of the first long-suffering man who enters a judgment against me. . . . No man is needy who spends less than he has. I may so ill-manage my money, that, with £5,000 a year, I purchase the worst evils of pov-

erty,—terror and shame ; I may so well-manage my money, that, with £100 a year, I purchase the best blessings of wealth,—safety and respect.”

SAVING.

Of course there is such a thing as being miserly and mean in this matter of saving, but we are not advocating the practice of any such habit, or upholding any such trait of character. It would not be wise to carry this virtue of economy so far as to change it into a positive vice. It would not be well to imitate the Earl of Westminster, who had an income of four millions a year, and who once dismounted from his horse, when he found he had lost a button, and retraced his steps until he found it. This was not economy, but simple penuriousness. On the other hand, prudence, frugality and good management are good mechanics for mending bad times ; they occupy but little room in any dwelling, but will furnish a more effectual remedy for the evils of life than any silver or tariff bill that ever passed Congress. To live on others' wealth, or to ride with unpaid-for horses, is to be a cheat, and not a gentleman.

OUT OF DEBT.

Says Douglas Jerrold : “Be sure of it, he who dines out of debt, though his meal be biscuit and an onion, dines in ‘The Apollo.’ And then for raiment ; what warmth in a threadbare coat, if the tailor's receipt be in the pocket ! What Tyrian purple in the faded waistcoat, the vest not owed for ! How glossy

the well-worn hat, if it covers not the aching head of a debtor! . . . Debt, however courteously it be offered, is the cup of a siren, and the wine, spiced and delicious though it be, an eating poison. The man out of debt, though with a flaw in his jerkin, a crack in his shoe-leather, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above him ; but the debtor, though clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a serf out upon a holiday,—a slave to be reclaimed at any instant by his owner, the creditor ? My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring ; let thy mouth water at a last week's roll ; think a thread-bare coat the 'only wear' ; and acknowledge a white-washed garret the fittest housing place for a gentleman ; do this, and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at peace, and the sheriff be confounded."



POWER OF MONEY.

HERE is power in the possession of money. And if money can be earned by honorable and legitimate effort, it *should* be, always. There is no special virtue in being poor, particularly if our poverty is the result of a lack of enterprise and energy on our part; on the contrary, poverty under such circumstances is both a curse and a disgrace to any man. As an observing and forcible thinker remarks: "Whatever may be said of the dangers of riches, the dangers of poverty are tenfold greater. A condition in which one is exposed to continual want, not only of the luxuries but of the veriest necessities of life, as well as to disease and discouragement, is exceedingly unfavorable to the exercise of the higher functions of the mind and soul. The poor man is hourly beset by troops of temptations which the rich man never knows.

"Doubtless the highest virtues are sometimes found to flourish even in the cold clime and sterile soil of poverty. But it is insufferable nonsense to speak of these qualities as indigenous or native to poverty, when we know they often flourish in spite of it. Poverty is a condition which no man should accept, unless it be forced upon him as an inexorable necessity or as the alternative of dishonor. No person

has a right voluntarily to place himself in a position where he will be assailed hourly by the fiercest temptations, where he will be able to preserve his uprightness only by a strength little short of angelic, and where he will be liable at any moment to become by sickness a burden to his friends. Every man, too, should make some provision for old age ; for an old man in the poorhouse, or begging alms, is a sorry sight, and suggests the suspicion, however ill-founded, that his life has been foolishly, if not viciously spent."

WHAT MONEY DOES.

It is money which sets in motion and keeps whirling the thousand wheels of industry in all the different departments and varied pursuits of life. The hum of machinery, the roar of railways, the busy marts of trade, and the myriad activities of traffic by land and sea, are all built up and sustained by the use of money. More than this, the need of money is the cohesive power which binds society together, and makes order, good government, and civil virtue possible. If every man in a community had all the money he wanted, and a few dollars over, civil chaos and anarchy would surely follow. Labor is thus not only a blessing to the individual, but to society as well.

Competition for the possession of money not only evokes intellectual skill, tact, ingenuity and enterprise, but at the same time it acts as a civil regulator, as a kind of social balance-wheel, and as a moral preservative ; keeping down the passions and lusts of men, and preventing riotous outbreaks of all kinds

by providing full employment for every superfluous ounce of physical strength, and for every spare moment of time. If no one needed money, the world would soon come to a stand-still, so far as progress and civilization are concerned. Should there be no necessity for useful labor of any kind in order to provide for the physical, intellectual and social wants of life, mankind would have nothing to do but indulge their passions, gratify their appetites, and kill or conquer each other in warfare. In short, practical savagery or barbarism would result at once.

ACQUIRING MONEY.

Furthermore, the very labor a man has to perform, the self-denial he has to cultivate in acquiring money, are of themselves an education. They compel him to put forth intelligence, skill, energy, vigilance, zeal, bring out his practical qualities, and gradually train his moral and intellectual powers. Mental discipline may be got from money-getting as real as that which is obtained from mathematics; "The soul is trained by the ledger as much as by the calculus, and can get exercise in the account of sales as much as in the account of stars." The provident man must of necessity be a thoughtful man, living, as he does, not for the present, but for the future; and he must also practice self-denial, that virtue which is one of the chief elements in a strong and well-formed character.

Again, in these times especially, money generally gives to its possessor character, standing, and respectability. A pigmy in intellect, with money, be-

comes a giant in influence. Now, as in Shakespere's time, "The learned head must often duck to the golden fool." Rank, talents, eloquence, learning, and moral worth, all challenge a certain degree of respect; but, unconnected with property, they have comparatively little influence in commanding the services of other men. The social standing is indicated by the bank-book. The railway conductor accents his demand, the hotel clerk assigns rooms, the dry-goods merchant graduates the angle of his bows by it. Even the seat to which the sexton bows you in church is chosen with nice reference to your exchequer.

"With money a man can surround himself with richer means of enjoyment, secure a more varied and harmonious culture, and set in motion grander schemes of philanthropy in this last half of the nineteenth century, than at any previous period in the world's history. Science is multiplying with amazing rapidity the comforts and luxuries of life and the means of self-culture, and money is the means by which they are placed at our disposal. Money procures a tight house, the warmest clothing, the most nutritious food, the best medical attendance, books, music, pictures; a good seat in the concert or lecture room, in the cars, and even in the church; the ability to rest, when weary in body or brain, and, above all, independence of thought. And besides all, there is given to some men the power or the faculty of accumulation, showing that the amassing and the right use of wealth enter into and constitute a part of the world's original design. Colleges, hospitals, museums, libraries, and railroads could never have been built without these accumulations of capital." To

get money in a legitimate way, and to make the most of it after it has been earned, is the business of those who aim at permanent success.

BETTER THAN MONEY.

While money rightfully and honorably obtained is thus a power, a comfort, and a means of doing great good in the world, it must never be forgotten, on the other hand, that there are some things better, higher, dearer, more sacred, and more valuable even, than money or success, or good fortune. If success must be purchased at the sacrifice of honor, honesty, virtue, reputation, or a good character, it were infinitely better to live and die without it, than to buy it at such a price.

As another has said: "Money-making is unhealthy when it impoverishes the mind, or dries up the sources of the spiritual life ; when it extinguishes the sense of beauty, and makes one indifferent to the wonders of nature and art ; when it blunts the moral sense, and confuses the distinction between right and wrong, virtue and vice ; when it stifles religious impulse, and blots all thought of God from the soul. Money-getting is unhealthy, again, when it engrosses all one's thoughts, leads a man to live meanly and coarsely, to do without books, pictures, music, travel, for the sake of greater gains, and causes him to find his deepest and most soul-satisfying joy, not in the culture of his heart or mind, not in doing good to himself or others, but in the adding of eagle to eagle, in the knowledge that the money in his chest is piled higher and higher every year, that his account at the bank is constantly

growing, that he is adding bonds to bonds, mortgages to mortgages, stocks to stocks." The most pitiable wretch on earth is he who has sold himself body and soul, to the devil, for the sake of gain, or for one brief hour of what is called success and glory.

More than this, Izaak Walton tells us that there are as many troubles on the other side of riches as on this, and that the cares which are the keys of riches hang heavily at the rich man's girdle. How many men, on reaching the pinnacle of wealth, find, as they look down upon their money-bags, that they have only purchased one set of enjoyments by the loss of another equally desirable! "Do you remember, Bridget," writes Charles Lamb, with a tender retrospect to his poverty, "when you and I laughed at the play from the shilling gallery? There are no good plays to laugh at now from the boxes." Many a Sir Epicure Mammon, as he sits down with jaded appetite to his lobster salad and champagne, thinks with keen regret of the simple repast which titillated his palate when he was poor. The great railway king, Hudson, and his wife, feasting with dukes and duchesses in their big house at Albert Gate, looked back with many a sigh to the days when they ate sausages for supper in the little parlor behind their paltry shop in the city of York.

POSSESSION OF MONEY.

Nothing seems easier to a poor person than to get pleasure and ease and enjoyment out of the possession of money. "Oh!" says the novice, "if I could only buy all that I wanted, how happy I should be."

But does not every one know that the very power to possess a thing often creates indifference, if not positive dislike, for it? More than two-thirds of the enjoyment of life comes from anticipation, and not from possession. If we know we cannot have what we want, imagination, like the evil genius that it sometimes is, immediately commences to invest the object desired with a halo of splendor; but when after much effort, we at length reach the prize, we usually discover that the brilliancy and desirability have to a great degree vanished from sight, if not from the object itself.

This truth is well illustrated in the anecdote told some years ago of two men who were conversing about John Jacob Astor's property. Some one was asked if he would be willing to take care of all the millionaire's property—ten or fifteen millions of dollars—merely for his board and clothing. "No!" was the indignant answer; "do you take me for a fool?" "Well," rejoins the other, "that is all Mr. Astor himself gets for taking care of it; he's *found*, and that's all. The houses, the warehouses, the ships, the farms, which he counts by the hundred, and is often obliged to take care of, are for the accommodation of others." "But then he has the income, the rent of this large property, five or six hundred thousand dollars per annum." "Yes, but he can do nothing with his income but build *more* houses, and warehouses, and ships, or loan money on mortgages for the convenience of others. He's *found*, and you can make nothing else out of it."

The same truth is again illustrated in the life of Nathan Myers Rothschild, the great Jew banker,

who for so many years opened and closed the purse of the world to kings and emperors as he listed ; but who, notwithstanding his vast wealth, was one of the most withered and miserable men that ever lived. To part with a shilling in the way of charity cut him to the heart, and he was always contriving to find out the smallest possible pittance on which a clerk's soul could be kept in his body. With most sorrowful earnestness he exclaimed to one congratulating him on the gorgeous magnificence of his palatial mansion, and thence inferring that he was happy : "*Happy ! ME happy !*"

Those who think Rothschild's experience singular, may be still further enlightened by that of Stephen Girard. When surrounded by riches, and supposed to be taking supreme delight in the accumulation of wealth, he thus wrote to a friend : "As to myself, I live like a galley-slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped up in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with cares. I do not value a fortune. The love of labor is my highest motive. When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day that, when night comes, I may be enabled to sleep soundly."

EMBARRASSED CIRCUMSTANCES.

Even the most specious and plausible reason for seeking riches, namely, to be above the necessity of a rigid economy, or the pressure of debt, Archbishop Whately shows to be unsound and deceptive. It is worth remarking, he observes, as a curious circum-

stance, and the reverse of what many would expect, that the expenses called for by a real or *imagined* necessity of those who have large incomes, are greater than those of persons with slenderer means; and that, consequently a larger proportion of what are called the rich are in embarrassed circumstances, than of the poor. This is often overlooked. Take a number of persons of equal amount of income, divided into classes from \$500 per annum up to \$500,000 per annum, and you will find the *percentage* of those who are under pecuniary difficulties *continually augmenting* as you go upward. And when you come to sovereign States, whose revenue is reckoned by millions, you will hardly find *one* that is not deeply involved in debt; so that it would appear, the larger the income, the harder it is to live within it. In other words, the tendency to spend increases in a greater ratio than the wealth; and hence competence has been wittily defined as three hundred a year more than you expend.

John Foster quotes a case to show what simple determination will do in helping a man to be successful in business, and at the same time to show how little power money has to reform character. He says: "A young man who ran through his patrimony, spending it in profligacy, was at length reduced to utter want and despair. He rushed out of his house intending to put an end to his life, but stopped on arriving at an eminence overlooking what were once his estates. He sat down, ruminated for a time, and rose with the determination that he would recover them. He returned to the streets, saw a load of coals which had been shot out of a cart on the pave-

ment before a house, offered to carry them in, and was employed. He thus earned a few pence, requested some meat and drink as a gratuity, which was given him, and the pennies were laid by. Pursuing this menial labor, he earned and saved more pennies; accumulated sufficient to enable him to purchase some cattle, the value of which he understood, and these he sold to advantage. He now pursued money with a step as steady as time, and an appetite as keen as death; advancing by degrees into larger and larger transactions, until he became rich. The result was, that he more than recovered his possessions, and died an inveterate miser. When he was buried, mere earth went to earth. With a nobler spirit, the same determination might have enabled such a man to be a benefactor to others as well as to himself. But the life and its end in this case were alike sordid."

MECHANISM OF CHARACTER.

Hence it has been truly observed that it is one of the defects of business too exclusively followed, that it insensibly tends to a mechanism of character. The business man gets into a rut, and often does not look beyond it. If he lives for himself only, he becomes apt to regard other human beings only in so far as they minister to his ends. Take a leaf from the ledger of such men, and you have their life. It is against the growth of this habit of inordinate saving, that a man needs most carefully to guard himself; else, what in youth was simple economy, may in old age grow into avarice.

He who recognizes no higher logic than that of the shilling, may become a very rich man, and yet remain all the while an exceedingly poor creature. For riches are no proof whatever of moral worth; and their glitter often serves only to draw attention to the worthlessness of their possessor, as the glow-worm's light reveals the grub. Let a man be what he will, it is the mind and heart that make a man poor or rich, miserable or happy; for these are always stronger than fortune. Not only industry, honesty, frugality, perseverance amid hardships and ever-baffling discouragements, but much more miraculous attributes, as meek contentment, severe self-sacrifice, tender affections, unwavering trust in Providence, all are found blooming in the hearts of the poorest poor,—even in the sunless regions of absolute destitution, where honesty might be expected to wear an everlasting scowl of churlishness, and a bitter disbelief in the love of God to accompany obedience to the laws of man.

And more than this, it is well to remember that the greatest things which have been done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. Christianity was propagated over half the world by men of the poorest class; and the greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors, and artists, have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers in point of worldly circumstances. And it will always be so. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him, and he soon grows sated with it because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object

to struggle for, he finds time hang heavy on his hands ; he remains morally and spiritually asleep ; and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polypus over which the tide floats.

The highest object of life we take to be forming a manly character, and to work out the best development possible, of body and spirit,—of mind, conscience, heart, and soul. This is the end ; all else ought to be regarded but as the means. Accordingly, that is not the most successful life in which a man gets the most pleasure, the most money, the most power of place, honor, or fame ; but that in which a man gets the most manhood, and performs the greatest amount of useful work and of human duty. Money is power, it is true, but intelligence, character, public spirit and moral virtue are powers, too, and far nobler ones.



WEIGHT OF CHARACTER.

“There’s no power
In ancestry to make the foolish wise,
The ignorant learned, the cowardly and base
Deserving our respect as brave and good.
Hence man’s best riches must be gained, not given,
His noblest name deserved, and not derived.”



HERE is hardly any other word in the language which means more in life, or which is more essential to all that makes life valuable, than the word *character*. It does not stand for any one endowment, faculty, or gift, but it is rather the sum of all that men and women are *in themselves*. It does not stand for wealth, for there are many wealthy men who have no weight or strength of character. They are lifted upon a pinnacle by the force of circumstances or by the power of money, but those around and those below them see their essential hollowness and worthlessness, and see through their pretentious greatness, as though it were but transparent glass. Neither is character a synonym for intellectual ability simply, because there are very many men and women of considerable talent who have no weight of character.

Character, then, may be compared to a reservoir

into which all the rills and streamlets of personal power empty themselves, forming the collected result of life's accumulations. Or, as another has said, "It is the crown and glory of life. It is human nature in its best form. It is moral order embodied in the individual. Men of character are not only the conscience of society, but in every well-governed state they are its best motive power. The strength, the civil security, and the civilization of a nation, all depend upon individual character. It constitutes a rank in itself, and dignifies and exalts every station in life. It carries with it an influence which always tells."

Though a man have comparatively little culture, slender abilities, and but small wealth, yet, if his character be of sterling worth, he will always command an influence, whether it be in the workshop, the counting-house, the mart, or the senate. Canning wisely wrote in 1801, "My road must be through character to power; I will try no other course; and I am sanguine enough to believe that this course, though not perhaps the quickest, is the surest." You may admire men of intellect; but something more is necessary before you will trust them. Hence Lord John Russell once observed, in a sentence full of truth, "It is not the nature of party in England to ask the assistance of men of genius, but to follow the guidance of men of character."

Our own Franklin attributed his success as a public man, not to his talents or his powers of speaking—for these were but moderate—but to his known integrity of character. "Hence it was," says he, "that I had so much weight with my fellow-citizens. I was

but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my point." Character creates confidence in men in high station as well as in humble life. It was said of the first Emperor Alexander of Russia, that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution. During the wars of the Fronde, Montaigne was the only man among the French gentry who kept his castle gates unbarred ; and it was said of him, that his personal character was worth more to him than a regiment of horse.

POWER OF CHARACTER.

Character is power in a much higher sense than knowledge is power, for truthfulness, integrity, goodness, honor and consistency, are qualities which, perhaps more than any others, command the confidence and respect of mankind. When King Stephen, of England, was captured by his base enemies, and they asked him in derision, "Where is now your fortress?" "Here," was his bold reply, placing his hand upon his heart. Integrity in word and deed is the backbone of character ; and loyal adherence to veracity its most prominent characteristic. One of the finest testimonies to the character of the late Sir Robert Peel, was that borne by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, a few days after the great statesman's death. "Your lordships," he said, "must all feel the high and honorable character of the late Sir Robert Peel. I was long connected with him in public life. We were both in the councils of our Sovereign together, and I had long the honor to

enjoy his private friendship. In all the course of my acquaintance with him, I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had greater confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him, I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth ; and I never saw in the whole course of my life the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact." And this high-minded truthfulness of the statesman was no doubt the secret of no small part of his influence and power.

There is a truthfulness in action as well as in words, and in order to possess weight of character, a man must really be what he seems to be. When an American gentleman wrote to Granville Sharp, that from respect for his great virtues he had named one of his sons after him, Sharp wrote : " I must request you to teach him a favorite maxim of the family whose name you have given him—*Always endeavor to be really what you would wish to appear.* This maxim, as my father informed me, was carefully and humbly practiced by his father also, whose sincerity became the principal feature of his character, both in public and private life." Without the possession of such a character a man can never have self-respect, and he who respects not himself, is sure to lose the respect of all others about him.

Hence the man with true weight of character is just the same in secret, as in the sight of men—in a word, he is thoroughly *honest*, honest with himself, honest with his fellows, and honest before God. That

boy was well-trained who, when asked why he did not appropriate some pears, as nobody was there to see him, replied, "Yes, there was—I was there to see myself."



BIOGRAPHIES OF

GARFIELD — LINCOLN — THOMAS — LEE — JACKSON —
SUMNER — STEWART — VANDERBILT — GOULD —
HOWE — GLADSTONE — BRIGHT —
BISMARCK — EMMETT.

“The man who is not moved by what he reads,
Who takes not fire at heroic deeds,
Unworthy the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.”

—COWPER.



MORE minds are permanently benefited or injured by what they read, than by what they see and hear. “Out of sight, out of mind,” often proves a true proverb; but that which is lodged in thought and memory, is not dependent upon anything for its power. Hence the diligent study of good examples is one means of self-education, and the practice of it can be recommended without any fear of ill results.

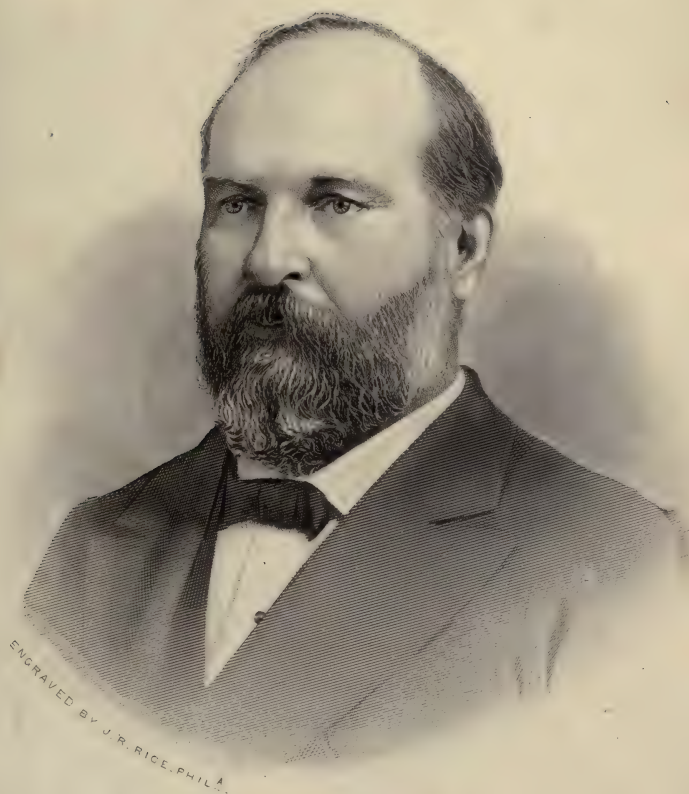
There is far less of originality in the world than is commonly supposed. What men have done, men continue to do, thus making the characteristics of human nature in the long run comparatively uniform, and making the results of human life substantial repetitions, with more or less of variation and indi-

vidual coloring. "No individual in the universe stands alone; he is a component part of a system of mutual dependencies; and by his several acts, he either increases or diminishes the sum of human good now and forever. As the present is rooted in the past, and the lives and the examples of our forefathers still to a great extent influence us, so are we by our daily acts contributing to form the condition and character of the future.

"The living man is a fruit formed and ripened by the culture of all the foregoing centuries. Generations six thousand deep stand behind us, each laying its hands upon its successor's shoulders, and the living generation continues the magnetic current of action and example destined to bind the remotest past with the most distant future. No man's acts die utterly; and though his body may resolve into dust and air, his good or his bad deeds will still be bringing forth fruit after their kind, and influencing generations of men for all time to come. It is in this momentous fact, that the great peril and responsibility of human existence lies."

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

What name in American annals surpasses that of James A. Garfield, our second illustrious martyr-President? Yet, what man ever had an humbler beginning? Born and cradled in a log cabin about twelve miles from the present city of Cleveland, in a tract of country at that time so sparsely settled as to contain no regular public school, his whole life, until he attained to eminence, was but a series of struggles



J. A. Garfield

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with adverse circumstances, crowned in each instance by a substantial and imperishable victory. Young Garfield, like many another public character in our national history, came from good old New England stock,—the ancestors of both of his parents having been residents of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, for generations. There is no better place in the world to be born in than New England, providing one can move away when grown up.

Garfield's father dying when James was about two years old, the lad never knew what it was to have a father's guidance and care, but he was most fortunate in having a mother whose character partook of the truly heroic type. And all that Garfield was when he died, he owed primarily to the influence which his mother exerted upon him during those early years, when everything stamps an impress upon the expanding mind that never fades out. Necessity compelled the lad to go into the work-field almost as soon as he could walk there alone, and this hardy exercise, together with plain fare, laid the foundation for that splendid and robust physical stature which distinguished him up to the fatal morning when the assassin's bullet laid him low.

Young Garfield was not content, however, with the idea of merely getting a living; from early boyhood he wanted to read and learn. He believed he could be something and do something noble and good, like hundreds of others who had risen from as lowly a station in life as himself; and so he bent every energy of his soul to the task of securing a mental outfit for life's work. This early thirst for knowledge he carried with him until the close of

margin is greater, that's all. I may know just as much as you do about the general details of a subject, but you can go just a little farther than I can. You have a greater margin than I. You can tell me of some single thought just beyond where I have gone. Your margin has got me. I must succumb to your superiority.

"I recall a good illustration of this when I was in college. A certain young man was leading the class in Latin. I thought I was studying hard. I couldn't see how he got the start of us all so. To us he seemed to have an infinite knowledge. He knew more than we did. Finally, one day I asked him when he learned his Latin lesson. 'At night,' he replied. I learned mine at the same time. His window was not far from mine, and I could see him from my own. I had finished my lesson the next night as well as usual, and feeling sleepy, was about to go to bed. I happened to saunter to my window, and there I saw my classmate still bending diligently over his book. 'There's where he gets the margin on me,' I thought. 'But he shall not have it for once,' I resolved. 'I will just study a little longer than he does to-night.' So I took down my books again, and, opening to the lesson, went to work with renewed vigor. I watched for the light to go out in my classmate's room. In fifteen minutes it was all dark. 'There is his margin,' I thought. It was fifteen minutes more time. It was hunting out fifteen minutes more of rules and root-derivatives. How often when a lesson is well prepared, just five minutes spent in perfecting it will make one the best in his class. The margin in such a case is very small, but

it is all important. The world is made up of little things."

It was by taking account of small fractions of time, by utilizing every available five minutes, that Garfield stored his mind with a vast, inexhaustible fund of information. And to do this a rigid system became essential, and this system, in turn, so disposed every item of information that it was always subject to the call of the brain when required.

Soon after marriage Mr. Garfield's political life began. In 1859 he was elected State Senator for Portage and Summit counties in his native State. Right after this the war for the preservation of the Union broke out, and Senator Garfield at once took a prominent part in the debates which that event occasioned. The well-trained mental powers of the young man brought him at once into notice, and he soon became conspicuous among men much older than himself. From this time on his career was steadily and grandly upward. He entered the war as Lieutenant-colonel of the 42d regiment of Ohio Volunteers, but was soon promoted to its full command. Going at once into active service he showed remarkable coolness and skill in action, and was speedily given a brigade in the Army of the Cumberland. From this post he was transferred to South Carolina and made chief of staff to General Rosecrans, where his services were of a brilliant character, and highly valued. After the battle of Chickamauga, he was made a full Major-General of Volunteers for meritorious conduct.

Believing that the war would soon terminate, Gen. Garfield accepted a nomination to Congress from the Ohio Western Reserve District while in the field, and

was triumphantly elected. Resigning his position in the army, he entered the halls of legislation at Washington and never afterward left them until he was chosen the twentieth President of the United States. Of his career in Congress it is unnecessary to speak at length. Its record forms a part of the history of the country during many eventful years. He was an orator and a statesman. He rose step by step until he became the acknowledged leader of the House. A little before his nomination for the Presidency, he was chosen United States Senator from Ohio, and entered the Republican Convention at Chicago, June 2, 1880, as a delegate from the same State to vote and work in the interest of his friend, John Sherman. It is quite probable that he had never thought of his own nomination until it became evident that the Convention would fail in selecting a candidate, owing to the numerous divisions into which the party had broken up. When it was seen that some new man must be taken up, all minds and eyes turned instinctively to Gen. Garfield, and against his firm protest he was nominated on the thirty-sixth ballot. During the exciting contest which followed, he bore himself with such dignity and modesty as to win friends by every word he uttered. Then came the triumphant election, the brilliant and impressive inauguration, three months of steady service, and the assassination which resulted in a long sickness, ending in death. Never was a public man more widely honored or more sincerely mourned. The whole world seemed glad to do homage to his memory.

In summing up the salient points of his character, Lieut. Gov. Shuman, editor of the Chicago *Evening*

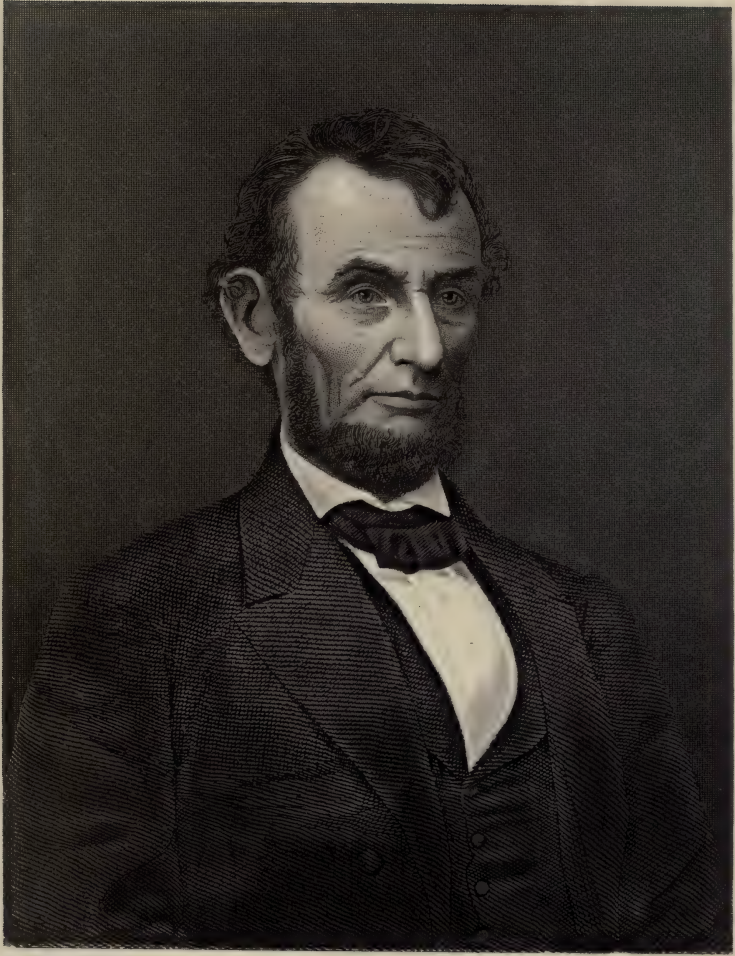
Journal, says : "That great mind sleeps forever ; that great heart, which throbbed warmly in sympathy with humanity, and whose every impulse was manful and generous, is at peace ; that deep, strong voice, whose eloquence stirred the souls of the multitude, and was a power in the halls of legislation, is hushed into everlasting silence. On the shady shore of Lake Erie, on which he loved to walk and think, in the bosom of his own State of Ohio, which ever delighted to honor him, the scholarly statesman, the fearless soldier, the ardent patriot, the noble representative of the best manhood of the age, now rests in the eternal stillness of death. His was indeed a good and a precious life, and people of thoughtfulness, admirers of lofty themes and honorable ambition, all who appreciate and love to honor the brave and the true in human nature, will continue fondly to dwell upon this charming character. He was a man of simple and childlike nature, as all really great men are, and of warm and generous sympathies, which were free from malice, hate, or any of those mean and narrow defects and angularities which are so often blemishes and deformities of otherwise great men. There was nothing cramped or small about the man. He was great in the broadest, best, and completest sense of the word—a full, well-balanced, well-rounded character, a nobleman of nature, and a nobleman of education, reason, and action.

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a MAN!"

Side by side with the career and character of President Garfield, stands that of an equally illustrious occupant of the Presidential chair,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In many respects these two men resemble each other, and yet in other respects they differ widely. Lincoln, like Garfield, had a very lowly origin, and eventually made himself all that he was. Born in Kentucky in 1809, he was unfortunate enough before he was nine years of age, to lose by death his only brother and his mother, which left him practically alone in the world. From thirteen to twenty he shared all the rough experiences of frontier life in the southern part of the then Territory of Indiana. At twenty, he had grown to be nearly six feet and four inches in height, with a slender yet uncommonly strong and muscular frame. Constructing a flat-boat, he made with it a successful trip to New Orleans, then served as a clerk in a store and flouring-mill at New Salem, Ill. While there, the Black Hawk war broke out, and young Lincoln helped to raise a company of volunteers, and was chosen its captain. The company afterward disbanded, but young Lincoln, determined to serve in the campaign, enlisted as a private, and lived a soldier's life for the next three months. Referring to this experience in a congressional speech in after years, Mr. Lincoln said: "By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know I was a military hero? Yes, sir, in the days of the Black Hawk war, I fought, bled, and came away. Speaking of General Cass' career, reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as Cass to Hull's sur-



A. Lincoln

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render ; and like him I saw the place very soon afterward. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break ; but I bent a musket pretty badly on one occasion. If Cass broke his sword, the idea is, he broke it in desperation ; I bent the musket by accident. If General Cass went in advance of me in picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charging upon the wild onions. If he saw any live, fighting Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many bloody battles with the mosquitoes ; and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say, I was often very hungry."

At the close of this adventure Mr. Lincoln determined to become a lawyer, but his education up to this time had been sadly neglected. In fact, he had hardly been to school a year during his whole early life ; but he had been a very careful and diligent reader, and an observer of men and things. Besides, he was gifted by nature with a mind of uncommon shrewdness and power, and he learned more by assimilation than most men do by tuition. Entering into politics, he was at once elected a representative from Sangamon county to the State Legislature, and from that time on, he was hardly ever out of public life until the day of his death. While attending to his legislative duties, he managed to complete his law studies, and was admitted to the bar in 1836. Ten years later he took his seat in the lower house of Congress.

But wherever he went, and in whatever he did, Mr. Lincoln was always a man of mark. Not only did his personal appearance attract attention, but still more did the utterances of his mind. He was, in the best

sense of that term, an *original* character. As a lawyer he was noted for his aptness and skill in managing the details of a case, and especially for his great power over juries. He was not what might be called a splendid rhetorician, but he spoke words of truthfulness and candor, expressed in quaint and pithy style, which went straight to the hearts of his hearers, and carried conviction.

At the close of his brief congressional career, Mr. Lincoln was again put forward as the candidate of the Republican party for United States Senator from Illinois, and together with his opponent, Stephen A. Douglas, canvassed the entire State. In that ever-memorable contest, he was defeated by a small majority, but his speeches gave him a national fame. So much was this the case, that in 1860 at the Presidential convention held in Chicago, Mr. Lincoln's name was presented with six others as a candidate, and on the fourth ballot he was nominated over them all. His election followed, and at once an awful civil war broke out, the scenes of which are still fresh in the minds of all. During that most trying contest, protracted through long and bloody years, the President bore himself in such a manner as to win friends in all sections of the country. In the month of September, 1862, the Emancipation Proclamation appeared which gave liberty to millions of colored men who had been held in slavery at the South from early colonial times. In 1864 Mr. Lincoln was re-elected President, and to a congratulatory address from the National Union League remarked, concerning himself: "I have not permitted myself, gentlemen, to conclude that I am the best man in the country; but I am reminded in

this connection of the story of an old Dutch farmer, who said to a companion once that it was not best to swap horses while crossing streams."

But the days of this great and good man were fast drawing to a close. Threats of assassination had often been conveyed to him, but of these he took no notice, remarking that he had no fear whatever. "There are opportunities to kill me," he added, "every day of my life, if there are persons disposed to do it. It is not possible to avoid exposure to such a fate ; I shall not trouble myself about it." On the evening of April 14, 1865, in company with his family and a few friends, he visited Ford's Theater, in Washington, and while sitting in his private box, J. Wilkes Booth stole in behind him and shot him in the back of the head, rendering him unconscious. He expired the next morning, never speaking to or recognizing any one from the moment he was shot. The excitement that followed was tremendous, but the honored martyr was borne peacefully to his grave at Springfield, Ill., amid the weeping and execrations of a sorrow-stricken people. There his ashes now rest in peace.

Mr. Lincoln's life was passed amidst troublous and stormy times ; but few men could have passed through such a fiery ordeal more unscathed. He had many enemies in public life, and at times was the object of most unsparing criticism ; but the lapse of time only served to bring out more strikingly the admirable features of his character. He seemed to be raised up for a special purpose, and that purpose he fulfilled in the eyes of the world. The mass of the people believed in him, and victoriously re-elected

him, in spite of the efforts of his defamers. Linked with that of Washington, his name will go down through the coming ages as "one of the immortal few which were not born to die."

GENERAL THOMAS.

Among the many names of great military commanders which our country has produced, none shines brighter than that of Major-General George H. Thomas, the hero of the Army of the Cumberland. Some commanders were more brilliant and dashing in movement than he, but none possessed more solid qualities of character, and none secured a greater share of personal respect and affection. Young Thomas first saw the light in Virginia in 1816. His father was a well-to-do planter, but insisted on teaching his sons to rely upon themselves for advancement in life. From a boy he determined to be a soldier, and accordingly availed himself of the first opportunity to enter West Point, which occurred in 1836. From a boy, also, he was noted for great sobriety and steadiness of character, so much so, in fact, that his youthful associates used to call him George Washington. He never was a wild, romping lad, but thoughtful, studious, an apt scholar, and distinguished for sprightliness and ability.

Nothing special occurred during the four years of his school life. He was a close student, and graduated twelfth in a class of forty-two members. Among his classmates were Generals Sherman and Getty, on the Union side, and B. R. Johnson and R. H. Ewell of the Confederate army.

Thomas first saw actual service in the Seminole Indian war in the everglades of Florida, as a lieutenant of artillery. For valuable and meritorious services in that campaign, he was promoted one grade by the War Department at Washington. From Florida he was sent to one place after another on official routine duty until the Mexican war broke out in 1846, when he was ordered to report to General Taylor for active service. For gallant conduct at Monterey, he was again advanced a grade,—this time to captain. At Buena Vista, it was Thomas who carried out Taylor's famous command to give the enemy "a little more grape, Captain Bragg." And the way he did it sent him up to the rank of Major.

While filling the post of teacher at West Point, he met and married Miss Frances L. Kellogg, a lady of rare accomplishments, who, during his whole life, made him one of the best of wives, and who lived to mourn her great loss many years after his death in manhood's prime.

In 1855 Thomas was connected with the Second Regiment of Cavalry, whose officers were Col. Albert Sidney Johnston, Lieut. Col. Robert E. Lee, associate Major William J. Hardee,—three of the highest rebel chieftains during the war. With this regiment he continued until 1861, when Johnston, Lee and Hardee, resigned, and joined the Confederacy, Thomas alone remaining loyal to the Union cause. At this time he attained the 45th year of his age, and was in the full flush of matured and ripened manhood. He had a magnificent physical stature and firm health. It is no wonder that he rose from one grade to another, until he attained to the full rank of

Major-General. Of his complete mastery of his profession in all its details, of his consummate skill as a general, the best monument is the story of his battles; for he never lost a campaign or a field, he never met his enemy without giving him cause to grieve over the encounter, and he culled laurels from fields on which many brother officers were covered with disgrace. "Cautious in undertaking, yet once resolved, he was bold in execution, deliberate in forming his plan, and patiently waiting for events to mature, and when the fixed hour struck, he leaped into great activity. His complete and admirable victory at Mill Spring was the first triumph of magnitude for the North, after the disaster at Bull Run, and brought back a needed prestige to the Union army. As commander of the Fourteenth Army Corps under Rosecrans, he was conspicuous in the marching and fighting which preceded Murfreesboro, and all-glorious in that decisive battle. And it was he, who, alone and unaided, saved the Army of the Cumberland at Chickamauga, when the example of all around him might have excused him for flying from the field. It was Thomas whose troops, forming on the plain below with the precision of parade, made the wonderful charge on Missionary Ridge which threw Bragg back into Georgia. It was he who, in the Grand Atlanta campaign, commanded under Sherman more than three-fifths of that army, and who delivered the opening battle at Buzzard's Roost, and the closing battle at Lovejoy's. It was Thomas, in fine, who set the seal of success on the whole Georgia campaign."

The best justification of his system, and of his slowness, of which many complained, was his uniform

success. He provided for dilemmas and obstacles in advance; like Napoleon, he suffered no surprises, made no disastrous experiments at the sacrifice of the lives of his troops, and always made the enemy pay dearly for any advantage he might gain. His natural impulse was to stand on the defensive, and the fame of his persistency, and of his firmness, became world-wide. "In the ordinary tide of battle, he was imperturbable, self-poised and cool, and in moments of great extremity which demand a great soul to conquer them,—such as came to overtaken Hooker at Chancellorsville,—Thomas shone out pre-eminent and superior. A little heavy and slow at most hours, the desperate crises of battle were alone sufficient to stir up his temperament to fullest action, and make his quiet, steady eyes flame with intensest battle-fire."

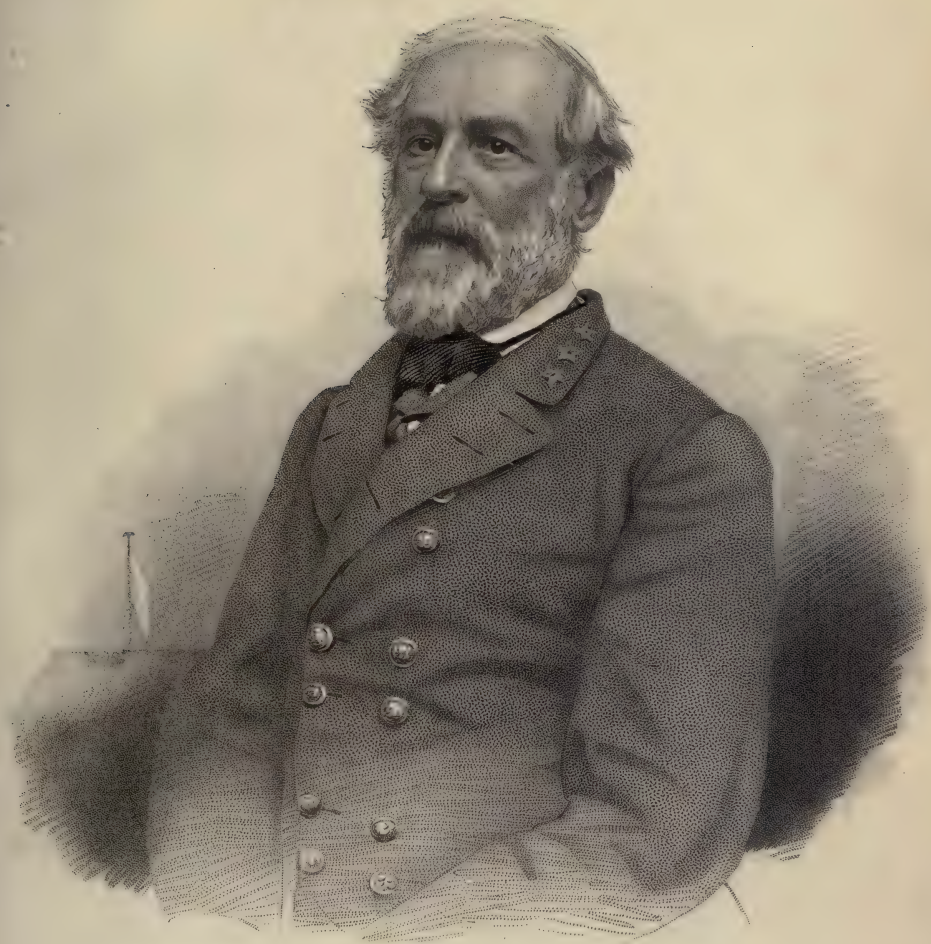
By all his comrades in arms, Gen. Thomas was called the model soldier and gentleman. He inspired great confidence in his soldiers, and was loved by them in return. In all his intercourse with his brother officers, he was kind, courteous, and obliging. In a general order issued after his death, General Sherman spoke of him as follows: "The General has known Gen. Thomas intimately since they sat as boys on the same bench, and the quality in him which he holds up for the admiration and example of the young, is his complete and entire devotion to duty. Though sent to Florida, to Mexico, to Texas, and to Arizona, when duty there was absolute banishment, he went cheerfully, and never asked a personal favor, an exemption, or leave of absence. He never sought advancement of rank or honor at the expense of any

one. Whatever he earned of these were his own, and no one disputes his fame. The very impersonation of honesty, integrity and honor, he will always stand to us the beau ideal soldier and gentleman."

At the close of the war, Gen. Thomas was given the command of the military division of the Pacific, with headquarters at San Francisco. His health by this time had become somewhat impaired, and he thought that the climate of that country might benefit him, but suddenly, on the 28th of March, 1870, while sitting in his office he was stricken with apoplexy and died on the evening of the same day. At the request of his wife he was buried at Troy, N. Y., in the family lot. He left no children to mourn for him, but the whole nation wept in sadness over his bier.

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

Robert Edward Lee, commander-in-chief of the Confederate armies in the war of the Rebellion, died at Lexington, Va. He was born at Stafford, Westmoreland county, Virginia, Jan. 19, 1807. He was the son of Col. Henry Lee, known as "Lighthorse Harry," of revolutionary fame. In 1825 he entered West Point, and in 1829 he graduated second in his class of forty-six members. On graduating he was appointed Lieutenant in the corps of engineers. At a later date, Captain Lee was selected as chief engineer in Gen. Scott's army in Mexico. Owing to brave conduct he came out of the war a Brevet-Colonel. From 1852 to 1855 he was superintendent of West Point Military Academy. In October, 1859, he com-



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manded the forces that were sent to suppress John Brown at Harper's Ferry. When Virginia seceded from the Union on April 17, 1861, he resigned his commission in the regular army. In a letter to Gen. Winfield Scott, he said : " Save in defense of my native State, I never again desire to draw my sword." In writing to his sister, the same day, he said : " With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my own children, and my home." There can be no doubt that Lee was entirely sincere in taking this step. It is equally true that he was devoted to the Union ; but the dictates of his heart and the noble instincts of his soul forbade him to fight in a cause, whether right or wrong, which he knew would ultimately bring death and desolation to the homes and friends of the Southern people. For the sake of his fellow men he was willing to bear reproach, and lay aside the feeling of loyalty. It is evident that he hoped, even to the last moment, that the conflict might be avoided. Virginia had not yet united with the confederacy, although having withdrawn from the Union. Lee was appointed Major General of the forces of the State. The State joined the confederacy in May, and the confederate capital was removed to Richmond. Five Major Generals were created by the Southern Congress in the following order: Cooper, A. S. Johnston, R. E. Lee, J. E. Johnston, and C. T. Beauregard. On June 3, 1862, the confederate army of Northern Virginia was placed under the command of Gen. Lee. He soon had an army equal in numbers to the forces of Gen. Mc-

Clellan. Lee virtually raised the siege of Richmond after the battle of Malvern's Hill. Aug. 30 Pope was defeated at the second battle of Bull Run, and soon after, Lee invaded Maryland. After the battle of Antietam, Sept. 16 and 17, he recrossed the Potomac into Virginia. Dec. 13 Lee defeated Burnside at Rappahannock, and May 2-4 worsted Hooker at Chancellorsville. Then came the attempted invasion of Pennsylvania. July 1-3 came the "inevitable but accidental" encounter which took place at Gettysburg. In the three days' conflict Lee lost 36,000, and Gen. Meade, the Union commander, 23,000 men. Lee fell back to the Rapidan. During the autumn and winter both armies remained in Virginia. In the spring Gen. Grant having assumed the command of the federal armies, came to Virginia to conduct the operations against Lee, and to move "on to Richmond." Grant had about 140,000 soldiers and Lee 60,000. Grant had taken the position that the confederacy must be destroyed by destroying its armies from this time till Appomattox. His plans and operations were directed against Gen. Lee, who outgeneraled him, until, overcome by starvation and a vastly superior force, he surrendered. After the war Gen. Lee lived for a time in seclusion and in comparative poverty, having lost his fortune in the struggle. In 1865 he became President of Washington College, Lexington, Va. He died from the effects of a stroke of paralysis. Gen. Lee was a man of great nobility of character, and superior intellectual powers. As a soldier he was brave, and possessed great ability. He is rivaled only by his conqueror in generalship. It is claimed that he was at one time offered the com-

mand of the Union armies, but this claim is not at all substantiated. His death was a great loss to the South and Union, as it is evident that his policy from the first would have been in favor of reconstruction and order in the South.

GEN. STONEWALL JACKSON.

Gen. Thomas Jonathan Jackson, familiarly known as "Stonewall" Jackson, an American soldier, was born at Clarksburg, Va., Jan. 21, 1824, and died at Guinea's Station, near Fredericksburg, May 10, 1863. He graduated at West Point in 1846, and served in the war with Mexico, in which he was successfully breveted as captain and major for gallant and meritorious conduct at Contreras, Churubusco, and Chapultepec. He subsequently served on garrison duty in the fortifications in New York Harbor, and in Florida during the Seminole war. In February, 1852, he resigned his commission in the army, and was chosen professor of natural and experimental philosophy, and instructor in artillery tactics, in the Virginia Military Academy at Lexington. He also became Deacon in the Presbyterian church, and was somewhat noted for his extreme shyness and eccentricities of habit; he was indeed rather a laughing stock for the students of the academy. On the opening of the civil war he entered the confederate service with the rank of Major, and was placed in command at Harper's Ferry. From this moment his demeanor underwent a sudden change. He had before hesitated to lead in prayer at the meetings of his church, and was wont to take his food only in measured quanti-

ties. He now seemed inspired with the genius of his command, and bore without a thought the extremest hardships of a soldier's life. He was soon made a Brigadier General, and took a prominent part in the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Here, at a moment when the day was apparently lost, his brigade made so firm a stand that some one cried out, "Here is Jackson, standing like a stone wall;" and thenceforth "Stonewall Jackson" became his sobriquet. In the spring of 1862, Jackson was in command in the Shenandoah Valley, where by his celerity and skill he foiled greatly superior Union forces under Banks, Fremont, Shields, and McDowell. At the commencement of the seven days' battles on the Peninsula he joined the army of Lee, and his command took a leading part in the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, and a less important one in that of Malvern Hill, July 1. In the ensuing operations against Gen. Pope, Jackson's corps was first sent northward, and fought the indecisive action at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9. Not long after being made a Major General, he was placed in immediate command of nearly half of Lee's army, with which he made a rapid march and gained Pope's rear, whence resulted the second battle of Bull Run, Aug. 29-30, fought almost on the same ground as the former one. In the Antietam campaign, which immediately followed, Jackson, by a rapid movement, captured a union force of about 11,000 men at Harper's Ferry, Sept. 15, and then by a forced march joined Lee, and took a leading part in the battle of Antietam, Sept. 17. His corps was actively engaged at the battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, and he was made Lieutenant General. At

Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863, at the head of nearly two-thirds of the confederate force, he made a march of fifteen miles, mostly by forest roads, and turned Hooker's right, upon which he fell by surprise, driving it in rout upon the main body. The engagement being apparently over, he rode into the woods to reconnoiter, having with him only a small escort. Returning, his companions were taken for Union scouts and fired upon by his own men, several of the escort were killed, and Jackson received three balls, one through each hand, and another which shattered his left shoulder. He was placed upon a litter; but one of the bearers stumbled, and he fell to the ground, striking upon his broken shoulder. He was at length carried to the rear, where his arm was amputated. But pneumonia soon set in, which was the immediate cause of his death. Stonewall Jackson is considered by the confederates to have been their most brilliant commander, at least of forces actually engaged in the field.

SENATOR SUMNER.

Owing to the recent settlement and rapid growth of this country, we have hardly had time, as a nation, to develop very many commanding examples of what may be called American statesmanship. We have had many great and good men in our national councils, many true patriots and military heroes, but thus far we have only had a few men whose ability and learning, whose breadth of thought and wide scholarship would entitle them to the rank and honor of being called, both in this country and in Europe, real

and acknowledged statesmen. And among these few, no name is more pre-eminent than that of Charles Sumner. Mr. Sumner's work is now done, so far as his personal influence is concerned, but no history of this country can be written with any kind of impartiality or justice, without exhibiting in marked outlines, the extent and power of his long-continued labors in behalf of universal freedom. He was born in Boston, Mass., on the 6th of February, 1811. His father was a lawyer of good standing, and for fourteen years, during the latter part of his life, held the position of Sheriff of Suffolk county. From a boy, Charles was noted for his uncommon powers of intellect, and an intense thirst for knowledge. He prepared for college, and graduated from Harvard, winning prizes and honors all through the course, and finishing at the early age of nineteen. The next year he entered the Cambridge Law School, enjoying the friendship and teachings of that most eminent American jurist, Judge Story. For the next seven years he devoted himself with intense ardor to the investigation of legal questions, and the editing of legal books, lecturing frequently in the meantime, to the students of the school.

In 1837 Mr. Sumner set sail for a trip to Europe with a brilliant reputation already won, and bearing valuable letters of introduction to the first men of the Old World. While there, he enjoyed exceptional advantages in the way of personal and social advantages, receiving flattering attentions from distinguished persons of all departments of public life. In England, France, Germany and Italy, he made the best use of his time and opportunities, and when

in 1840 he returned to his native land, he did so with a mind enriched by travel, and by additional stores of varied knowledge. From 1840 to 1845 was spent in the practice or profession of the law, lecturing at Cambridge, and editing new editions of law books. It was not until the Fourth of July, 1845, that the city of Boston, and the country generally, woke up to the fact that a great mind was coming on the stage of public activity. The occasion of this discovery was an oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," which Mr. Sumner delivered by invitation before the municipal authorities and citizens of Boston, and which speedily attracted universal attention by its noble sentiments, beautiful imagery, and classic diction. Soon after this event Judge Story died, and Mr. Sumner was selected as his successor, the Judge declaring that he could die content, so far as his professorship was concerned, if he knew that Charles Sumner would succeed him. But Mr. Sumner declined this position, because he had determined to enter political life, which he did that same year by making another eloquent speech in Faneuil Hall, against the annexation of Texas as a slave State.

For the next five years Mr. Sumner's voice was steadily lifted, on every important occasion, against the growing encroachments of the slave power, and every time he spoke only increased the admiration of the people for his transcendent abilities and true greatness of soul. Entering political life as a Whig, he soon left that party and joined the young and growing Free Soil organization, by which, in connection with some help from the Democrats, he was elected to the United States Senate in 1851, as suc-

cessor of Daniel Webster, who had resigned to enter President Fillmore's cabinet. But once in the Senate, nothing could keep him out of it but the grim messenger of death. He rose at once to a national and commanding eminence among the public men of his time, and his speeches were read and admired far and near, as the most eloquent and powerful forensic efforts of the age. He attacked the institution of slavery with all the fiery and fearless zeal of an old crusader, and his telling blows delivered against that stronghold of national iniquity, made its advocates mad, and its opponents happy in about equal proportions. His successive speeches were like the successive discharges of so many big siege guns against an enemy's fortress, and their pealing reverberations awoke the echoes of popular approval the world over.

Finally, finding that his powerful voice could not be hushed by intimidation and threatening, two slavery champions from South Carolina stole up behind him, while sitting at his desk in the Senate Chamber, in 1856, and with a rude bludgeon, and in true ruffianly style, felled him to the floor, and then beat him nearly to death after he had fallen down unconscious. The old motto, "Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad," was never better exemplified than in this cruel and cowardly assault, for its immediate effect was to make Mr. Sumner ten times more the idol of his party than ever. The whole country now became aroused to a sense of the evils and perils belonging to an institution which would thus strike a blow at the very foundations of the Republic, by attempting to stifle the freedom of public debate. Indignation meetings were held all

over the North, and Mr. Sumner, for the time being, was regarded as a martyr to the cause of popular rights and human liberty. His bodily injuries, however, were so severe in their nature as to require a cessation of all mental labor for three years, and had it not been for the skillful treatment of Dr. Brown Sequard of Paris, he might never have recovered his usual health and strength again. But in 1860 he was able once more to take a part in political discussions, and participated actively in the canvass which resulted in the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency.

During the days and years of the war which followed, Mr. Sumner was ever in advance of the lagging majority concerning the necessity of issuing the Emancipation Proclamation, as a speedy mode of bringing the war to an end. And, in fact, from the commencement of that great national struggle to its close, the country, as a whole, was compelled by the stern logic of events to adopt the measures and acts advocated by Mr. Sumner for years, sometimes, before they were made valid law by statutory enactment and executive approval,—so true is it that essentially great minds are able to run ahead of the wants and necessities of their time.

As a man, Mr. Sumner was not entirely free from certain peculiarities of deportment, which rendered him unpopular with those who did not like to acknowledge his leadership; but no one ever questioned the superiority of his mental endowments, or the sincerity of his motives. He had a magnificent physical frame, and an equally commanding mind. During his whole public life he was one of the marked men of the nation. His likes and dislikes

were very strong, and when he felt himself slighted, he was quick to resent the offense. This growing infirmity of his old age led him to come into collision with the administration of Gen. Grant and its many friends, on the floor of the Senate; but no single error of his later years could blot out, or permanently obscure the brilliancy of his public record. He died as he lived, one of the few really great men whom this country has produced, and whom the world abroad, as well as at home, publicly recognized and universally honored. The lesson of his life is the power of devotion to principle and duty as a means of achieving enduring fame.

A. T. STEWART.

Passing from civil and military records, into the arena of commercial and mercantile life, let us look for a few moments at the facts connected with the career of one of New York's merchant princes, Alexander T. Stewart. Stewart was of Irish birth and parentage, though descended from Scottish ancestry. He was born not far from the city of Belfast in 1803. Before he was eight years of age he became an orphan, without any near relatives, save an aged maternal grandfather, who took the lad to his home and treated him with great tenderness and care. The old man, being a pious Methodist, wanted to make a minister of young Stewart, and accordingly put him to school with that end in view. The lad commenced to study with all the vigor and ambition of the Scotch-Irish blood which ran in his veins, and soon leaped to the fore-front of his class, which

position he kept through his entire collegiate course. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin. But before the completion of his studies, the pious old grandfather dropped into his grave, leaving the young, ambitious student alone in the world. A good Quaker friend was appointed Stewart's guardian, and through his influence the young man obtained letters of introduction to prominent merchants of New York, whither he had resolved to come in search of fame and fortune. When scarcely twenty years of age he landed in that city, which was to become his future home, and the theater of his active and distinguished commercial career. By the aid of his letters, he readily obtained access to the best social circles of the city, and was known as a gentleman of pleasing address, and a fine classical student.

His first employment was that of a teacher, but accident soon made him a merchant. Entering into business relations with an experienced man of his acquaintance, he soon found himself with the rent of a store on his hands, and alone in a new enterprise. With that indomitable will and wonderful energy which marked his whole life, he went back to Ireland, converted all his property into money, bought a stock of Irish laces, and with his goods returned to New York and opened his store. A young lady of his acquaintance said to him on the day previous to his opening, that he must not sell any goods until she could make the first purchase, as she would be sure to bring him luck. True to her promise, she came the next day, and bought a bill of laces of nearly two hundred dollars in value. This was his first mercantile transaction, but whether the young lady's

purchase brought more luck to him than to herself, may well be questioned ; for in after years when Stewart had grown wealthy and celebrated, he found this lady living in a European city, in very reduced circumstances, her husband having squandered all of her fortune before his death. Without informing her of his intentions, he procured some nice apartments, had them furnished in elegant style, and after taking her on a long drive in his carriage, drew up at the door of the new residence, and said, " If this meets your approbation, it will be your future home." He then settled an annuity upon her and supported her in affluence until her death. To have rounded out this romance in proper style, he ought to have married her, but already having one wife, that part of the story could not be carried out.

Mr. Stewart's business rapidly grew in all directions, but its founder had executive ability sufficient for any and all emergencies. He made all his arrangements and calculations with military precision, and exacted from all of his subordinates an unqualified adherence to his rules. Many clerks and customers could not stand his system of rigid discipline, but he never changed his rules or prices to suit any one. He adopted the one-price plan of selling, and no one under any circumstances was permitted to depart from it. He allowed no deceit or misrepresentation as to the condition or quality of the goods sold, and as a consequence all purchasers were sure to get just what they bought. This inspired confidence, and rapidly increased the extent of his sales, until he became known in every State, and nearly every city and village in the land. On one occasion

at the commencement of his career, he overheard one of his clerks say to a purchaser, that a piece of calico she was buying had fast colors and would wash. In great indignation he called the clerk to him and asked him what he meant by telling what he knew to be untrue. The clerk was greatly astonished and stammered forth some lame excuses about that being the usual custom among merchants, but Mr. Stewart interrupted him by saying that no goods were to be sold in his store through any species of misrepresentation whatever. In later years, when asked to what he attributed his great success, he answered : " From the first, I have conducted my business on the basis of truth, and if I have one earthly wish or desire greater than another, it is that my example may be commended and followed by young men entering into business, and especially by young merchants."

In the management of men, and of details, Mr. Stewart had all the elements of a great general. He had a regiment of men in his employ, and could have handled ten times as many more with equal ease. He was quick to discern, prompt to act, and fearless and energetic in all his movements. He was sometimes, though rarely, deceived. It was by a perfect system and thorough discipline, that he was able to carry on a business which ultimately reached every State in the Union, and nearly every state and kingdom in Europe. A business, too, which included that of retailer, jobber, importer, and manufacturer ; a business based upon actual capital and not upon credit, the whole machinery of which was worked and directed by a single mind. His net income in some years was over four millions of dollars.

Although Mr. Stewart became a thorough American in his feelings, he never forgot his native isle. When the famine raged in Ireland many years ago, he chartered an American ship, sat down and ascertained the amount of the fortune which he brought with him from home, added the interest thereto, loaded the vessel with an amount of necessary and costly provisions equal to the ascertained sum, put the American flag at the fore, and sent the whole proudly floating into the harbor at Belfast, as one of America's contributions to suffering Ireland. He then advertised for young men and women who wanted to come to America, gave a ship-load of them free passage there, and procured situations for many of them after they landed at New York ; his only requirement from each applicant being a good moral character and ability to read and write.

Yet, with all his business activity, Mr. Stewart found time to pursue the studies of his youth. He not only preserved but extended his knowledge of the classics, and kept green and fresh the learning of his college days. He also cherished a warm love of art, and filled his princely residence on Fifth Avenue with some of the choicest productions of American and European painters and sculptors. He also matured and carried into execution royal plans for the improvement of the condition of the poor. Soon after his first settlement in New York, he married an accomplished young lady from one of the prominent families of the city, but no children ever resulted from the union. His home, however, was always pleasant and harmonious. He died at a good old age, full of years and honors, but his widow took up

his work where he left it, and the whole vast business went on as before. Concerning the dastardly outrage of stealing his dead body for a ransom, it only need be said that it was an act which shocked the minds of the whole nation, and caused a feeling of execration among the general public, nearly or quite as strong as it produced in the minds and hearts of those immediately affected by it.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

Closely connected with commercial and mercantile life, is that of marine and railroad enterprises, with which, in this country, at least, the name of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt will ever be associated. Vanderbilt was descended from old Holland or Knickerbocker stock, as it was popularly called. His father was a good, sturdy farmer, living at that time on Staten Island in New York harbor. As no ferry-boats were then in existence, it was the custom of each landholder to own a boat for the purpose of transporting farm products to the city; and if one had a boat large enough to accommodate his neighbors, he usually did so. In this way the elder Vanderbilt had worked up quite a little business of his own, when his son came on the stage of action in the month of May, 1794. He was a strong, healthy baby from the start; could cry lustily, and had a will-power strong enough to last him all through life. He took to the water as naturally as does a duck, but cared little for the teaching of schools or books. Restlessly active and intensely practical, he wanted to be constantly out of doors, and looking around.

At the age of sixteen, he coaxed his father into buying him a boat for his exclusive management, paying for it the sum of one hundred dollars. The boy took possession of his prize with a proudly beating heart, immediately went on board, and set sail for his native dock. On the voyage, the boat struck a hidden rock, and her young captain was just able to run her ashore before she sank. Nothing daunted or discouraged, the boy procured the needed assistance, raised her up, repaired the damage, and a few hours later brought his little craft home, safe and sound. He now in a measure cut loose from his father's care, and started out in business for himself as a boatman. He had to compete with many older men than himself, but none of them had a braver heart, or a more determined purpose to succeed. Young Vanderbilt soon found all the work he could do, and the first hundred dollars he earned, he gave back to his parents as the price of his boat. Among the rules which he formed at this time for the government of his personal conduct, was one that he would spend each week less than he earned. By adhering to this determination inflexibly, at the end of two years he was able to purchase another vessel of larger dimensions, and soon after that became part owner of the largest ferry-boat at that time in New York harbor. And all this by the time he had reached the age of eighteen.

Captain Vanderbilt was known far and near as a man of great courage, skill, and strength of character. During the war of 1812 he undertook to supply certain American forts on the Hudson and around the city with provisions by night, and when anything particu-

larly hazardous was entered upon, Vanderbilt was always selected as the one to carry the project to a successful termination. His word could be relied upon implicitly, and this gave him business of a very profitable character. At one time during this war, some officers wanted to be taken to New York from Fort Richmond in the midst of a fearful storm. Vanderbilt was sought out and asked if he could take the party over. He replied: "Yes, but I shall have to carry them under water part of the way." They started, but arrived without a dry thread on them.

In 1813 Vanderbilt married and took up his residence in New York. He now commenced the *building* of vessels, in addition to his other business. When he was twenty-three, he had laid by the snug little sum of \$9,000 of hard-won money. About this time, steam-power began to be used in connection with navigation, and Vanderbilt, at an early date, saw clearly its great advantages. Giving up his other vessels, he took command of a little steam-boat carrying passengers between New York and New Brunswick, at which latter place, passengers for Philadelphia stopped over night, took the stage for Trenton in the morning, and from thence, another boat on to Philadelphia. Vanderbilt soon removed his family to New Brunswick, and opened a large hotel, making it pay, as a matter of course. He continued in this transfer and hotel business for twelve years, and found himself at the end of that time worth about \$40,000. He then branched out into business on a larger scale, and for the next twenty years went on from one enterprise to another, enlarging the sphere of his operations at every move,

and becoming more wealthy and celebrated with the lapse of every year. His plan was to build better and faster boats than his competitors, and run them at lower rates. When gold was discovered in California in 1848, Vanderbilt set up an opposition line between New York and the Golden Gate *via* Nicaragua, which speedily became the cheapest and favorite route to San Francisco. After running this line for a number of years against the Panama Mail Co., he sold out his interest to a stock company just before the invasion of Nicaragua by "Filibuster Walker," during which the property greatly depreciated in value.

Vanderbilt had now become a man of great wealth, and wanting to enjoy a little rest, he conceived the idea of building a ship, and taking a trip in it to various parts of Europe. Accordingly he constructed the *North Star* in the most perfect manner possible, and with an agreeable party on board, set sail in May, 1855. This was the first steamer with a walking-beam engine that ever attempted to cross the Atlantic. In England, in Russia, at Constantinople, at Gibraltar and Malta, the Commodore and his party were received and treated with great cordiality and politeness; but at Leghorn, then under Austria, the vessel was looked upon with suspicion by the officials, and subjected to constant surveillance. After an excursion of four months, the party returned to New York, having sailed a distance of fifteen thousand miles. About the first thing which Vanderbilt did after the completion of this voyage, was to put on another line of steamships to Europe. He built the steamer *Ariel* at a cost of \$800,000, and pitted her

against the best boats of the Cunard and Collins lines, for a trial of speed from New York to Havre, in which contest he came out victorious, as usual, the *Ariel* making the fastest time then on record.

During his long and active nautical career, he built and owned exclusively upward of one hundred steamboats and ships, and never lost one of them by accident. He had his own machine shops, where the machinery was made under his supervision; he personally directed the carpenters, whom he hired by the day, usually, and invariably made and carried out his own plans. Then he never insured anything, remarking that "good vessels and good commanders were the best kind of insurance, and that if the corporations could make money in the insurance business, he could."

And now comes one of the most singular transitions in all history. A man who had devoted his whole life to one kind of business, and had succeeded in it beyond his most sanguine hopes, almost at the close of life, with an ample fortune already secured, leaves that business altogether, and branches out into something new and untried. But this did Commodore Vanderbilt. About 1860, or thereabouts, he began to withdraw from all his marine enterprises and turn his attention to railroads. The splendid steamer *Ariel* he gave to the United States Government for war purposes, and received therefor the thanks of Congress, and a gold medal. He began his new career with the Harlem road. Its stock had been kicked about for years, ranging from \$40 to \$70 per share. Under Vanderbilt's management it jumped at once into one of the best equipped and

best-paying roads leaving New York. He next reached out for the Hudson River road, and then grasped the New York Central. All difficulties seemed to vanish before his magic touch. Going on in his path of conquest, he obtained control of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, Rock Island, and Northwestern roads, successively, and began to run his palace cars without change from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. Before he died he became one of the three richest men in America, controlling railway property to the value of \$300,000,000. He never gave away much of his vast wealth, but treated his friends and relatives with the greatest kindness. Particularly did he care for his aged mother, until she died a peaceful and happy death in the home which the son had provided her. He always hated deceit and underhanded dealing, and loved frankness and honesty in speech and act. He had great will-power, self-reliance, and ambition. He was quick to read the character and motives of others, formed his judgments with intuitive rapidity and accuracy, and executed his plans boldly. With such mental characteristics, and a strong, healthy frame, it is not strange that he became a leader among men, and left a permanent impress upon the records of his time.

JAY GOULD.

Jay Gould was born at Roxbury, in Delaware County, a rude part of Western New York, May 27, 1837; so he is not yet forty-six. Indeed, his coal-black beard and hair, which, though thin, is scarcely touched with gray, indicate a man below middle life.

His father, John B. Gould, was a poor farmer, and could scarcely earn enough to support his large family in the simplest style. The boy was the youngest, and, when at the age of ten or twelve, his great thirst for knowledge developed, his elder sisters, young ladies of considerable culture, became his teachers. I couldn't induce Mr. Gould to tell me much about this period of his life,—or, in fact, any other. "I have nothing to say," he protested; "why should I talk about myself? It doesn't seem to me at all proper or necessary. I am talked about now ten times as much as I want to be, or ought to be. I prefer to remain a strictly private citizen."

"You cannot be that," I took the liberty of suggesting, "unless you go out of Wall street, out of speculation, and out of business, and put your money into bonds and live on the interest of it. At present the public have a right to feel an interest in you."

"Very well, then," he reluctantly conceded, "my boyhood in Roxbury was about the same as that of other boys round about. I worked around the farm, planting and hoeing, going to the district school some, doing chores, and milking cows nights, and about the most vivid memory of that time is of an old brindle cow that I tried to milk. She kicked me in the most skilful manner, and I turned a complete somerset in the yard. It seems funnier now than it did then."

The growing boy studied nights, read all the books he could get in that sparsely-settled country, and at the age of fourteen appealed to his father to send him to the academy in the adjoining town.

His father could not afford it. The boy thought it over deliberately, felt that his study of mathematics,

now beyond the instruction of Roxbury, must be gratified somehow, and resolved to go to the academy and pay his own expenses. He asked his father's permission. "Of course you can go if you want to," was the natural reply; "you ain't good for much here." It was the solemn truth. Jay had already discovered that he was not born to be a farmer,—by a large majority.

The next morning the ambitious youth hastily arose from the breakfast-table, held out his hand to his surprised father, and said, "Good-bye." There were tears, entreaties, warnings, but he burst away, seized his little bundle of clothes, and started afoot through the wild and sparsely-settled regions over the mountains to Hobart Academy, with fifty cents in his pocket. Thirty-two years later, being charged with treacherously selling out his associates, he laid upon a table stocks and bonds of his own, of the value of \$35,000,000.

Arrived at Hobart, and canvassing the town for work, he got a chance to keep books for the village blacksmith, who had started a little store next the shop. This helped him out. He spent mornings and evenings with the son of Vulcan, and paid his way at school. He rested little, played little, talked little, worked hard, like Napoleon at the artillery school of Brienne. He made surprising progress. In six months he had learned what the academy had to teach, and left it. He left the village blacksmith too, and entered a hardware store as clerk, devoting his evenings to a systematic study of trigonometry and surveying. He rose at four in the morning, and gave three hours to book and slate.

He borrowed an old compass and a set of surveying tools, and, inducing the boys of the village to become his flag and chain-bearers by presenting to them toys of his own manufacture, he succeeded in learning practical surveying "without a master."

At the same time he applied himself to the hardware business so energetically that at the age of fifteen, the little prodigy was made full partner, and intrusted with the entire charge of the business. He came to New York for the first time in his life, and was able to open an account with Phelps, Dodge & Co., and other heavy houses. But he had not yet found his career. The hardware trade was not congenial, and the same year, 1852, he slipped out, left his little capital behind, put his father in his place, and engaged to take charge of a surveying party at \$20 a month to complete the map of Ulster county. He organized his party, and started with \$5 in his pocket; walked forty miles the first day, and worked a fortnight, when his employer suddenly "failed" before he had paid them a cent. Gould at once resolved to carry out the survey himself. What now happened to the fifteen-year old boy is best told in Mr. Gould's own words :

"I was out of money, that is to say, all I had was a ten cent piece, and with that last coin I determined not to part. (I did not part with it and never shall; I keep it now as a memento.) Fall was approaching, and unless our surveys were finished before winter set in, they would be postponed until the next spring, subjecting us to additional expense, and perhaps causing their abandonment. I determined to go ahead if possible. But how? I had neither time

nor money to go back to Delaware county for supplies. I was among entire strangers, and without credit. I could neither advance nor retreat without money, and so deeply did I deplore the ruin of our project, that I shed tears.

"Tired out with my last day's tramp, hungry and dejected, I was resting in a rocky nook near the town of Shawaugunk, my tears trickling down on the face of the compass, when I was suddenly hailed by a farmer, who asked me to go home with him and make a noon-mark,—a north and south line, so drawn that the shadow of an upright object falling upon it will indicate midday. I was asked to take dinner first, and joyfully accepted, as I had supped on two small crackers the previous night, had been hard at work since daylight, and felt exceedingly faint. After a hearty dinner, I made the noon-mark, and was about to bid the hospitable farmer good-bye, when he asked what I charged for the work. I said I charged nothing,—he was welcome to it; but he offered me half a dollar, insisting that it was the price a neighbor had paid for one. I accepted the money, and departed rejoicing. If I had discovered a new continent, I could not have been more elated, for, with sixty cents in my pocket, and the prospect of making other noon-marks along the route, I saw a way to carry my enterprise through. I can never forget that day. From that time forward, the fame of my noon-marks preceded me. Applications came in from farmers all around, and out of this new source of supply, I paid all the expenses of my surveys, and came out at the completion with six dollars in my pocket."

A respectable sum was received from the map. Young Gould now became a professional surveyor and civil engineer. He mapped Albany, Ulster, Greene, and Delaware counties in New York, Lake and Geauga counties in Ohio, and Oakland county in Michigan; made the surveys for a plank road, and a railroad; wrote and published a history of Delaware county; started a tannery, where he employed 250 men; built a town (Gouldsboro); and established a bank, and carried it through the panic of 1857, before he was twenty-one.

He sold an interest in his town for \$80,000, and invested the money in depreciated railroad securities after the panic. Soon after this he secured a controlling interest in two railroads, and it was not long before he embarked all his fortunes in the Erie, with what success is well known. With Herculean energy he has reached out and gathered in the reins of transportation dropped by other hands, till now he is the central figure of 30,000 miles of railroad, and the most potent financial genius in the Republic.

Mr. Gould lives in an unpretentious but spacious mansion at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second street in the winter time. His tastes are simple and democratic. His habits are thoroughly domestic. He is not likely to die as Tom Scott died three years ago; for he uses neither liquor nor tobacco, loves his family, retires at ten, and rises at six. Mr. Gould has a fine library, with a choice selection of books, strong in the department of history, and he is a close student out of business hours. He is not a religious man, like Russell Sage, but goes to church sometimes.

Mrs. Gould is a daughter of a Mr. Miller, a retired grocer of the city, and is a quiet, refined, and interesting lady. There are six children, equally divided between the sexes, and the three boys are all in business with their father. The eldest, George J. Gould, a youth of twenty-two, is a member of the firm of W. E. Connor & Co., of which Mr. Morisini is also a member, and Jay Gould himself is a special partner. Connor, by the way, known to his familiars as "Wash," began life as Mr. Gould's office boy, and is now a millionaire,—and more, too.

The Gould summer house is at "Lyndhurst," near Irvington, up the Hudson, and comprises about 600 acres of beautiful land, and one of the finest conservatories and graperies in America. Rare plants and flowers have been sent to him from all parts of the world, until his place is stocked with the choice plants of every zone and meridian. Mr. Gould has made a close study of botany, and can call most of his plants by name. He has now in his gallery hundreds of valuable paintings, his own taste running to modern art,—the best works of the French masters,—Meissonier, Millet, Delaroche, Bouguereau, Delacroix, etc.

In his office he is very reserved and laconic. His associates and clerks have learned to read his meaning from a word or look. His mail is encumbered every day with scores of begging letters, which never reach him, but are destroyed by his secretary. He agrees with Russell Sage and other wealthy men, that promiscuous charity is to be avoided, and he gives only to the best attested cases. During the yellow fever troubles, he telegraphed to the Mayor

of Memphis, "Draw on me for all the money you want."

Mr. Gould seldom goes to balls; doesn't care for general society; avoids display; never reads novels; spends most of his spare time in the large room that is walled up with 5,000 volumes of standard literature of a solid sort.

ELIAS HOWE.

The personal history of Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, reads more like a romance than a reality. He was one of eight children, and was born at Spencer, Mass., 1816. His father was poor, and had no little difficulty in providing for the wants of his numerous family. His occupation was that of a farmer and miller. Young Howe worked with his brothers and sisters in the mill and on the farm until he was sixteen, when he went to Lowell, and from thence to Cambridge, working at the latter place in the same shop, and boarding in the same house with Nathaniel P. Banks, who afterward became a Speaker of the national House of Representatives, and a Major-General.

At that time there lived in Boston an eccentric mechanical genius by the name of Davis, who kept a general shop for the making and repairing of all sorts of machinery, and to him Howe engaged himself as a journeyman machinist. One day, while endeavoring to fix up, and perfect a knitting machine, young Howe overheard a conversation between Davis and one of his customers about the desirability of inventing a sewing-machine, and the big amount

of money which could be made from it. Howe had never thought of the possibility of such a machine until that moment, but from that time forward the idea never left his mind. He observed and thought, and watched and studied over the matter for five or six years before he began to make a model. By that time he had married, had three children, and was working for nine dollars a week.

For many months he stumbled on in the dark. His first plan was to make a needle pointed at both ends which should go *through* the cloth at every stitch, as in hand-sewing. But this idea proved impracticable. Finally, the plan of using two threads and a shuttle with a curved needle occurred to him, and the crisis of the invention was passed.

But Howe was so poor that he could hardly live, much less buy materials for a model machine. Fortunately he found an old friend and schoolmate who had money, and who had entered into partnership with him to bring the machine to perfection. People generally thought Howe to be a visionary fellow, but Fisher, his friend, had a little faith that possibly the machine might be valuable. A year later Howe was able to sew his first seam on the machine. This was in the month of April, 1845. This original machine, after crossing the ocean many times, may still be seen at the office of the Howe Company in Broadway, New York. It is a clumsy, awkward-looking affair, but it can sew at the rate of three hundred stitches a minute now. Every contrivance on it has since been improved, and many new devices added, but still it contains all the essential principles entering into the construction of all sewing-machines

Like most inventors, Howe found that after his machine was completed his troubles had only begun. There was a formidable prejudice to overcome. The tailors all thought the machine would ruin their business. Howe took his machine to a clothing house in Boston, and offered to sew anything which they could bring to him. He gave many public exhibitions of the capacity of the invention ; still no one encouraged him, or gave him an order. More than that, a machine cost then about five hundred dollars, and few could afford to pay such a sum. Nothing daunted, however, Howe applied for a patent, and in the meantime worked as an engineer on one of the railroads terminating in his native State. After the patent had been granted, Howe and Fisher went to Washington and gave a public exhibition of the machine at a fair, but still no one wanted it. Fisher thereupon became discouraged, and refused to advance any more money. He had already expended two thousand dollars, and did not believe the machine would ever meet with a ready sale.

In 1846, one of Howe's brothers, Amasa B., took the machine to England, and there found an English manufacturer who would pay three thousand dollars for that machine together with the right to manufacture as many more as he pleased. There was also a verbal understanding that the manufacturer should pay the inventor three pounds for every machine sold, but this agreement, not being in writing, was never carried out. The English manufacturer, whose name was William Thomas, patented the invention, introduced it into general use, and cleared on his investment a profit of about a million dollars. Thomas

further offered the inventor the sum of three pounds a week if he would come over to England and adapt his machine to the particular business in which Thomas was at that time engaged. Not knowing what else to do, Howe accepted the offer, and removed to London with his family. After completing the adaptation, Thomas ungenerously turned Howe adrift with a sick wife, three children, and but little money.

Fortunately, again, Howe found another friend from whom he hired a room and borrowed some tools, and began to make his fourth machine. But his funds gave out, and his family were reduced to a condition of great poverty. Thinking he could get along better alone, he resolved to send his family back to America while he could; so, gathering together all the money he could raise, he put them on board a vessel, and bade them good-bye. Some linen came to the family from the washerwoman just before their departure, but they were too poor to pay the bill, and were compelled to leave it behind. After their departure, Howe lived and worked in one little room, boarding himself. After months of labor he finished the machine, but all he could get offered for it was five pounds. The buyer gave Howe his note for that amount, and Howe sold the note for four pounds. He then pawned his letters-patent, and with the money set sail for home as a steerage passenger, arriving in New York with half a crown in his pocket as a net result of all his labor for four years. He soon found work as a machinist, and then word came that his wife was dying, but he had not money enough to go and see her. His father came

to his rescue, and sent him ten dollars ; he borrowed some good clothes and reached the bedside of his wife just in time to receive her last words of affection. After the funeral, intelligence was brought that the ship which contained all his household goods had been wrecked, and would prove a total loss.

By this time, Howe's accumulated misfortunes began to tell heavily upon his personal appearance, and upon his spirits. He looked old and downcast, like a man just out from a long sickness, and well he might look thus. Not one in a hundred would have persevered and endured what he did to accomplish his life-mission. But the darkest day at last ends, and by the time Howe could recover his spirits and look about him, he discovered that during his stay in England his machine had become famous, though its inventor was forgotten. Several parties had commenced to manufacture them, and were going forward in their work without any regard for the inventor's rights. Howe saw that he must protect his rights in the courts, and immediately commenced suit against the infringers. But he had no money to carry it on. He must get back his pawned letters-patent from England, and the original machine, which, through the aid of Hon. Anson Burlingame, was finally accomplished. He then tried to find some one who would buy out Fisher's half of the right, and at last succeeded. But this man, whose name was Geo. W. Bliss, was so faithless in regard to the undertaking, that he would not furnish any more money without security, and if Howe's father had not mortgaged his farm to Bliss, the son might have been cheated out of his rights after all.

About this time, a man whose name is now equally celebrated in sewing-machine annals with that of Howe himself, got hold of a machine, saw its power, and resolved upon an attempt to improve it. This man was I. M. Singer. After completing several improvements and getting them patented, he went to work in true business-like style, advertised his machines, and soon created quite a demand for them. Howe thereupon informed Singer that he was infringing upon his rights. Singer was provoked at Howe's claim, and spent years trying to prove before the courts, that Howe was not the original inventor. But in the year 1854, after a long trial, Judge Sprague of Massachusetts decided that "Howe's patent was valid, and Singer's an infringement." This was nine years after the completion of the first machine.

After Bliss died, Howe was able to buy out his half of the right, and thus become sole owner of the patent. From a few hundred a year, Howe's revenue rapidly increased until it went beyond two hundred thousand dollars, and he received in all from the sales of the machine about two millions. A combination was formed, according to the terms of which Howe was to receive five dollars for every machine sold in the United States, and one dollar for every machine imported. This agreement continued until 1860, when Howe's fee was reduced from five dollars to one, but even at this rate money poured in upon him in sufficient quantity to make himself and all his friends comfortable for life. Before Howe died, he saw the complete triumph of his invention, and was permitted to rejoice in the well-earned reward of his

persistent toil. Indeed, the prominent lesson of Howe's life cannot be better expressed than in the words of the old motto: "Genius is but another name for continued hard work."

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Passing now from our own land to that great English-speaking nation across the sea, we take up as an example of excellence one of the noblest and purest characters in English history, William Ewart Gladstone. At the present writing (1881) Mr. Gladstone is for the second time Premier of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. He has been in public life almost continually since the age of twenty-two, when he took his seat in Parliament for the first time. He was born in Liverpool, 1809, and was the son of a great Liverpool merchant who was raised to a baronetcy in 1846. The eldest son of the merchant took the father's title as a matter of course, leaving the statesman to be known by the simple designation of Hon. or Mr.

Young Gladstone was early put to school at Eton and Oxford, where he displayed an ability which gave ample assurance of a distinguished career. He graduated with double honors, excelling in both the classics and mathematics. The next year he entered Parliament; two years later he took a cabinet position under Sir Robert Peel, and advanced steadily from one post to another, until the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865, when he became leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, and was made Premier three years later. When Gladstone first

entered the political arena, he was a Tory in principle, and was looked upon as the rising hope of that party, but the rapid growth of his mind, as well as the stern logic of events, soon took him out of the ranks of the Conservatives, and placed him in the fore front of the progressive Liberals. It is impossible to tie up a vigorous, thinking mind to the obsolete notions of a dead past; it will assert itself and reach out after new light and new truth,—and such was the case with Gladstone.

The first Gladstone administration remained in power about five years. It tried to bring about reforms for which the nation was not prepared, and as a consequence it failed to secure the popular approval. The test measure on which the ministry was defeated, was known as the Irish University Bill, the main object of which was the establishment of a system of education in that country which should be acceptable to both Protestants and Catholics, but this attempt to ride two horses going in different directions resulted, as all such attempts will, in throwing the rider to the ground between them. As Gladstone stepped down and out, his great rival and opponent, Disraeli, took his place and retained it until the election of 1880, which resulted in his overthrow, and the reinstatement of the Liberal party in power.

As a party leader, Mr. Gladstone has many excellencies and some defects. His temper is a little hasty and violent at times; he does not make allowance enough for the foibles and weaknesses of lesser minds, and he lacks somewhat the flexibility to meet the various exigencies of a great political contest;

but his power to interpret the will of the nation, and express that will in legislative form, and especially his power to inspire a hearty enthusiasm among his personal followers, are unequaled. He has the passion, the strong feeling, the fluency of speech, and the simplicity and straightforwardness of action which please the multitude, and command their hearty admiration, and his name is a tower of strength for his party. His soul, when engaged on any subject of importance, is filled with an earnestness which is almost heroic, and he sees only one road to the end at which he aims,—the shortest. His perseverance in any work which he has undertaken, in the face of difficulties which would overwhelm most men, is entirely remarkable. As a minister in charge of a great measure, one to which he has devoted the whole strength of his wonderful mind, like the Irish Land Bill for instance, he has not an equal. He then shows a knowledge, an ability, and a power in handling a great public question, a grasp at once of its underlying principles and its smallest details, a readiness to comprehend objections, and a fertility of resources in meeting them, which few Englishmen have ever surpassed.

As an orator and debater in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone has had very few superiors. Disraeli possessed a more brilliant wit and greater powers of sarcasm, but had not that power of eloquence which is universally conceded to his antagonist. In fact, Gladstone is never seen to better advantage than when at the close of a long discussion, he rises to reply to his opponents. Disraeli always wrote out his speeches carefully in advance of their

delivery, but Gladstone rarely writes a word. "The readiness with which he would reply to a speech just delivered, was amazing ; taking up one after another the arguments advanced, he would examine them with as much fluency and precision as though he had spent weeks in the preparation of an answer. Usually inclined to be somewhat lengthy and prolix in his remarks, at such times his sentences would be short and clear, and from beginning to end he would use hardly an unnecessary word. The heat and excitement of debate would make his pale face twitch, his voice quiver, and his body sway from side to side. The storm of cheers and counter-cheers around him, which always rages in the House of Commons on such an occasion, stops not the torrent of his argument or invective, but high and clear above the tumult, his clarion voice rings out like a silvery trumpet, sounding through the din of a well-fought field. As he draws near the close, something like a calm comes over the scene, and men on both sides listen eagerly and anxiously to catch every word of the peroration."

In addressing out-door audiences, many of whom are hostile to his principles and policy, he exhibits the same remarkable power of command which distinguishes his Parliamentary speeches.

But Gladstone as an author is almost as well-known as Gladstone the party leader and statesman. At the early age of twenty-eight he appeared before the public in a book on the relations of church and state, which ran through three editions, and which had the high honor of an elaborate review from the pen of Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review*. When serving

under Sir Robert Peel, he wrote several political pamphlets, one of which passed through eleven editions in a single year, and was translated into all the principal European languages. On "Homer and Homeric Studies," Mr. Gladstone has long been one of the high authorities of the world. No modern writer has surpassed him in the masterly delineation of the essential characteristics of ancient Greek life. His later pamphlet on "The Vatican" also had an extraordinary sale, and exerted a wide-spread influence over current and contemporaneous thought.

In conclusion, Gladstone's purity of character and private life is everywhere, and openly admitted. He has a great and noble heart beating in his breast, which, like the Ursa Major in the heavens, remains constant and loyal to the right and true. No one of his political enemies can refer to any stain upon his personal manhood, or his domestic life. In the village where he resides when not in London, he not infrequently goes into the humble church, and publicly reads the lessons from the prayer-book for himself and his neighbors. At such times the dignity and nobility of his character shines out with resplendent power, and his solemn utterances are treasured up in the hearts of the people as though coming from an accredited ambassador of the skies. In personal appearance, Gladstone strongly resembles our own Ralph Waldo Emerson. There is a blending generosity and scorn in the play of the nostrils, and an alternating severity and sweetness in the expressive mouth. His countenance is lined and seamed with thought, and paled by years of toil. Take him for all in all, he has ever justified the re-

mark made of him by Chevalier Bunsen in 1839: "Gladstone is the first man in England as to intellectual power."

JOHN BRIGHT.

Next in power over the English people, stands the great Commoner and Parliamentary orator, John Bright. Inferior to Gladstone in breadth of scholarship and general intellectual culture, there is yet no man who stands higher in the estimation of the English people than Bright. Unlike Gladstone, Bright sprang directly from the ranks of the people, and made himself what he was, through the force of native gifts, and steady, intense application to reading and study. Bright's father was a cotton-spinner and manufacturer in the town of Rochdale, England. John was born in 1811, and enjoyed only an ordinary school-training. At the age of fifteen he was placed in his father's counting-house, where he remained for twelve years, wholly absorbed in business pursuits. In two years after his marriage, in 1839, his wife died, leaving him alone in life with a little helpless child.

Bright might have remained in mercantile life permanently, had it not been for the agitation concerning the famous Corn Laws, which about this time was shaking the nation. These Corn Laws were very old, dating back as far as 1826. They had been modified repeatedly, but gradually grew more and more obnoxious to the people, until at length a powerful league was formed to work for their repeal. The laws in themselves were simply statutory pro-

hibitions against the exportation and importation of all kinds of grain, except under certain restrictions and annoying conditions. The result was to keep the price of bread higher than it would have been under the opposite policy of free trade. One of the moving spirits in this agitation was Richard Cobden, and while Bright, then a young man, was sorrowing over his domestic loss, Cobden came to him, and urged him to join in the struggle for free trade and cheaper bread. Bright at first refused, but when Cobden besought him to do so for the sake of the English poor, Bright consented, and together they started out on that wonderful crusade, which aroused the nation, converted Sir Robert Peel, the Premier, and secured the repeal of the obnoxious statutes. This incident determined Bright's career for life. When the people saw what kind of a man he was, and what wonderful gifts of oratory he possessed, they wanted him to represent them in Parliament, and accordingly elected him to a seat in 1843. And he was hardly ever out of Parliament from that time forward. Once only he took a Cabinet position at the request of Gladstone, and was the first Quaker who ever held such a position in England.

If any one had entered Parliament during the later years of Mr. Bright's service, he would at once have singled out a stout, portly man, with smooth-shaven face and white hair, broad and lofty forehead, clear-cut mouth and wonderfully fine eyes, which seemed capable of flashing fire, or shedding tears at will, and would have inquired who he was. And every English looker-on would have answered him with pride, "That is John Bright." He has always

professed a warm admiration for the institutions of the United States, and Americans are pleased to respond to him.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

Bismarck-Schoenhausen, Prince Carl Otto, Prussian Prime Minister, perhaps at this moment the most prominent man in Europe, was born in 1814, at Brandenburg, of an old family, of which various members have gained a reputation, both as soldiers and statesmen, and received his University education at Gottingen, Berlin, and Greifswald, where he studied law. About 1847, he began to attract attention as an ultra royalist, and an advocate of the extremest absolutism. He was one of those who opposed the scheme of a German Empire, proposed by the German Parliament of 1849. His diplomatic career commenced in 1851, when he was appointed Chief-Secretary of the Prussian Legation, at the resuscitated German Diet at Frankfurt. Here he began to manifest that zeal for the interest and aggrandizement of Prussia, which has since undeviatingly guided him, often regardless of the means. In the Diet, he gave open expression to the long felt discontent with the predominance of Austria, and demanded equal rights for Prussia. In St. Petersburg, whither he was sent in 1859, he is said to have tried to bring about an alliance between France, Prussia, and Russia, but without success. By this time he had acquired the special regard and confidence of the King, who sent him, in the spring of 1862, as ambassador to Paris, in order to give him an insight into the politics of the Tuilleries, before taking the direction of affairs at home. In

autumn, when the King's Government could not obtain the consent of the lower house to the new military organization, he was recalled to take the portfolio of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and the Presidency of the Cabinet. Not being able to pass the re-organization bill, and the budget, he closed the Chambers, October, 1862, announcing to the deputies that the King's Government would be obliged to do without their sanction. Accordingly, the army re-organization went on ; and the next four sessions of Parliament were closed or dissolved in the same way, without the Government obtaining, or even caring to obtain, the sanction of the House. The people were now looking for a coup d'etat, and the Government for a revolution. At this crisis, the death of the King of Denmark opened up again the Slesvig-Holstein question, and excited a fever of national German feeling, which Bismarck was adroit enough to work, so as to aggrandize Prussia by the acquisition of the Duchies, and reconcile his opponents to his high-handed policy, by being able to point to the success of the newly-modeled army. Throughout the events which ended in the humiliation of Austria, and the re-organization of Germany under the leadership of Prussia, Bismarck was the guiding spirit ; and such is the magic of success, that from being universally disliked, he has become the most popular man in Germany. What is perhaps still stranger, the man who, of all others living, has been the most strenuous upholder of absolutism, and has all along manifested the strongest contempt for public opinion, in May, 1867, received the thanks and congratulations of the extreme Democrats of Great Britain, for

giving to North Germany a constitution based on universal suffrage. The war with Austria, for which Bismarck had prepared for several years, was fought against the King's inclination, yet its speedy triumph made his Minister more indispensable than ever to the Sovereign. In 1867 he was made Chancellor of the North German Confederation by the King of Prussia. From 1866 to 1870, Bismarck was preparing for the next war, which he foresaw must be with France, as a prelude to the absorption of Germany under the haughty crown of the Brandenburgs. Having succeeded in humbling France, and uniting Germany under Emperor William, he was made Chancellor of the German Empire in 1870, the title of Prince conferred upon him, and a million of thalers (\$750,000) voted him by the Parliament. His recent administration of the German policy has been signalized by a contest with the Roman Catholic Church, in which the expulsion of the Jesuits (July, 1872) and the carrying out of the new ecclesiastical laws have been the most prominent events.

Bismarck's personal appearance is that of a man of energy; in social life, he is genial and witty; in the discharge of his public duty, earnest and stern; he possesses a great deal of personal courage, and has shown himself cool and fearless in battle.

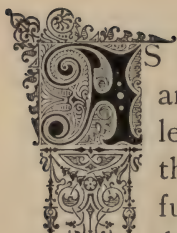
ROBERT EMMETT.

Robert Emmett, an Irish revolutionist, born in Dublin in 1780, was hanged in the same city, Sept. 20, 1803. He gained his honors at Trinity College, from which he was ultimately expelled for avowing himself

a Republican. He joined the association of United Irishmen, whose object was to separate Ireland from Great Britain, and to establish an independent republic, and he was implicated in the rebellion of 1798. After the failure of this attempt, he escaped to France, returned secretly to Dublin in 1802, re-organized the malcontents, established various depots of powder and fire arms in different parts of the city, and fixed upon July 23, 1803, as the time to seize the castle and arsenals of Dublin. On the evening of that day, he directed the distribution of pikes among the assembled conspirators, to whom he delivered an animated harangue. The insurgent band, marching with cheers into the principal streets, and swelling into an immense and furious mob, assassinated Chief Justice Kilwarden, who was passing by in his carriage; but they hesitated to follow their enthusiastic leader to the castle, and dispersed at the first volley from a small party of soldiers. Emmett escaped to the Wicklow mountains. After the failure of the first blow he checked the other movements which had been projected, husbanding his resources in the hope of soon renewing the revolt. He might have evaded the pursuit of the government, but an attachment for Miss Curran, the daughter of the celebrated barrister, induced him to return to Dublin to bid her farewell before leaving the country. He was tracked, apprehended, tried, and convicted of high treason. He defended his own cause, delivering an address to the judge and jury of remarkable eloquence and pathos, met his fate with courage, and won general admiration for the purity and loftiness of his motives.

SELF-MADE MEN.

“ In the nation’s proudest annals
In the people’s warmest hearts,
Great in courage, noble in truth
Pure as the sunlight in soul,
Dead, but imperishable ! ”

S example is more powerful than precept, and sketches of self-made men are sure to leave their impress upon the thought of the reader, we propose in this chapter to furnish a few facts concerning some of the great and self-made men whose names adorn the historic tablets of this and other countries.

In America, Franklin, Rittenhouse, Patrick Henry, Clay, Webster, Jackson, Douglas, were all the sons of poor parents. Senator Wilson, who was for a long time a shoemaker, said in one of his addresses to the people of Great Falls, N. H.: “ I was born here in your county. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she had none to give. I left my home at ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month’s schooling each year, and, at the end of eleven years’ hard work, a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me eighty-four dollars. A dollar would cover every penny I spent from the time I was born until I was

twenty-one years of age. I know what it is to travel weary miles, and ask my fellow-men to give me leave to toil. I remember that in September, 1833, I walked into your village from my native town, and went through your mills seeking employment. If anybody had offered me eight or nine dollars a month, I should have accepted it gladly. I went down to Salmon Falls, I went to Dover, I went to Newmarket, and tried to get work, without success, and I returned home weary, but not discouraged, and put my pack on my back, and walked to the town where I now live, and learned a mechanic's trade. The first month I worked after I was twenty-one years of age, I went into the woods, drove team, cut mill-logs, and chopped wood; and though I rose in the morning before daylight, and worked hard until after dark at night, I received for it the magnificent sum of two dollars. And when I got the money, those dollars looked to me as large as the moon looks to-night."

Thurlow Weed, for a long time, one of the most influential editors and politicians of the country, published recently a sketch of his early life, in which he thus speaks of his efforts at self-culture: "Many a farmer's son has found the best opportunities for mental improvement in his intervals of leisure while tending 'sap bush.' Such, at any rate, was my own experience. At night you had only to feed the kettles and keep up the fires, the sap having been gathered, and the wood cut 'before dark.' During the day we would always lay in a good stock of 'fat pine' by the light of which, blazing bright before the sugar-house, in the posture the serpent was con-

demned to assume as a penalty for tempting our great first grandmother, I passed many a delightful night in reading. I remember in this way to have read a history of the French Revolution, and to have obtained from it a better and more enduring knowledge of its events and horrors, and of the actors in that great national tragedy, than I have received from all subsequent reading. I remember also how happy I was in being able to borrow the book of a Mr. Keyes, after a two-mile tramp through the snow, shoeless, my feet swaddled in remnants of a rag-carpet."

The most successful editors in this country have graduated from a printing office rather than from a college. The history of Horace Greeley, founder of the New York Tribune, is familiar to all. He began life as a poor boy and went up, step by step, to the position of editor-in-chief of a powerful metropolitan journal. The early life of James Brooks, once editor and proprietor of the New York Express, is another example of triumphant courage and perseverance, by which many a poor boy has found his way to the editorial chair or to a seat in Congress. Mr. Brooks began his career as a clerk in the village of Androscoggin, Me., where he was to remain till twenty-one years of age, when, by contract, he was to receive as capital from his employer, a hogshead of New England rum. Unfortunately for his employer and the hogshead of rum, the town library was kept in the "store," of which the clerk made a liberal use. His first venture in business enabled him to save money enough to pay one dollar a week for his board, while a kind gentleman assisted him to go to school. As

soon as he knew enough to teach school, he began as a pedagogue on the liberal salary of ten dollars per month, and his board. In a year he was rich enough to enter Waterville College. Studying and teaching by turns, he graduated at the end of two years, carrying his trunk to the stage-office, as he did when he entered, to save a few of his hard-earned and scanty shillings. From this hour he provided a home for his mother and her two younger children, his father having died in his childhood.

Mr. Brooks next studied law with the noted John Neal of Portland, taught school, and at the same time wrote a series of anonymous letters for the Portland Advertiser, a daily Whig paper, which were so popular that its proprietor made him an offer of five hundred dollars per year to write constantly for his journal. At this time, though only twenty years old, he had become one of the most popular and eloquent orators of his State. After serving in the Legislature of Maine, in connection with his editorial duties on the Portland Advertiser, he went to Washington in 1832, and began the series of letters which for the first time caught up and reflected in clear and brilliant light, the multiform life of the American capital. The letters became immediately popular, and were copied by the press from Maine to Louisiana. One of the most signal proofs of their brilliancy and power is to be found in the words of Senator Wilson: "I shall never forget what those letters were to me. The first I had ever read, they came to me in my obscurity and poverty as the revelation of an unknown and wonderful life. They made me want to go to Washington. They made

me feel that I must go there and see the men and witness the national scenes which I read about in those letters."

Subsequently, Mr. Brooks wrote a series of letters from the Southern States, then visited Europe, traveling on foot through the principal countries, and sending home letters to the Portland Advertiser, then started the N. Y. Express, carrying it alone for many years under a heavy load of debt and discouragement, acting as editor, reporter, and even type-setter, then in 1849 went to Congress as a representative from New York City.

Even in those cases where men have begun life under more favorable circumstances, they have not gone through the battle unscathed. Many bear in their faces and bodies the scars and signs of desperate conflict. Such was the case with Rufus Choate, as his haggard face and trembling, nervous frame too plainly showed; and such is the case with another brilliant lawyer, Secretary of State under President Hayes. He has been recently described by a reporter as follows: "In that pale and almost emaciated face, that fragile enwrapment of body which seems shaken by the earnestness of its own talk, is packed that library of knowledge and that fiery concentration of eloquent speech, which, collectively, make up the product of humanity called William M. Evarts. He looks like a man whom his soul had burned up with its own intensity till all that was inflammable was exhaled, leaving a thin body and a face lit up with great, weird, far-seeing eyes."

Commencing with industrial life in England, look at the career of Josiah Wedgwood, founder of the Staffordshire Potteries in that country, and the father of the now extensive crockery and china-ware trade. His father, a poor potter, barely able to make a living, died when Josiah was eleven years old, and the boy was put to work as a thrower at his elder brother's wheel. The boy never received any school education worthy of the name, and all the culture which he afterward received, he obtained for himself. About the time when the boy began to work at the potter's wheel, the manufacture of earthenware could scarcely be said to exist in England. What was produced was altogether unequal to the supply of our domestic wants, and large quantities of the commoner sort of ware were imported from abroad,—principally from Delft, in Holland, whence it was usually known by the name of "Delft ware." Porcelain for the rich was chiefly imported from China, and sold at a very high price. No porcelain capable of resisting a scratch with a hard point had as yet been made in that country. The articles of earthenware produced in Staffordshire were of the coarsest quality, and were for the most part hawked about by the workmen themselves and their families, or by peddlers, who carried their stocks upon their backs.

While working with his brother as a thrower, Wedgwood caught the small-pox, then a most malignant disease; he was thrown into ill-health, and the remains of the disease seem to have settled in his left leg, so that he was under the necessity of having it amputated, which compelled him to relinquish the potter's wheel. Some time after this we find him at

Stoke, in partnership with a man named Harrison, as poor as himself,—in fact, both were as yet but in the condition of common workmen. Wedgwood's taste for ornamental pottery, however, began to show itself; and leaving Harrison, we then find him joined to another workman named Whieldon, making earthenware knife-handles in imitation of agate and tortoise-shell, melon table-plates, green pickle-leaves, and such like articles. Whieldon being unwilling to pursue this fanciful branch of trade, Wedgwood left him, returned to Burslem where he was brought up, and set up for himself in a small thatched house.

He was a close inquirer, an accurate observer, and among other facts which came under his notice was this, that earth containing silica became white after exposure to the heat of a furnace. This led him to mix silica with the red powder of the potteries, and to the discovery that both substances became white when calcined. He had then only to glaze the surface of this ware to obtain a most important article of commerce. Wedgwood now took new premises and began to manufacture white stone-ware on a large scale, and afterward cream-colored ware, which acquired great celebrity. The improvement of his art now became a passion with him, and he worked at it with all his might. He devoted himself to chemical investigation and spared neither labor nor expense in furthering his plans and designs.

He was cheerfully assisted in his objects by persons of rank and influence; for, working in the truest spirit, he readily commanded the help and encouragement of all true workers. He made for Queen Charlotte the first royal table-service of Eng-

lish manufacture, of the kind afterward called "Queen'sware," and was forthwith appointed her Royal Potter, a title which Wedgwood more prized than if he had been created a baron. Valuable sets of porcelain were intrusted to him for imitation, in which he succeeded to admiration. Sir William Hamilton lent him specimens of ancient art, from Herculaneum, of which Wedgwood's ingenious workmen produced the most accurate and beautiful copies. The Duchess of Portland outbid him for the Barberini Vase, when that article was offered for sale; he bid as high as seventeen hundred guineas for it, but Her Grace secured it for the sum of eighteen hundred guineas; but when she learned Wedgwood's object, she at once lent him the vase to copy. He produced fifty copies at a cost of about £2,500, and his expenses were not covered by their sale; but he gained his object, which was to show that whatever had been done, English skill and energy could and would accomplish.

Wedgwood called to his aid the crucible of the chemist, the knowledge of the antiquary, and the skill of the artist. He found out Flaxman when a youth, and while he liberally nurtured his genius, drew from him a large number of beautiful designs for his pottery and porcelain; converting them by his manufacture into objects of taste and excellence, and thus making them instrumental in the diffusion of classical art among the people. By careful experiment and study he was even enabled to re-discover the art of painting on porcelain or earthenware vases and similar articles,—an art practiced by the ancient Etruscans, but which had been lost since the time of

Pliny. He distinguished himself by his own contributions to science, and his name is still identified with the pyrometer which he invented.

He was also an indefatigable supporter of all measures of public utility; and the construction of the Trent and Mersey Canal, which completed the navigable communication between the eastern and western sides of the island, was mainly due to his public-spirited exertions allied to the engineering skill of Brindley. The road accommodation of the district being of an execrable character, he planned and executed a turnpike road through the Potteries, ten miles in length. The reputation he achieved was such that his works at Burslem, and subsequently those at Etruria, which he founded and built, became a point of attraction to distinguished visitors from all parts of Europe.

The result of Wedgwood's labors was, that the manufacture of pottery, which he found in the very lowest condition, became one of the staples of England; and instead of importing what they needed for home use from abroad, they became large exporters to other countries, supplying them with earthenware even in the face of enormous prohibitory duties on articles of British produce. Wedgwood gave evidence as to his manufactures before Parliament in 1785, only some thirty years after he had begun his operations; from which it appeared, that from providing only usual employment to a small number of inefficient and badly remunerated workmen, there were then about 20,000 persons deriving their bread directly from the manufacture of earthenware, without taking into account the increased numbers to

which it gave employment in coal-mines, and in the carrying trade by land and sea, and the stimulus which it gave to employment in various ways and parts of the country.

The man who took up this important work where Wedgwood left it, and carried it forward to still greater triumphs, was Herbert Minton, who was chiefly distinguished for the inexhaustible activity and ceaseless energy which he brought to bear upon the creation of a colossal business, which gave employment to some 1,500 skilled artisans. Minton had a clear head, strong body, rare powers of observation, and great endurance, besides a pride in, and a love for, his calling. Like Wedgwood, he employed first-rate artists, painters in enamel, sculptors, designers of flowers and figures,—and spared neither pains nor expense in securing the best workmen. The talents of the men employed by him were carefully discriminated and duly recognized, and merit felt stimulated by the hope of promotion and reward.

The result soon was that articles of taste, which had formerly been of altogether exceptional production, became objects of ordinary supply and demand ; and objects of artistic beauty, the designs of which were supplied by the best artists, were placed within reach of persons of moderate means. The quality of the articles manufactured at his works became so proverbial, that one day when Pickford's carrier rudely delivered a package from his cart at the hall-door of an exhibition of ceramic manufactures, and the officer in waiting expostulated with the man on his incautious handling of the package, his ready an-

swer was: "Oh, never fear, sir: it's Minton's, it won't break."

It is not a little remarkable that Mr. Minton, by his unaided energy and enterprise, and at his own risk, was enabled successfully to compete with the Sevres manufactures of France, which are produced by the co-operation of a large number of talented men, and the assistance of almost unlimited state funds. In many of the articles exhibited at Paris, in 1851, Mr. Minton's even excelled those of similar character produced at the Imperial manufactory. In hard porcelain, also, he surpassed the best specimens of Meissen and Berlin ware; in Parian, he was only approached by Copeland; while in the manufacture of encaustic tiles he stood without a rival. In perfecting these several branches, Mr. Minton had many difficulties to encounter and failures to surmount, but with true energy and determination to succeed, he conquered them all, and at length left the best of ancient tiles behind.

Mention was made, in the account just given, of the artist, John Flaxman, whose career is fully as noteworthy as those of Wedgwood and Minton who employed him. He was the son of an humble seller of plaster-casts in New Street, Covent Garden; and when a child, he was so constant an invalid that it was his custom to sit behind the shop counter propped by pillows, amusing himself with drawing and reading. A benevolent clergyman, named Mathews, one day calling at the shop, found the boy trying to read a book, and on inquiring what it was, found it was a Cornelius Nepos, which his father had picked up for a few pence at a bookstall. The

gentleman, after some conversation with the boy, said that was not the proper book for him to read, but that he would bring him a right one on the morrow ; and the kind man was as good as his word.

The Rev. Mr. Mathews used afterward to say, that from that casual interview with the crippled little invalid behind the plaster-cast seller's shop counter, began an acquaintance which ripened into one of the best friendships of his life. He brought several books to the boy, among which were Homer and "Don Quixote," in both of which Flaxman then and ever after took immense delight. His mind was soon full of the heroism which breathed through the pages of the former work, and, with the stucco Ajaxes and Achilli about him, looming along the shop shelves, the ambition thus early took possession of him, that he too would design and embody in poetic forms those majestic heroes. His black chalk was at once in his hand, and the enthusiastic boy labored in a divine despair to body forth in visible shapes, the actions of the Greeks and Trojans.

Like all youthful efforts, his first designs were crude. The proud father one day showed them to Roubilliac, the sculptor, who turned from them with a contemptuous "Pshaw!" But the boy had the right stuff in him ; he had industry and patience ; and he continued to labor incessantly at his books and drawings. It was long before he could walk, and only learned to do so at length by hobbling along on crutches. When he was able to throw these away, Mr. Mathews invited him to his house and helped him in his self-culture, giving him lessons in Greek and Latin. When under Mrs. Mathews he also at-

tempted with his bit of charcoal to embody in outline such passages as struck his fancy. But when one of these was shown to Mortimer, the artist, he exclaimed with affected surprise, "Is it an oyster?"

But after much study his drawing improved so much that Mrs. Mathews obtained for him a commission from a lady to draw six original sketches in black chalk from subjects in Homer. This was his first commission, and a great event in his life, for he executed the order, was well-praised and well-paid for his work, and soon afterward entered the Royal Academy. In his fifteenth year he gained the silver prize, and next tried for the gold one, but lost it. This failure on the part of the youth was really of service to him; for defeats do not long cast down the resolute-hearted, but only serve to call forth their real powers. "Give me time," said he to his father, "and I will yet produce works that the Academy will be proud to recognize."

He redoubled his efforts, spared no pains, designed and modeled incessantly, and consequently made steady if not rapid progress. But meanwhile, poverty threatened his father's household; the plaster-cast trade yielded a very bare living; and young Flaxman, with resolute self-denial, curtailed his hours of study, and devoted himself to helping his father in the humble details of his business. He laid aside his Homer to take up his plaster-trowel. He was willing to work in the humblest department of the trade so that his father's family might be supported, and the wolf kept from the door. To this drudgery of his art he served a long apprenticeship; but it did him good. It familiarized him with steady work, and

cultivated in him the spirit of patience. The discipline may have been rough, but it was wholesome.

Happily, young Flaxman's skill in designing had reached the knowledge of Mr. Wedgwood, who sought him out for the purpose of employing him in designing improved patterns of china and earthenware to be produced at his manufactory. It may seem an humble department of art for Flaxman to have labored in; but it really was not so. Articles which are in daily use among the people, and are before their eyes at every meal, may be made the vehicles of art-education and minister to their highest culture. Before Wedgwood's time, the designs upon china and stone-ware were hideous, so, finding out Flaxman, he said to him: "Well, my lad, I have heard that you are a good draughtsman and clever designer. I'm a manufacturer of pots,—name, Wedgwood. Now, I want you to design some models for me,—nothing fantastic, but simple, tasteful, and correct in drawing. I'll pay you well. You don't think the work beneath you?" "By no means, sir," replied Flaxman, "indeed, the work is quite to my taste. Give me a few days,—call again, and you will see what I can do." "That's right,—work away. Mind, I am in want of them now. They are for pots of all kinds,—teapots, jugs, teacups and saucers. But especially, I want designs for a table-service. Begin with that. I mean to supply one for the royal table. Now, think of that, young man. What you design is meant for the eyes of royalty!" "I will do my best, sir, I assure you." And the kind gentleman bustled out of the shop as he had come in.

Flaxman did his best. By the time that Mr.

Wedgwood next called upon him, he had a numerous series of models prepared for various pieces of earthenware. They consisted chiefly of small groups in very low relief,—the subjects taken from ancient verse and history. Many of them are still in existence, and some are equal in beauty and simplicity to his after-designs for marble. The celebrated Etruscan vases, many of which were to be found in public museums, and in the cabinets of the curious, furnished him with the best examples of form, and these he embellished with his own elegant devices. “Stuart’s Athens,” then recently published, also furnished him with specimens of the purest-shaped Greek utensils, and he adopted the best of them, and worked them up into wondrous shapes of elegance and beauty.

Flaxman continued at his work for several years, living a quiet and secluded life, working during the day, and reading in the evenings. At length in 1782, when twenty-seven years of age, he left his father’s house, hired one of his own, and married a cheery, bright-souled, noble woman by the name of Ann Denman. Like him, she had a taste for poetry and art, and was, besides, an enthusiastic admirer of her husband’s genius. Yet when Sir Joshua Reynolds,—himself a bachelor,—met Flaxman shortly after his marriage, he said to him, “So, Flaxman, I am told you are married ; if so, sir, I declare you are ruined for an artist.” Flaxman went straight home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand in his, and said, “Ann, I am ruined for an artist.” “How so, John ? How has it happened ? and who has done it ?” “It happened,” he replied, “in the church, and Ann Denman has done it.”

He then told her of Sir Joshua's remark,—whose opinion was well known, and had often been expressed, that if students would excel, they must bring the whole powers of their mind to bear upon their art, from the moment they rise until they go to bed; and also, that no man could be a *great* artist unless he studied the grand works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and others, at Rome and Florence. "And I," said Flaxman, drawing up his little figure to its full height, "I would be a great artist." And a great artist you shall be," said his wife, "and visit Rome too, if that be really necessary to make you great." "But how?" asked Flaxman. "*Work and economize*," rejoined the brave wife; "I will never have it said that Ann Denman ruined John Flaxman for an artist." And so it was determined by the pair that the journey to Rome should be made when their means would admit. "I will go to Rome," said Flaxman, "and show the President that wedlock is for a man's good rather than his harm; and you, Ann, shall accompany me."

Patiently and happily this affectionate couple plodded on during five years in that humble little home in Wardour street; always with the long journey to Rome before them. It was never lost sight of for a moment, and not a penny was uselessly spent that could be saved toward the necessary expenses. They said no word to any one about their project, solicited no aid from the Academy, but trusted to their own patient labor and love to pursue and achieve their object. By working for Wedgwood, who was a good paymaster, and saving diligently, Flaxman and wife at length set out for Rome.

Arrived there, he set himself at work and study, and after a while English visitors sought his studio, and gave him commissions at fifteen shillings apiece. He then prepared to return to England, his taste improved and cultivated by careful study; but before he left Italy, the Academies of Florence and Carrara recognized his merits by electing him a member.

His fame had preceded him to England, and he soon found abundant lucrative employment. While at Rome, he had been commissioned to execute his famous monument in memory of Lord Mansfield, and it was erected in the north transept of Westminster Abbey shortly after his return. It stands there in majestic grandeur, a monument to the genius of Flaxman himself,—calm, simple, and severe. No wonder that Banks, the sculptor, then in the heyday of his fame, exclaimed when he saw it: "This little man cuts us all out!"

When the big wigs of the Royal Academy heard of Flaxman's return, and especially when they had an opportunity of seeing and admiring his noble portrait-statue of Mansfield, they were eager to have him enrolled among their number. The Royal Academy always had the art of *running to the help of the strong*; and when an artist proved that he could achieve a reputation without the Academy, then the Academy was most willing to "patronize" him. He allowed his name to be proposed in the candidates' list of associates, and was immediately elected. His progress was now rapid, and he was constantly employed. Perseverance and study, which had matured his genius, had made him great, and he went on from triumph to triumph.

But he appeared in yet a new character. The little boy who had begun his studies behind the poor plaster-cast seller's shop-counter in New Street, Covent Garden, was now a man of high intellect and recognized supremacy in art, to instruct aspiring students, in the character of Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy. And no man better deserved to fill that distinguished office, for no man was better able to instruct others, than he who had met and conquered his difficulties alone. Flaxman's monuments are known all over England, and their mute poetry beautifies many cathedrals, as well as rural churches. Their tenderness and grace, the soul and meaning which Flaxman put into them, has never been surpassed. The historical monuments to Reynolds and Nelson in St. Paul's cathedral, are from his hand, and so were the rapid sketches illustrative of the Lord's Prayer published in lithograph some years since. After a long, peaceful, and happy life, Flaxman lost his affectionate wife Ann, but survived her several years, and continued to work, executing as his latest pieces, the celebrated "Shield of Achilles," and the "Archangel Michael Vanquishing Satan."

It is sometimes thought by those who have had no opportunity to learn the facts, that the titled aristocracy of England, those distinguished persons who are called the "Peers of the Realm," lords, dukes, earls, etc., are descendants of families who once owned the greater part of the island, and who won distinction in earlier times. And in some instances this is true ; but in many cases the English Peerage has been recruited from the lower and humbler ranks, and the houses are of modern origin.

It appears that these titles are open to commoners in England, somewhat as Senatorships are open to the poorest and humblest in this country ; about the only difference between the two, being that in England, a title once bestowed, remains with the family and is inherited, whereas in this country it expires practically at the end of the term of service, and actually at death. Here, every son must win the spurs of knighthood for himself, if he wishes to wear them, while across the sea, when once earned, they are handed down from father to son, without any effort on the son's part. The civil wars and rebellions ruined the old nobility, and dispersed their families, while the ranks of the modern peerage have been taken largely from honest industry, and from the professions.

Thus the earldom of Cornwallis was founded by Thomas Cornwallis, the Cheapside merchant ; that of Essex by William Capel, the draper ; and that of Craven by William Craven, the merchant tailor. The modern Earl of Warwick is not descended from "the King-maker," but from William Greville, the wool-stapler ; while the modern dukes of Northumberland find their head, not in the Percys, but in Hugh Smithson, a respectable London apothecary. The founders of the families of Dartmouth, Radnor, Ducie, and Pomfret, were respectively a skinner, a silk manufacturer, a merchant tailor, and a Calais merchant ; while the founders of the peerages of Tankerville, Dormer and Coventry, were dry-goods men.

The ancestors of Earl Romney, and Lords Dudley and Ward, were goldsmiths and jewelers ; and Lord

Dacres was a banker in the reign of Charles I., as Lord Overstone is in that of Queen Victoria. Edward Osborne, the founder of the dukedom of Leeds, was apprenticed to William Hewet, a rich cloth-worker on London Bridge, whose only daughter he courageously rescued from drowning by leaping into the Thames after her, and eventually married. Among other peerages founded by trade, are those of Fitzwilliam, Leigh, Petre, Cowper, Darnley, Hill and Carrington.

Not to mention the older feudal lords, whose tenure depended upon military service, and who so often led the van of the English armies in great national encounters, we may point to Nelson, St. Vincent, and Lyons,—to Wellington, Hill, Hardinge, Clyde, and many more in recent times, who have nobly earned their rank by their distinguished services. But plodding industry has far oftener worked its way to the peerage by the honorable pursuit of the legal profession, than by any other. No fewer than seventy British peerages, including two dukedoms, have been founded by successful lawyers. Mansfield and Erskine were, it is true, of noble families; but the latter used to thank God that out of his own family he did not know a lord. Mansfield owed nothing to his noble relations, who were poor and uninfluential. His success was the legitimate and logical result of the means which he sedulously employed to secure it. When a boy, he rode up from Scotland to London on a pony—taking two months to make the journey. After a course of school and college, he entered upon the profession of the law, and he closed a career of patient and ceaseless labor as Lord Chief Justice of

England, the functions of which office he is admitted to have performed with unsurpassed ability, justice and honor.

The others were for the most part, the sons of attorneys, grocers, clergymen, merchants, and hard-working members of the middle class. Out of this profession have sprung the peerages of Howard and Cavendish, the first peers of both families having been judges; those of Aylesford, Ellenborough, Guilford, Shaftesbury, Hardwicke, Cardigan, Clarendon, Camden, Ellesmere, Rosslyn; and others nearer our own day, such as Tenterden, Eldon, Brougham, Denman, Truro, Lyndhurst, St. Leonard's, Cranworth, Campbell, and Chelmsford.

The eminent Lord Lyndhurst's father was a portrait painter, and that of St. Leonard's, a hair-dresser in Burlington street. Young Edward Sugden was originally an errand-boy in the office of the late Mr. Groom, of Henrietta street, Cavendish Square, a certificated conveyancer; and it was there that the future Lord Chancellor of Ireland obtained his first notions of law. The origin of the late Lord Tenterden was perhaps the humblest of all, nor was he ashamed of it; for he felt that the industry, study, and application, by means of which he achieved his eminent position, were entirely due to himself.

It is related of him, that on one occasion he took his son Charles to a little shed, then standing opposite the western front of Canterbury Cathedral, and pointing it out to him, said, "Charles, you see this little shop; I have brought you here on purpose to show it to you. In that shop your grandfather used to shave for a penny! That is the proudest reflection

of my life." When a boy, Lord Tenterden was a singer in the cathedral, and it is a curious circumstance that his destination in life was changed by a disappointment. When he and Mr. Justice Richards were going the Home Circuit together, they went to service in the cathedral, and when Richards commended the voice of a singing-man in the choir, Lord Tenterden said: "Ah! that is the only man I ever envied. When at school in this town, we were candidates for a chorister's place, and he obtained it."

Not less remarkable was the rise of John Scott, afterward Lord Eldon, to the distinguished office of Lord Chancellor. He was the son of a Newcastle coal-fitter, a mischievous, rather than a studious boy, a great scapegrace at school, and the subject of many terrible thrashings for robbing orchards. His father first thought of putting him as an apprentice to a grocer, and afterward had almost made up his mind to make a coal-fitter of him, but about this time his eldest brother William (afterward Lord Stowell) had gained a scholarship at Oxford, and wrote to his father, saying, "Send Jack up to me." Accordingly John went up to Oxford, obtained a fellowship, but soon fell in love, ran away with the girl across the border, and got married, and, as his friends thought, ruined himself for life. But John said, "I have married rashly, and now am determined to work hard to provide for the woman I love." He went up to London, took a small house, and settled down to the study of the law. He worked with great diligence and resolution, rising at four every morning, and studying till late at night, binding a wet towel round his head to keep himself awake. Too poor to study under a

special pleader, he copied out three folio volumes from a manuscript collection of precedents.

Long after, when Lord Chancellor, passing down Cursitor Lane one day, he said to his secretary, "Here was my first perch; many a time do I recollect coming down this street with sixpence in my hand to buy sprats for supper." When at length, called to the bar, he waited long for employment, his first year's earnings amounted to only nine shillings. For four years he assiduously attended the London courts and the Northern Circuit, with little better success. Even in his native town he seldom had other than pauper cases to defend. The results were indeed so discouraging that he had almost determined to relinquish his chance of London business, and settle down in some provincial town as a country barrister. His brother William wrote home, "Business is dull with poor Jack, very dull indeed!" But as he had escaped being a grocer, a coal-fitter, and a country parson, so did he also escape being a country lawyer.

An opportunity at length occurred, which enabled John Scott to exhibit the large legal knowledge which he had so laboriously acquired. In a case in which he was employed, he urged a legal point against the wishes, both of the attorney and client who employed him. The Master of the Rolls decided against him, but on an appeal to the House of Lords, Lord Thurlow reversed the decision on the very point that Scott had urged. On leaving the House that day, a solicitor tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Young man, your bread and butter is cut for life." And the prophecy proved a faithful one, for in 1783, at the age of thirty-two, he was ap-

pointed King's Counsel, put at the head of the Northern Circuit, sat in Parliament, and so went steadily up to the highest office the Crown had to bestow, holding it for twenty-five years.

In a former chapter we gave an account of Sir William Phipps, a Yankee boy by birth, who founded the house of Normanby. Equally interesting and valuable is the example of Richard Foley, the founder of the house of Foley, whose father was a small yeoman living in the center of one of the iron manufacturing districts of England. Richard was brought up to work at one of the branches of the trade, that of nail-making. He was thus a daily observer of the great labor and loss of time caused by the clumsy process then used for dividing the rods of iron into nails. It appeared about that time that the English nail-makers were gradually losing trade on account of the importation of Swedish nails, which were made much faster and cheaper by reason of better mills and machinery.

Young Foley determined to make himself master of this new process. Accordingly, he suddenly disappeared from his native town, and was not heard of again for many years. No one knew where he had gone, not even his own family. He had but little money, but contrived to get to Hull, and then worked his passage to Sweden. The only article of property which he carried with him was a fiddle, and after landing in Sweden, he begged and fiddled his way to the iron mines near Upsala. Being a capital musician, as well as a pleasant fellow, he soon ingratiated himself into the good-will of the workmen, was received into all the different shops, stored his

mind with observations, and then as suddenly disappeared from among the miners, as he had from home.

Arrived in England, he communicated the results of his voyage to Mr. Knight and another person at Stourbridge, who had sufficient confidence in him to advance the requisite funds for the purpose of erecting buildings and machinery for splitting iron by the new process. But when set at work, to the great vexation and disappointment of all, and especially of Richard Foley, it was found that the machinery would not act,—at all events, it would not split the bars of iron. Again Foley disappeared. It was thought that shame and mortification at his failure had driven him away forever. Not so! Foley had determined to master this secret of iron-splitting, and he would yet do it. He had again set out for Sweden, accompanied by his fiddle as before, and found his way to the iron works, where he was joyfully welcomed by the miners; and, to make sure of their fiddler, they this time lodged him in the very splitting-mill itself.

There was such an apparent absence of intelligence about the man, except in fiddle-playing, that the miners entertained no suspicions as to the object of their minstrel, whom they thus enabled to attain the very end and aim of his life. He now carefully examined the works, and soon discovered the cause of his failure. He made drawings or tracings of the machinery as well as he could, for this was a branch of art quite new to him; and after remaining at the place long enough to enable him to verify his observations, and to impress the mechanical arrangements clearly and vividly on his mind, he again left the

nail works, reached a Swedish port, and took ship for England. A man of such purpose could not but succeed. He came back to his mills, changed his machinery, and set in motion that branch of industry which enabled England to hold her own nail-trade, and also supply the markets of other nations. Foley lived to see the results of his own perseverance and skill, and died respected and honored by the whole nation whose interests he had so faithfully served, while serving his own.

Henry Bickersteth was the son of a surgeon at Kirkby, Lonsdale, in Westmoreland. His father designed him for his own profession, and accordingly sent him to Edinburgh, and then to Cambridge, to complete his studies for that purpose. As a student the boy was distinguished for his intense application and steady devotion to the object before him. He disliked the profession, however, and wished to abandon it. Losing his health by close study, he became traveling physician for Lord Oxford, and went to Italy. Upon his return, he went back to Cambridge, took his degree, and entered as a student in the Inner Temple. He worked as hard at law as he had done at medicine.

Writing to his father he said, "Everybody says to me, 'You are certain of success in the end,—only persevere;' and though I don't well understand how this is to happen, I try to believe it as much as I can, and I shall not fail to do everything in my power." At twenty-eight he was called to the bar, and had every step in life yet to make. His means were straitened, and he lived upon the contributions of his friends. For years he studied and waited. Still

no business came. He stinted himself in recreation, in clothes, and even in the necessities of life; struggling on indefatigably through all. Writing home he "confesses that he hardly knows how he shall be able to struggle on till he has had fair time and opportunity to establish himself."

After three years' waiting thus without success, he wrote to his friends that, rather than be a burden upon them longer, he was willing to give the matter up and return to Cambridge, "where he was sure of support and some profit." The friends at home sent him another small remittance, and he went on. Business gradually came in. Acquitting himself creditably in small matters, he was intrusted with cases of greater importance. He was a man who never missed an opportunity, nor allowed a legitimate chance of improvement to escape him. His unflinching industry soon began to tell upon his fortunes; a few years more and he was not only enabled to do without assistance from home, but he was in a position to pay back with interest the debts which he had incurred. The clouds had dispersed, and the after-career of Henry Bickersteth was one of honor, of emolument, and of distinguished fame. He ended his career as Master of the Rolls, sitting in the House of Peers as Baron Langdale.

Dr. David Livingstone has told the story of his own life in that modest and unassuming manner so thoroughly characteristic of the man himself. His ancestors were poor but honest Highlanders, and one of them is said to have left behind him as his only legacy the precept, "Be honest." At the age of ten, Livingstone was put to work in a cotton factory.

With part of his first week's wages he bought a Latin grammar and commenced to learn that language at a night school. When not sent to bed by his mother, he would sit up till twelve or later, conning his lessons, although he had to rise the next morning by six. In this way he went through Virgil and Horace, at the same time reading scientific works and books of travel. He also made some proficiency in the study of botany. He even carried on his reading amidst the roar of the machinery in the mill, by placing the book upon the spinning jenny which he worked, so that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed.

In this way the persevering factory boy acquired much useful knowledge; and as he grew older, the desire possessed him of becoming a missionary to the heathen. With this object, he set himself to obtain a medical education, in order the better to be qualified for the enterprise. He accordingly economized his earnings, and saved as much money as enabled him to support himself while attending the Medical and Greek classes, as well as the Divinity Lectures at Glasgow, for several winters, working as a cotton spinner during the remainder of each year. He thus supported himself during his college career entirely by his own earnings as a factory workman, never having received a farthing of help from any other source. "Looking back now," he honestly says, "at that time of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education; and, were it possible, I should like to begin life over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training."

At length he finished his medical curriculum, wrote his Latin thesis, passed his examinations, and was admitted a licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. At first he thought of going to China, but the war then raging with that country prevented his following out that idea; and having offered his services to the London Missionary Society, he was by them sent to Africa, which he reached in 1840. He had intended to proceed to China by his own efforts; and he says the only pang he had in going to Africa at the charge of the London Missionary Society was, because "it was not quite agreeable to one accustomed to work his own way, to become in a manner dependent upon others."

Arrived in Africa, he set to work with great vigor. He could not brook the idea of merely entering upon the labors of others, but cut out a large sphere of independent work, preparing himself for it by undertaking manual labor in building and other handicraft employment, in addition to teaching, which, he says, "made me generally as much exhausted and unfit for study in the evenings as ever I had been when a cotton-spinner. While laboring among the Bechuanas, he dug canals, built houses, cultivated fields, reared cattle, and taught the natives while he worked with them. At first, when starting with a party of them on foot upon a long journey, he overheard their observations upon his appearance and powers: "He is not strong," said they; "he is quite slim, and only appears stout because he puts himself into those bags (trousers); he will soon break up."

This caused the missionary's Highland blood to rise, and made him despise the fatigue of keeping

them all at the top of their speed for days together, until he heard them expressing proper opinions of his pedestrian powers. What he did in Africa, and how he worked, may be learned from his own "Missionary Travels," one of the most fascinating books of its kind that has ever been given to the public. One of his last known acts is thoroughly characteristic of the man. The "Birkenhead" steam launch, which he took out with him to Africa, having proved a failure, he sent home orders for the construction of another at an estimated cost of £2,000. This sum he proposed to defray out of the means which he had set aside for his children arising from the profits of his travels.

John C. Loudon, the landscape gardener, was another man of industrious character, and possessed of an extraordinary working power. The son of a farmer near Edinburgh, he was early inured to work. His skill in drawing plans and making sketches of scenery induced his father to train him for a landscape gardener. During his apprenticeship he sat up two whole nights every week to study; yet he worked harder during the day than any laborer. During his studious hours he learned French, and before he was eighteen translated a life of Abelard for an Encyclopædia. He was so eager to make progress in life, that when only twenty, while working as a gardener in England, he wrote down in his note-book, "I am now twenty years of age, and perhaps a third part of my life has passed away, and yet what have I done to benefit my fellow-men?"—an unusual reflection for a youth of only twenty. From French he proceeded to learn German, and rapidly mastered that language.

He now took a large farm for the purpose of introducing Scotch improvements in the art of agriculture, and soon succeeded in realizing a considerable income. The continent being thrown open on the cessation of the war, he proceeded to travel for the purpose of observation, making sketches of the system of gardening in all countries, which he afterward introduced in the historical part of his laborious *Encyclopædia of Gardening*. He twice repeated his journeys abroad for a similar purpose, the result of which appeared in his books, which perhaps are among the most remarkable works of their kind, distinguished for the immense mass of useful matter which they contain, gathered by dint of persevering industry and labor such as has rarely been equaled.

Men who are resolved to find a way for themselves, will always find opportunities enough; and if they do not lie ready to their hand, they will make them. It is not those who have enjoyed the advantages of colleges, museums, and public galleries that have accomplished the most for science and art; nor have the greatest mechanics and inventors been trained in mechanics' institutes. Necessity, oftener than facility, has been the mother of invention; and the most prolific school of all has been the school of difficulty. Some of the very best workmen have had the most indifferent tools to work with. But it is not tools that make the workman, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed, it is proverbial that the bad workman never yet had a good tool.

Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains,

sir," was his reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvelous things,—such as his wooden clock, that accurately measured the hours,—by means of a common pen-knife, a tool in everybody's hand. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light, and the origin of colors. An eminent foreign *savant* once called upon Dr. Wolleston and requested to be shown over his laboratories in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the doctor took him into a little study, and pointing to an old tea-tray on the table containing a few watch-glasses, test papers, a small balance, and a blowpipe, said, "There is all the laboratory that I have!"

Stothard learned the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects. Watt made his first model of the condensing engine out of an old anatomist's syringe used to inject arteries previous to dissection. Gifford worked his first problem in mathematics, when a cobbler's apprentice, upon small scraps of leather which he beat smooth for the purpose; while Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plow-handle. Professor Lee was first attracted to the study of Hebrew by finding a Bible in this language in a synagogue while working as a carpenter at repairing the benches. He bought a cheap, second-hand Hebrew grammar, set himself at work, learned the language for himself, and so was able to read the book in the original.

The Duke of Argyle asked Edmund Stone how he, a poor gardener's boy, contrived to be able to read Newton's *Principia* in Latin. The youth replied: "One needs only to know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, in order to learn everything else he wishes." Application, perseverance, and the right improvement of opportunities, will do the rest.

Dr. Joseph Priestley, the founder of a new department of science, and the discoverer of many gases, was accidentally drawn to the subject by the circumstance of his residing in the neighborhood of a large brewery. Being an attentive observer, he noted, in visiting the brewery, the peculiar appearances attending the extinction of lighted chips in the gas floating over the fermented liquor. He was forty years old at the time, and knew nothing of chemistry; he obtained access, however, to books, which taught him little, for as yet nothing was known on the subject. Then he commenced experimenting, devising his own apparatus, which was of the rudest description. The curious results of first experiments led to others, which in his hands shortly became the science of pneumatic chemistry. About the same time, Scheele was obscurely working in the same direction in a remote Swedish village, and he discovered several new gases, with no more effective apparatus at his command than a few apothecaries' phials and pig's bladders.

Sir Humphrey Davy, when an apothecary's apprentice, performed his first experiments with instruments of the rudest description. He extemporized the greater part of them himself, out of the motley materials which chance threw in his way. The pots and

pans of the kitchen, and the phials and vessels of his master's surgery, were remorselessly put in requisition. It happened that a French vessel was wrecked off Land's End, and the surgeon escaped, bearing with him his case of instruments, among which was an old-fashioned clyster apparatus; this article he presented to Davy, with whom he had become acquainted. The apothecary's apprentice received it with great exultation, and forthwith employed it as a part of a pneumatic apparatus which he contrived, afterward using it to perform the duties of air-pump.

The words which Davy entered in his note-book, when about twenty years of age, working away in Dr. Beddow's laboratory at Bristol, were eminently characteristic of him: "I have neither riches, nor power, nor birth, to recommend me; yet, if I live, I trust I shall not be of less service to mankind and my friends, than if I had been born with all these advantages." Davy possessed the capability, as Faraday did, of devoting all the powers of his mind to the practical and experimental investigation of a subject in all its bearings; and such a mind will rarely fail, by dint of mere industry and patient thinking, in producing results of the highest order. Coleridge said of Davy, "There is an energy and an elasticity in his mind, which enables him to seize on and analyze all questions, pushing them to their legitimate consequences. Every subject in Davy's mind has the principle of vitality. Living thoughts spring up like turf under his feet." Davy, on his part, said of Coleridge, "With the most exalted genius, enlarged views, sensitive heart, and enlightened mind, he will be the victim of a want of order, precision, and regularity."

Cuvier, when a youth, was one day strolling along the sands near Fiquainville, in Normandy, when he observed a cuttle-fish lying stranded on the beach. He was attracted by the curious object, took it home to dissect, and began the study of the mollusca, which ended in his becoming one of the greatest among natural historians. In like manner, Hugh Miller's curiosity was excited by the remarkable traces of extinct sea-animals in the Old Red Sandstone, on which he worked as a quarryman. He inquired, observed, studied, and became a geologist. "It was the necessity," said he, "which made me a quarrier, that taught me to be a geologist."

When the building committee advertised for plans of the Crystal Palace of 1851, the successful competitor was at the time acting as gardener to the Duke of Devonshire, in England. He is now known as Sir Joseph Paxton. The architects and engineers were very much puzzled when Paxton submitted his design, but its novelty and suitableness for the purposes intended, at once secured its adoption. Paxton made his first sketch of the building upon a sheet of blotting-paper in the rooms of the Midland Railway Company at Derby, but this sketch indicated its principal features as accurately as the finished drawings did afterward. Was it a sudden idea, an inspiration of genius? Not at all. The architect of the Crystal Palace was simply a man who cultivated opportunities; a laborious, painstaking man, whose life had been one of self-improvement and assiduous cultivation of knowledge. The idea of the building, as Paxton declared in a subsequent lecture, was slowly and patiently elaborated by experiments extending

over many years, and the Exhibition of 1851 only afforded him an opportunity to put his idea forward—with what result we have seen.

Dr. Marshall Hall was the son of Robert Hall of Basford, England, a manufacturer who was the inventor of bleaching cotton cloth by chlorine on a large scale. In the old process of bleaching, each piece had to be exposed to the air several weeks in the summer, and kept continually moist by hand labor. For this purpose meadow land was essential. Now a single establishment near Glasgow bleaches 1,400 pieces daily throughout the year in as many hours as it formerly took weeks. To this same man's second son, Samuel Nottingham Hall, the world is indebted for the manufacture and bleaching of the celebrated Nottingham lace. Marshall Hall became a physician and a physiologist, and his name will rank with those of Harvey, Hunter, Jenner, and Bell. During the whole course of his long and useful life, he was a most careful and minute observer; and no fact, however apparently insignificant, escaped his attention.

His important discovery of the diastalic nervous system, by which his name will long be known among scientific men, originated in an exceedingly simple circumstance. When investigating the pneumonic circulation in the triton, the decapitated object lay upon the table; and on separating the tail, and accidentally pricking the external integument, he observed that it moved with energy, and became contorted into various forms. He had not touched a muscle nor a muscular nerve; what then, was the nature of these movements? The same phenomena had

probably often before been observed, but Dr. Hall was the first to apply himself perseveringly to the investigation of their causes; and he exclaimed on the occasion, "I will never rest satisfied until I have found all this out, and made it clear." His attention to the subject was almost incessant; and it is estimated that in the course of his life he devoted not less than 25,000 hours to its experimental and chemical investigation; at the same time he was carrying on an extensive private practice, and officiating as a lecturer at St. Thomas' Hospital and other medical schools. At first, his discovery was rejected by the Royal Society, but after seventeen years it was accepted and acknowledged, both at home and abroad.

Sir William Herschel, the astronomer, was the son of a poor German musician who came to England from the Continent to seek his fortune. He first joined a military band and played the oboe. A Dr. Miller of Doncaster heard Herschel perform a solo on a violin and was so much pleased with it and him, that he offered the young musician a home at his house. Herschel accepted the offer, played at concerts when wanted, and spent the rest of his time studying in Dr. Miller's library. A new organ having been built at Halifax, Herschel applied for the position of organist, and was selected. While there he began to study mathematics, entirely unassisted.

Next he went to Bath and joined a band, besides officiating as organist in a chapel. Some recent discoveries in astronomy having arrested his mind, and awakened in him a powerful spirit of curiosity, he sought and obtained from a friend the loan of a two-foot Gregorian telescope. So fascinated was the

poor musician by the science, that he even thought of purchasing a telescope, but the price asked by the London optician was so alarming, that he determined to make one. Those who know what a reflecting telescope is, and the skill which is required to prepare the concave metallic speculum which forms the most important part of the apparatus, will be able to form some idea of the difficulty of this undertaking. Nevertheless, Herschel succeeded, after long and painful labor, in completing a five-foot reflector, with which he had the gratification of observing the ring and satellites of Saturn.

Not satisfied with this triumph, he proceeded to make other instruments in succession, of seven, ten, and even twenty feet. In constructing the seven-foot reflector, he finished no fewer than two hundred specula before he produced one that would bear any power that was applied to it,—a striking instance of the persevering laboriousness of the man. While sublimely gauging the heavens with his instruments, he continued patiently to earn his bread by piping to the fashionable frequenters of the Bath Pump-Room. So eager was he in his astronomical observations, that he would steal away from the room during an interval of the performance, give a little turn to his telescope, and contentedly return to his oboe. Thus working away, Herschel discovered the Georgium Sidus, the orbit and rate of motion of which he carefully calculated and sent to the Royal Society, when the humble oboe-player found himself at once famous. He was shortly after appointed Astronomer Royal, and by the kindness of George III., placed in comfortable circumstances for life.

Hugh Miller has told the story of his life in a book called, "My Schools and Schoolmasters." It is full of lessons of self-help, and is the history of the formation of a truly noble character. His father was drowned at sea when he was but a child, leaving the boy in the care of his widowed mother. He had some school training, read much, and gleaned pickings of odd knowledge from many quarters. With a big hammer that belonged to his great-grandfather, the boy went about chipping the stones and laying up specimens of mica, porphyry, garnet, and such like. Sometimes he had a day in the woods, and found wonderful geological curiosities there. While searching among the rocks on the beach, the farm-servants would ask him whether he was "getting silver among the stones," but the boy kept on, paying no heed to any unkind remarks.

His uncles were very anxious to have him enter the ministry, and offered to pay all his expenses at college, but the youth did not feel *called* to the ministry, and finally, the uncles gave up the point. Hugh was accordingly apprenticed to the trade of his choice,—that of a working stone mason; and he began his laboring career in a quarry, looking out upon the Cromarty Frith. This quarry proved one of his best schools. The remarkable geological formations which it displayed, awakened his curiosity. The bar of deep-red stone beneath, and the bar of pale-red clay above, were noted by the young quarryman, who, even in such unpromising subjects, found matter for observation and reflection. Where other men saw nothing, he detected analogies, differences, and peculiarities, which set him to thinking. He simply

kept his eyes and his mind open ; was sober, diligent, and persevering ; and this was the secret of his intellectual growth.

His curiosity was excited and kept alive by the curious organic remains, principally of old and extinct species of fishes, ferns, and ammonites, which lay revealed along the coasts by the washings of the waves, or were exposed by the stroke of his mason's hammer. He never lost sight of this object ; went on accumulating observations, comparing formations, until at length, when no longer a working mason, many years afterward, he gave to the world his highly interesting work on the Old Red Sandstone, which at once established his reputation as a scientific geologist. But this work was the fruit of long years of patient observation and research. As he modestly states in his autobiography : "The only merit to which I lay claim in the case is that of patient research,—a merit in which whoever wills may rival or surpass me ; and this humble faculty of patience, when rightly developed, may lead to more extraordinary developments of idea than even genius itself."

John Leyden was the son of a shepherd in one of the wildest valleys of Roxburghshire, and was almost entirely self-educated. Like many Scotch shepherds' sons,—like Hogg, who taught himself to write by copying the letters of a printed book as he lay watching his flock on the hill-side,—like Cairns, who, from tending sheep on the Lammermoors, raised himself by dint of application and industry, to the professor's chair which he so long worthily held,—like Murray, Ferguson, and many more, Leyden was early

inspired by a thirst for knowledge. When a poor barefooted boy, he walked six or eight miles across the moors daily to learn reading at the little village schoolhouse at Kirkton, and this was all the education he received ; the rest he acquired for himself.

He found his way to Edinburgh to attend the college there, setting the extremest penury at utter defiance. He was first discovered as a frequenter of a small bookseller's shop kept by Archibald Constable, afterward so well known as a publisher. He would pass hour after hour perched on a ladder in mid-air, with some great folio in his hand, forgetful of the scanty meal of bread and water which awaited him at his miserable lodging. Access to books and lectures comprised all within the bounds of his wishes. Thus he toiled and battled at the gates of science until his unconquerable perseverance carried everything before it. Before he had attained his nineteenth year, he had astonished all the professors in Edinburgh by his profound knowledge of Greek and Latin, and the general mass of information he had acquired.

Having turned his views to India, he sought employment in the civil service, but failed. He was, however, informed that a surgeon's assistant's commission was open to him. But he was no surgeon, and knew no more of the profession than a child. He could, however, learn. Then he was told that he must be ready to pass in six months ! Nothing daunted, he set to work to acquire in six months what usually requires three years. At the end of six months he took his degree with honor. Scott and a few friends helped him to fit out, and he sailed for India, after publishing a poem entitled "The Scenes

of Infancy." An early death by fever only prevented him from becoming one of the greatest of Oriental scholars.

To know how the example of the poorest of men may affect society, hear what Dr. Guthrie of Scotland says of the influence of John Pounds, a Portsmouth cobbler, upon his own career as the apostle of the ragged-school movement: "The interest I have been led to take in this cause is an example of how, in Providence, a man's destiny—his course of life, like that of a river—may be determined and affected by very trivial circumstances. It is rather curious—at least, it is interesting to me to remember—that it was by a picture I was first led to take an interest in ragged schools—by a picture in an old, obscure, decaying burgh that stands on the shores of the Frith of Forth, the birthplace of Thomas Chalmers.

"I went to see this place many years ago, and, going into an inn for refreshment, I found the room covered with pictures of shepherdesses with their crooks, and sailors in holiday attire, not particularly interesting. But above the chimney-piece there was a large print, more respectable than its neighbors, which represented a cobbler's room. The cobbler was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees, the massive forehead and firm mouth indicating great determination of character, and beneath his bushy eyebrows benevolence gleamed out on a number of poor ragged boys and girls who stood at their lessons round the busy cobbler.

"My curiosity was awakened, and in the inscription I read how this man, John Pounds, a cobbler in Portsmouth, taking pity on the multitude of poor

ragged children left by ministers and magistrates and ladies and gentlemen to go to ruin on the streets, how, like a good shepherd, he gathered in these wretched outcasts; how he had trained them to God and to the world; and how, while earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, he had rescued from misery and saved to society not less than five hundred of these children. I felt ashamed of myself. I felt reprovèd for the little I had done. My feelings were touched. I was astonished at this man's achievements, and I well remember, in the enthusiasm of the moment, saying to my companion (and I have seen in my cooler and calmer moments no reason for unsaying the saying): 'That man is an honor to humanity, and deserves the tallest monument ever raised within the shores of Britain.' I took up that man's history, and I found it animated by the spirit of Him who had 'compassion on the multitude.'

"John Pounds was a clever man besides, and, like Paul, if he could not win a poor boy any other way, he won him by art. He would be seen chasing a ragged boy along the quays, and compelling him to come to school, not by the power of a policeman, but by the power of a hot potato. He knew the love an Irishman had for a potato, and John Pounds might be seen running, holding under the boy's nose a potato, like an Irishman, very hot, and with a coat as ragged as himself. When the day comes when honor will be done to whom honor is due, I can fancy the crowd of whose fame poets have sung, and to whose memory monuments have been raised, dividing like the wave, and, passing the great, the noble, and the mighty of the land, this poor, obscure old man, step-

ping forward and receiving the especial notice of Him who said: 'Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it also to me.'

There are many more illustrious names which might be cited to prove the truth of the common saying that "it is never too late to learn." Even at advanced years men can do much, if they will determine to make a beginning. Sir Henry Spelman did not begin the study of science until he was between fifty and sixty years of age. Franklin was fifty before he fully entered upon the study of natural philosophy. Dryden and Scott were not known as authors until each was in his fortieth year. Boccaccio was thirty-five when he entered upon his literary career, and Alfieri was forty-six when he commenced the study of Greek. Dr. Arnold learned German at an advanced age for the purpose of reading Niebuhr in the original; and in like manner James Watt, when about forty, learned French, German, and Italian, that he might read the valuable mechanical works published in those languages. Rev. Robert Hall was once found lying upon the floor, racked with pain, learning Italian in his old age. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works. None but the frivolous or the indolent will say: "I am too old to learn."

In fact, precocity in youth is quite as often a symptom of disease as an indication of permanent intellectual vigor. What becomes of all the remarkably smart children? Trace them through life, and it will be found that the dull boys often shoot ahead of them. An interesting chapter might be written on the subject of illustrious dunces—dull boys, but bril-

liant men. We have room, however, for only a few instances. Pietro di Cortona, the painter, was thought so stupid that he was nicknamed "Ass' Head" when a boy, and Tomaso Guidi was generally known as "Heavy Tom," though by diligence he afterward raised himself to the highest eminence. Newton, when at school, stood at the bottom of the lowermost form but one. The boy above Newton having kicked him, the dunce showed his pluck by challenging him to a fight, and beat him. Then he set to work with a will, and determined also to vanquish his antagonist as a scholar, which he did, rising to the head of his class.

Many of our greatest divines have been anything but precocious. Isaac Barrow, when a boy at the Charterhouse School, was notorious chiefly for his strong temper, pugnacious habits, and proverbial idleness as a scholar, and he caused such grief to his parents, that his father used to say that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac, the least promising of them all. Adam Clarke, when a boy, was proclaimed by his father to be "a grievous dunce," though he could roll large stones about. Dean Swift, one of the greatest writers of pure English, was "plucked" at Dublin University, and only obtained his recommendation to Oxford by special grace. The well-known Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Cook were boys together at the parish school of St. Andrews, and they were found so stupid and mischievous, that the master, irritated beyond measure, dismissed them both as incorrigible dunces.

The brilliant Sheridan showed so little capacity as a boy, that he was presented to a tutor by his mother

with the complimentary accompaniment, that he was an incorrigible dunce. Walter Scott was all but a dunce when a boy, always much readier for a "bicker" than apt at his lessons. At the Edinburgh University, Professor Dalzell pronounced upon him the sentence that "dunce he was, and dunce he would remain." Chatterton was returned on his mother's hands as a "fool, of whom nothing could be made." Burns was a dull boy, good only at athletic exercises. Goldsmith spoke of himself as a plant that flowered late. Alfieri left college no wiser than he entered it, and did not begin the studies by which he distinguished himself, until he had run half over Europe.

Robert Clive was a dunce, if not a reprobate, when a youth, but always full of energy, even in badness. His family, glad to get rid of him, shipped him off to Madras, and he lived to lay the foundations of the British power in India. Napoleon and Wellington were both dull boys, not distinguishing themselves in any way at school. Of the former the Duchess d'Abrantes says: "He had good health, but was in other respects like other boys." A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* observes that the Duke's talents seem never to have developed themselves, until some active and practical field for their display was placed immediately before him. He was long described by his Spartan mother, who thought him a dunce, as only "food for powder." He gained no sort of distinction, either at Eton, or at the French Military college of Angers. It is not improbable that a competitive examination, at this day, might have excluded him from the army.

John Howard, the philanthropist, was another illustrious dunce, learning next to nothing during the seven years that he attended school. Stephenson, as a youth, was distinguished chiefly for his skill at wrestling, and attention to his work. The brilliant Sir Humphrey Davy was no smarter than other boys, and his teacher said he could never discover in him the faculties by which he became so distinguished. Watt, too, was a dull scholar. As Dr. Arnold of Rugby said, the difference in boys is more in energy than in talent. The dunce, with persistence and application, will inevitably get ahead of the smart boy without these qualities. Slow but sure, generally wins the race. The position of boys at school is oftener reversed in after-life than otherwise, because everything which comes easy,—be it money or learning,—goes easy; while that which is only acquired through great difficulty, sticks, being held with a firmer grip.

It is also a little remarkable how many of the world's great men have been little men. "It would be a curious inquiry how far the distinctions attained by celebrated men have been owing to personal insignificance. It is remarked by greyhound fanciers that a well-formed, compact-shaped puppy never makes a fleet dog; and it is certain that many a loose-jointed, awkward, and clumsy man, as well as many a hump-backed and ugly-looking one, has found in his deformity, as Bacon long ago remarked, 'a perpetual spur, to rescue and deliver him from scorn.' History is full of examples of pigmies, who, tormented by a mortifying consciousness of their physical inferiority, have been provoked thereby to show that their

lack of flesh and blood has been more than made up to them in brains. Many a Lilliputian in body has proved himself a Brobdingnagian in intellect."

When Lord Nelson was passing over the quay at Yarmouth to take possession of the ship to which he had been appointed, the people exclaimed, "Why make that little fellow captain?" The sneer of disparagement was but a "foregone conclusion" in his own mind, and he thought of it when he fought the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar. Had Bonaparte been six inches higher, says Hazlitt, it is doubtful whether he would have gone on that disastrous Russian expedition, or whether he would even have been First Consul or Emperor. It was the nickname of "Little Corporal" that probably first pricked the sides of his ambition, and stung him into that terrible activity which made all Europe tremble.

Nearly all of the poets, and many of the greatest prose writers of ancient and modern times, have been little men. One of the great poets of Athens was so small that his friend fastened lead to his sandals to prevent his being toppled over or blown away. Aristotle, as we have already remarked, was a pigmy in person, though a giant in intellect. Of Pope, who was so small and crooked as to be compared to an interrogation point, Hazlitt asks, "Do we owe nothing to his deformity? He doubtless soliloquized, 'Though my person be crooked, my verses shall be straight.'" It was owing doubtless, in some degree, to the fact that he could boast of but four feet and six inches in stature, that the phenomenon of the eighteenth century, the Abbe Galiani, owed his vast and solid erudition.

Reader, after studying all these good examples, pluck up courage, and resolve to be like the best of them.





PART II.

HAPPINESS IN SOCIAL AND FAMILY LIFE.

Happiness is our being's end and aim !

ALEXANDER POPE.

There is a gentle element, and man
May breathe it with a calm, unruffled soul,
And drink its living waters till his heart
Is pure;—and this is human happiness.

N. P. WILLIS.

A man's happiness and success in life will depend not so much upon what he has, or upon what position he occupies, as upon what he is, and the heart he carries into his position.


PROF. S. J. WILSON.



HAPPINESS.

"Over all men hangs a doubtful fate,
One gains by what another is bereft;
The frugal deities have only left
A common bank of happiness below,
Maintained, like nature, by an ebb and flow."

—SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

APPINESS consists in part in being fortunate or successful in business life; in acquiring by honorable effort and legitimate methods a money competence. Good houses to live in, and plenty of good food and clothing, books, pictures, fine horses and carriages, money to entertain with, or to travel with, are not at all to be despised by one who seeks to be happy. All these have their influence on a man's spirits and temper, and in providing him with suitable opportunities to enjoy what are called the "good things of this life."

But money is not all, nor even the main ingredient in the cup of happiness. It is one element, we admit, but only one; for there are, in proportion, as many unhappy rich people in the world, as poor ones—if not more. This, however, is not to be charged against riches so much as to those who, possessing riches, do not know how to use them properly. Like

almost everything else in the world, money can be made to contribute to human happiness or misery with equal facility, according to the nature and disposition of him who handles it. We need many things which money will buy, and many more which money cannot buy. And what these things are we shall in this part of our work proceed to enumerate.

HAPPINESS DEFINED.

Bishop Butler was right in defining happiness to be a "state of congruity (or suitableness and harmony) between a man's nature and his circumstances." This definition is very broad, deep, and comprehensive, and needs a little unfolding to bring out its truthfulness and application. First, all men are surrounded and environed in this life by a network of events, persons, and things, the action of which upon each other and their combined relation to man himself, produces what we call *circumstances*. These hem a man in on every side, and he can no more escape their influence than a ship sailing across the ocean can escape the action of wind and tide. These circumstances have a great deal to do with a man's happiness. When they are unpleasant, restricting, cramping, or torturing, it will be very difficult, if not impossible, for human nature to rise superior to their power.

Some have gone so far as to assert that man is but the sport of circumstances, like a floating slab on a tossing, billowy sea; that he is dashed about, hither and thither, by events which he has no power to control. Now, if this were literally true, it would be

idle to talk about happiness, one way or the other, for it, too, like the events which surround us, would be beyond human control. But, fortunately, this is not the case. Circumstances are partly *under* as well as above the power of human will. Thus a man can make himself rich or poor, honored or disgraced, strong or sickly, just as he obeys or disregards certain laws of life. If he gives right up to the world and exercises no will-power of his own, if he allows himself to be tossed on life's sea like a helpless and dismantled wreck, and suffers himself to be moved about by every wave of influence which will be sure to break over him, he will be indeed the sport of circumstances, and will only know what happiness is during those brief, uncertain intervals, when the "sea is calm, and the sky is blue," and the winds are at rest. But if he does this and suffers on account of it, he has only himself to blame.

Let us suppose, then, that a young man has chosen his occupation in life, has settled down to his work manfully, and with a determination to persevere and be industrious, has already begun to prosper, and, in fact, is in a fair way of becoming rich in the course of time. What other things are necessary, besides those already mentioned and dwelt upon, to make him as happy as he will be successful? How shall he blend fortune with happiness?

"'Tis not in book, 'tis not in leaf,
To make us truly blest,
If happiness has not her seat
And center in the breast.
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest."—BURNS.

There are many other interests to look after which are equally as important as mercantile or manufacturing interests, and he must not neglect these, any more than material values.

PERMANENTLY HAPPY STATE.

In order to create a permanently happy state, speaking on general principles, a man must first do his best to surround himself with a set of circumstances which shall be agreeable, and pleasant, and then try to cultivate those qualities of mind and heart which shall not only make him peaceful and joyful in himself, but adapted to, and contented with, his surroundings. There are multitudes of persons between whose natures and whose environments there is perpetual war. They want one thing, and circumstances compel them to take up with another, vastly inferior or entirely different ; and rather than submit to that which they do not like or choose, they keep up a continual fight which makes continual discord. Of course, there is no happiness for such, unless they are strong enough to change the conditions of their life, make them more consonant with their feelings, or unless they cultivate those essential qualities of heart and habits of thinking, which will bring them into a state of harmony with their surroundings. In some cases, and especially with the aged, either of these alternatives are practically impossible, and consequently they must look for their happiness in that "brighter sphere, where all will be made plain that so puzzles us here."

But with young people, who have the greater part

of life yet before them, there is no need of settling down into a hopeless misery or permanent unhappiness, when an opposite state can be enjoyed just as easily. Hence it makes all the difference between happiness and misery, in a majority of cases, whether people start out in life with right or wrong ideas upon the nature of the object to be gained. To be forewarned, is usually to be forearmed against possible disaster, and hence we put this book into your hands, reader, as a sort of general guide to fortune, happiness, and heaven. There are thousands upon thousands who are seeking happiness by wrong methods, and their mistakes are not only costly and dangerous to themselves, but they exert a reactionary influence upon others, as bad ; consequently, he who may be able by wise counsel, sound reasoning, and apposite illustration, to increase the amount of happiness in any single mind, may be justly set down as a true benefactor of his kind. For real happiness is to be won at last, if ever won at all, through wise and deliberate choice and persistent course of conduct, rather than by any lucky experiment or accidental discovery.



HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

“We are not ourselves
When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind
To suffer with the body.”

—SHAKESPERE.

“To the strong hand and strong head, the capacious lungs
and vigorous frame, fall, and will always fall, the heavy burdens;
and where the heavy burdens fall, the great prizes fall, too.”

—LAWS OF LIFE.



THE first element of happiness is good health, or a sound mind in a sound body. Man is an animal, as well as an immortal, and as long as he stays on earth he cannot be indifferent to the condition of his animal nature, and expect either to be successful or happy. To be sick, weak, feeble, emaciated, run down, dyspeptic, or nervously exhausted, is to be good for nothing, except to be miserable.

Time was when the body was looked upon as a sort of drag upon the mind, and was treated as something which a man had to carry around with him, like a burden. The old religious ascetics, who lived in caves, and in mountains and deserts, used to torture and crucify their bodies under the erroneous impression that they were thereby making themselves more

spiritually-minded and more acceptable to God. Even as good a man as Pascal once said that "disease was the natural state of Christians." A more blasphemous utterance never was written or spoken; still, that was the common idea among certain classes and orders of the Romish Church at that time, and is to this day. Burton's idea, however, comes much nearer the truth, when he says: "The body is the domicil or home of the mind; and, as a torch gives a better light, a sweeter smell, according to the matter it is made of, so doth our soul perform all her actions, better or worse, as her organs are disposed; or, as wine savors of the cask wherein it is kept, the soul receives a tincture from the body, through which it works." Rev. Dr. J. W. Alexander used to say, when asked whether he enjoyed religion, "I think I do, except when the wind is in the east."

CULTURE OF THE BODY.

In like manner, it used to be thought proper to wholly neglect the care and culture of the body in systems of education. The model student was often pale, puny, lean, and lank, consumptive or dyspeptic, desiring to be all brain and soul. But this idea is now pretty well exploded, and physical culture receives its due share of attention at almost all colleges and other institutions for intellectual training. It has been well said that to cultivate a man's physical powers exclusively, is to make of him an athlete or a savage; to consider the moral only, is to make a man an enthusiast, a fanatic, or a monomaniac; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased, inefficient the-

orist. Elihu Burritt found hard work necessary to enable him to study with effect, and more than once he gave up school-keeping and study, and, taking to his leather apron again, went back to his blacksmith's forge and anvil for his health of body and mind's sake.

Milton described himself as up and stirring early in the morning: "In winter, often ere the sound of any bell wakes man to labor or devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or to cause them to be read till the attention be ready, or memory have its full fraught; then, with clear and generous labor, preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render light-some, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind for the cause of religion and our country's liberty." In his "Tractate on Education," he recommends the physical exercise of fencing to young men, as calculated to "keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath, and also as the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage; and he further urges that they should "be practiced in all the locks and grips of wrestling, wherein Englishmen were wont to excel."

JUVENILE VITALITY.

The marvelous and juvenile vitality of Lord Palmerston was long a matter of surprise. But it was owing to his pride and pleasure as a youth to be the best rower, runner, and jumper; to be first in the sports of the field as he was first in the senate, and

his horse and gun were invariably resorted to in his hours of relaxation. Sir Walter Scott, when attending the University at Edinburgh, though he went by the name of "The Great Blockhead," was, notwithstanding his lameness, a remarkably healthy youth, and could spear a salmon with the best fisher on the Tweed, or ride a wild horse with any hunter in Yarrow. When devoting himself in after life to literary pursuits, Sir Walter never lost his taste for field sports, but while writing "Waverly" in the morning, he would in the afternoon course hares. Professor Wilson was a very fine athlete, as great at throwing the hammer as in his flights of eloquence and poetry; and Burns, when a youth, was remarkable chiefly for his leaping, putting, and wrestling. Some of the greatest divines were distinguished in their youth for their physical energies. Isaac Barrow, when at Charterhouse School, was notorious for his pugilistic encounters, in which he got many a bloody nose; Andrew Fuller, when working as a farmer's lad at Soham, was chiefly famous for his skill in boxing; and Adam Clarke, when a boy, was only remarkable for the strength displayed by him in "rolling large stones about"—the secret, possibly, of some of the power which he subsequently displayed in rolling forth thoughts in his manhood.

In fact, success and happiness in life depend much more upon physical health than is generally imagined. Hodson, of Hodson's Horse, writing home to a friend in England, said: "I believe, if I get on well in India it will be owing, physically speaking, to a sound digestion." The capacity for continuous working in any calling must necessarily mainly depend upon this,

and hence the necessity for attending to health, even as a means of intellectual labor itself. It is in no slight degree to the boating and cricketing sports, still cultivated at the best public schools and universities of England, that they produce so many specimens of healthy, manly, and vigorous men, of the true Hodson stamp. It is said that the Duke of Wellington, when once looking at the boys engaged in their sports on the playground at Eton, where he had spent his own juvenile days, made the pregnant remark: "It was there that the battle of Waterloo was won."

The body has some rights of its own, although it be a slave to the nobler faculties of our being, and when this slave is abused for any length of time, he will invariably rise up against and smite his master. The man who sleeps the soundest and digests his dinner with the least difficulty, will, other things being equal, win the most prizes in life, and be the most good-natured and happy about it. A popular lecturer has lately said that "it is now generally conceded that there is an organization, which we call the nervous system, in the human body, to which belong the functions of emotion, intelligence, and sensation, and that this is connected intimately with the whole circulation of the blood, with the condition of the blood as affected by the liver, and by aeration in the lungs; that the manufacture of the blood depends upon the stomach; so *a man is what he is, not in one part or another, but all over*; one part is intimately connected with the other, from the animal stomach to the throbbing brain; and when a man thinks, he thinks the whole trunk through.

MAN'S POWER.

“Man’s power comes from the generating forces that are in him, namely, the digestion of nutritious food into vitalized blood, made fine by oxygenation ; an organization by which that blood has free course to flow and be glorified ; a neck that will allow the blood to run up and down easily ; a brain properly organized and balanced ; the whole system so compounded as to have susceptibilities and recuperative force ; immense energy to generate resources, and facility to give them out—all these elements go to determine what a man’s working power is.” Intellect in a weak body is “like gold in a spent swimmer’s pocket,” or like a granary to which there is no key.

Referring to the ancients again, it is a singular fact that before the dawn of the Christian era, the philosophers and orators, warriors and great men of Greece and Rome devoted a great deal of attention to the culture and maintenance of physical vigor. It is told of Cicero that he became at one time the victim of that train of maladies expressed by the word “dyspepsia”—maladies which pursue the indolent and the overworked man as the shark follows in the wake of the plague-ship. The orator hastened, not to the physicians who might have hastened his death, but to Greece ; flung himself into the gymnasium ; submitted to its regimen for two entire years ; and returned to the struggles of the forum as vigorous as the peasants that tilled his farm. Who doubts that by this means his periods were rounded out to a more majestic cadence, and his crushing arguments clinched with a tighter grasp ? Had he remained a

dyspeptic, he might have written beautiful essays on old age and friendship, but he never would have pulverized Cataline, or blasted Marc Antony with his lightnings.

So the intellectual power of those giants of antiquity, Aristotle and Plato, was owing in a large degree to that harmonious education in which the body shared as well as the mind. That the one ruled the world of thought down to the time of Bacon, and that the other is stimulating and quickening the mind of the nineteenth century, is owing in part to the fact that they were not only great geniuses, but, as one has well said, geniuses most happily set, and that no dyspepsia broke the harmony of their thought, no neuralgia twinged the system with agony, and no philosopher's ail infected the throat with bad blood, or an ulcerated mucous membrane.

Coming back to our own time, we find that nature presented our Websters, Clays, and Calhouns, not only with extraordinary minds, but—what has quite as much to do with the matter—with wonderful bodies. Above all, our Grants, Shermans, and Sheridans, what would they be without nerves of whipcord, and frames of iron? The tortures of hereditary disease, united with the pangs of fever, wrung from Napoleon in one of the most critical days of his history, the exclamation that the first requisite of good generalship is good health. The efficiency of the common soldier, too, he knew depended, first of all, upon his being in perfect health and splendid condition; and hence he tried to bring up all his troops to the condition of pugilists when they fight for the

championship. This was the secret of their prodigious efforts, their endurance of fatigue that would have killed common men.

LAWS OF HEALTH.

Horace Mann, in a letter of advice to a law student, justly remarks that a spendthrift of health is one of the most reprehensible of spendthrifts. "I am certain," continues he, "I could have performed twice the labor, both better, and with greater ease to myself, had I known as much of the *laws of health* and life at twenty-one as I do now. In college I was taught all about the motions of the planets, as carefully as though they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to trace their orbits; but about my own organization, and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body, I was left in profound ignorance. Nothing could be more preposterous. I ought to have begun at home, and taken the stars when it should come their turn. The consequence was, I broke down at the beginning of my second college year, and have never had a well day since. Whatever labor I have since been able to do, I have done it all on credit instead of capital—a most ruinous way, either in regard to health or money. For the last twenty-five years, so far as regards health, I have been put, from day to day, on my good behavior; and during the whole of this period, as an Hibernian would say, if I had lived as other folks do for a month, I should have died in a fortnight." Health

is a combination of sleep, dress, cleanliness, diet, exercise, and right condition of mind.

REST AND RECREATION.

Happiness not only requires a state of general good health, but good health requires periods of rest and recreation, as well as steady labor. Nearly every observant writer, thinker, or traveler, is remarking upon the fact that the majority of people in this country are killing themselves by inches in making their life "all work and no play;" running one ceaseless round of toil, with no seasons of rest and relaxation, other than those which come necessarily. And without doubt there is much of pertinence and force in this representation. One has only to look around, or possibly look within, to be convinced of the fact that large numbers of people are dragging themselves down to death by overwork, just to gratify an insatiate ambition to be richer and greater than Mr. A. or Mrs. B. who live over the way.

Says Dr. Mathews: "Of all the nations of the earth, there is no one among whom this doctrine of 'grind' has taken deeper root than among us Americans. From the days of the Puritans we have been excessively fond of work,—work, not as a means of getting a living only, but in itself, and for its own sake. It seems as if we felt the primeval curse ever weighing upon us, and so we continue to drudge like galley-slaves, even after we have provided for the ever-dreaded 'rainy day,' and the pressure of bread-getting has long since passed. Hence we have so few holidays and seasons of rest and recreation, that,

when they do come, we are perplexed to know what to do with ourselves.

"It is time that this everlasting drudgery should cease among us, and that some higher lessons should be impressed upon the brain of the infantile Yankee than the old saws about industry, money-getting, and the like. Let us abate something, at least, of our devotion to the almighty dollar, and regard the world as something better than a huge workshop, in which we are to toil and moil unceasingly, till death stops the human machine. Let us learn that the surest and best way to get on in the world is not to travel by 'lightning lines,' but 'to hasten slowly.' It is a libel on Providence to suppose that it has designed that we should live such a plodding, mechanical life, that we should be mere mill-horses, treading evermore the same dull, unvarying round, and all for grist, grist, still grist, till we have become as blind and stupid as that most unhappy of all quadrupeds."

OVERWORK.

No one can fail to have noticed the number of business men and professional men who die suddenly every year from apoplexy, paralysis, and kindred complaints. They go along from year to year, working a little harder and steadier all the time, because in truth, they must, in order to keep pace with their constantly increasing business, pay but little attention to the demands of exhausted nature, or an over-tasked brain, until suddenly, some day, they fall down as though they had been shot, and without warning or preparation, they are ushered into an-

other world. A proper verdict in all such cases would be: *Suicide from overwork.*

Dean Swift, who was a great mental worker, gazing upon a noble oak whose topmost branches had been withered by lightning, mournfully exclaimed, "I shall be like that tree; I shall die a-top." He had been afflicted for years with giddiness and pain in the head, looked forward with prophetic dread to insanity as the portion of his later life, and sure enough, it came at last; he died as he had feared, the inmate of an asylum. When Leyden, a Scotch enthusiast, was warned by his physician of the consequences, if he continued while ill with a fever and liver-complaint, to study ten hours a day, he coolly replied: "Whether I am to live or die, *the wheel must go round to the last.* . . . I may perish in the attempt, but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundred-fold in Oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a borderer." No wonder that he sank into his grave in his thirty-sixth year, the victim of self-murder.

Alexander Nicolly, a professor of Hebrew at Oxford, who, it is said, could walk to the wall of China without an interpreter, died a few years ago at the same age, chiefly from the effects of intense study; and Dr. Alexander Murray, a similar prodigy, died at thirty-eight of the same cause. Sir Humphrey Davy, in the height of his fame, nearly killed himself by the excessive eagerness with which he prosecuted his inquiries into the alkaline metals, pursuing his labors in the night till three or four o'clock, and even then often rising before the servants of the laboratory. Excessive application threw Boerhave into a delirium for

six weeks; it gave a shock to the powerful frame of Newton; it cut short the days of Sir Walter Scott, and it laid in the grave the celebrated Weber, whose mournful exclamation, amid his multiplied engagements, is familiar to many an admirer of his weird-like music: "Would that I were a tailor, for then I should have a Sunday's holiday."

It was the same cause that struck down Sir William Hamilton in his fifty-sixth year with paralysis, and ended the life of the most brilliant and influential of American journalists, H. J. Raymond, in a cerebral crash at the early age of forty-nine. The effects of such toil in this country are far more disastrous than in Europe, for, owing to climate and other agencies, work of every kind is more exhausting here than there. It is related of Sir Philip Sidney, that when at Frankfort, he was advised by the celebrated printer, Languet, not to neglect his health during his studies, "lest he should resemble a traveler who, during a long journey, attends to himself but not to his horse."

All this is especially true of the dwellers and workers in large cities. No one unacquainted with the facts can have any idea of the almost insupportable pressure which each day brings to bear upon the brain of one who aspires to be a leading lawyer, merchant, or business man of any kind, in a great city. As has been truly said, "Anxious and perplexing thought sits on his brow as he rubs his eyes at day-break; hurrying to the breakfast table, he swallows his steak and his coffee in a twinkling, jumps from his chair almost immediately, and without having spoken a pleasant word, hastens away to the high courts of

Mammon, to engage in the sharp struggle for pelf. There he spends hour after hour in calculating how to change his hundreds to thousands; dinner and supper,—which he bolts, never eats,—come and go almost without observation; even nightfall finds him still employed, with body and mind jaded, and eyes smarting with sleeplessness; till at length, far in the night, the toil-worn laborer seeks his couch, only to think of the struggles and anxieties of the day, or to dream of those of to-morrow." Thus matters go on for a few feverish years, when he breaks down utterly, is obliged to go off to Europe, or is confined to his home, and at last dies a wretched, miserable, broken-down man. Where is the sense or the wisdom or the happiness in a life of this sort?

SOMETHING BETTER.

There is something better than a life-long sacrifice of content and enjoyment for a possible wealth, which, however, may never be acquired, and which has not the power, when won, to yield its holder the boon which he expects it to purchase. To withhold from the frugal wife the gown she desires, to deny her the journey which would do so much to break up the monotony of her home-life, to rear children in mean ways, to shut away from the family life a thousand social pleasures, to relinquish all amusements that have a cost attached to them, for wealth which may or may not come when the family life is broken up forever,—surely, this is neither sound enterprise nor wise economy. We would not have the American laborer, farmer and mechanic become im-

provident but we would very much like to see them happier than they are by resort to the daily social enjoyments which are always ready to their hand. Nature is strong in the young, and they will have society and play of some sort. It should remain strong in the old, and does remain strong in them, until it is expelled by the absorbing and subordinating passion for gain.

‘ Something of the Old World fondness for play, and daily and weekly indulgence in it, should become habitual among our workers. Toil would be sweeter if there were a reward at the end of it; work would be gentler when used as a means for securing a pleasure which stands closer than an old age of ease; character would be softer and richer and more child-like, when acquired among genial, everyday delights. The all-subordinating strife for wealth, carried on with fearful struggles and constant self-denials, makes us petty, irritable, and hard. When the whole American people have learned that a dollar’s worth of pure pleasure is worth more than anything else under the sun; that working is not living, but only the means by which we win a living; that money is good for nothing except for what it brings of comfort and culture; and that we live not in the future, but in the present, they will be a happy people,—happier and better than they have been.”

It is truly a sad sight to see a human being in whom the impulse and disposition for play has died out. Sad to see a man or a woman get so accustomed to the routine of labor that they cannot break it off to indulge in any kind of recreation or amusement. A man begins life with an overflow of vitality

and animal spirits which makes him bright, genial, and playful. He sympathizes with children, plays with brutes, enjoys society, and indulges in recreative exercises of mind and body. Then he plunges into business and works away for twenty years or more, and finally wakes up to the fact that there is no interest in life to him, except in daily toil.

While work is necessary, steady, regular work, work up to the full measure of human capacity, yet seasons of rest and recreation are equally essential. It used to be thought that the time spent in sleep was comparatively lost, so far as utility was concerned, but happily this notion is no longer tenable. In fact, more people die every year for the want of sufficient sleep, than from hardly any other single cause

SLEEP.

The highest medical authorities now agree that the best thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through, is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only actual recuperation of brain force; because, during sleep, the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain-substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the

brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself these nutritive particles during the state of rest or quiet and stillness in sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain and force it to a greater consumption of its substance until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to take up a fresh supply.

With regard to methods and kinds of recreation, each one must judge for himself. Some are rejuvenated and restored by a simple change of employment, others must indulge in some innocent, harmless game or play, while others again demand total quiet. The one main thing to be looked after is, that the change, or quiet, whichever is chosen, shall be pleasant and agreeable, instead of forced or perfunctory. Whatever a person *loves* to do, is done with far less weariness and exhaustion than labor which is felt to be a drudgery. But neither should recreation, on the other hand, be carried to excess, since play or exercise of any kind, pursued to weariness, is just as bad as overwork. The original and primal fact in this matter is, that there is only about so much physical, mental and nervous vitality in each human system to begin with, and when this amount is overdrawn, your drafts and calls for more power go to protest,—that is, are not responded to. In fact, nature keeps as strict an account with each individual as any bank would, and will not honor demands beyond the amount of strength deposited or husbanded. But the only funds necessary to keep the amount good, are proper seasons of rest and recreation, intermingled with a generous diet, and a steady occupation.

SOCIETY.

“Without good company, all dainties
Lose their true relish, and, like painted grapes,
Are only seen, not tasted.”

—PHILIP MASSINGER.



SOCIETY and social intercourse, when of a proper kind, is a very important aid to human enjoyment. The man who has no society becomes morbid in his feelings and views, sharp, angular, and disagreeably peculiar in his opinions, grows self-conceited, and is apt to fancy himself and his things as the center of the universe in importance and value. And when, with these views, he attempts to make others and the things of others revolve around him and his own affairs, he at once encounters an opposition which either frightens him back into deeper and closer retirement, or else arouses in him an honest but ill-grounded indignation, which makes him the laughing-stock of all with whom he attempts to deal. To such an one life becomes an entirely unsatisfactory, one-sided, and comparatively useless possession. Therefore, all should cultivate social relations, and thus give vent to the social instincts of their natures. It is good to have self and personal cares go into the background occasionally, and let the interests and

welfare of others come to the front. It is good to measure ourselves, our views, feelings, and achievements, by the lives and thoughts of those about us. There is also real culture and refinement to be gained in good society. One gets the sharp angles and rough corners of his nature and manners taken off; he acquires a degree of self-confidence; he learns something of gentility and politeness by the action and influence of social currents, just as stones on the sea-beach become round, smooth, and polished through the continued friction of dashing waves.

CHEERFULNESS

Says S. C. Goodrich: "*Of all virtues, cheerfulness is the most profitable.*" It makes the person who exercises it happy, and renders him acceptable to all he meets. While other virtues defer the day of recompense, cheerfulness pays down. It is a cosmetic which makes homeliness graceful and winning; it promotes good health, and gives clearness and vigor to the mind; it is the bright weather of the heart in contrast to the clouds of gloom and melancholy."

Young, bright, and healthful natures should not allow themselves to grow morose, churlish, and ill-natured, by self-isolation from social enjoyments. On the contrary, they should cultivate a genial, cheerful spirit and temper. Such a spirit is of great price and of great power. In the "Merchant of Venice" the dramatist asks:

"Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster?"

Sleep when he wakes, and creep into jaundice
By being peevish?"

And to such a question, it may well be replied: "There is no need of it." Better far to cultivate a cheerful social nature, whose very presence carries sunshine with it wherever it goes. If there is no joy in the heart, no nobility in the soul, no benevolence and generosity in the mind, a person's whole character will soon grow as cold as an iceberg, hard as granite rock, and as bleak, barren, and arid as the desert of Sahara.

SYMPATHY.

There is no trait of human nature which is more precious and valuable than a quick and ready sympathy with the joys and woes of others, "rejoicing with those that do rejoice, and weeping with those that weep." *Sympathy always marks the true man and the noble nature.* And why should we not be sympathetic? The world is a unit in interests, and we all stand or fall together. "No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." Humanity is linked together by a thousand different cords, like the different parts of a body. The foot cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee, nor the hand to the head, I have no need of thee. Neither can any one man or woman, or any one class of men or women, stand apart and say to the rest of the world, I can get along without your help. We are all dependent upon one another for more comforts and pleasures than we realize, or even know of. Whittier truly says

“Like warp and woof, all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy, like the keys
Of an organ vast;
Pluck but one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run.”

In fact, this power of social sympathy marks the line of broad distinction between mankind and the lower orders of being. “Though the lower animals have feeling,” writes the eloquent Dr. Guthrie of Scotland, “they have no fellow-feeling. Have I not seen the horse enjoying his feed of corn when his yoke-fellow lay a-dying in the neighboring stall, and never turn an eye of pity on the sufferer? They have strong passions, but no sympathy. It is said that the wounded deer sheds tears, but it belongs to man only to divide by sympathy another’s sorrows, and double another’s joys. They say that if a piano is struck in a room where stands another unopened and untouched, he who lays his ear to that will hear a string within, as if touched by a shadowy spirit, sound the same note; but, more strange and more glorious, how the strings of one heart vibrate to those of another.” Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, preaching once in a prison, said in his sermon, that the only difference between himself and his hearers was owing to the grace of God. Afterward, one of the prisoners sent for him, and asked: “Did you mean what you said about sympathizing with us?” Being assured that the utterance was genuine, he said: “I am here for life, but I can stay more contentedly now that I

know I have *a brother out in the world.*" It is said the man behaved so well afterward that he was pardoned, and that he died in the last war, thanking God to the last for the preacher's sympathy. "Happy then is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon others as April airs upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to move on human life as stars move on dark seas to bewildered mariners."

GOOD SOCIETY.

It is not enough to be simply social ; in order to be happy, one must have a kind of society which elevates and ennobles, rather than that which depresses and destroys. 'Tis not society alone which blesses, but *good* society. In fact, it would be better to have none at all, than mingle with bad companions. For, just as the tree-frog is said to take on the color of whatever he adheres to for a short time, being dark-green when found on green corn, and the color of white-oak bark when attached to that tree, so men and women generally resemble those with whom they associate. The river Thames in England is a sweet and pure river near its source, but before it gets through the city of London it has been loaded with sewers and drains so much as to become most foul and nauseating. It was intended that the river should purify the sewers, but instead of that, the sewers have corrupted the river. So it is with pure minds and morals, and bad company.

The wise old philosopher, Pythagoras, before he admitted any one into his school, always inquired into the character of his associates ; and from this circumstance, doubtless, arose the modern proverb, that a man may be known by the company which he keeps. There are some kinds of society whose influence is like an infectious disease, corrupting all who come within reach of it. In fact, all society either lifts up or drags down, according to its character and quality. Bad boys have ruined many a lad who would otherwise have grown up to be a useful and honorable man, while bad women have slain their victims by thousands. In ancient fable there was a creature whose name was Circe. She was represented as living in a beautiful palace on an island, where were flowers, music, and many other attractions. Whoever came to see her, as a guest, she first feasted with delicacies and wine, then touched them with a wand and transformed them into lions, tigers, wolves, swine, or some other kind of animal, and set them adrift to roam through her grounds. Not very dissimilar to this is the effect of bad female society, or bad companions of either sex, upon those who would be virtuous, noble, and true.

AVOID EXCESS.

In order to have social pleasures contribute to happiness, they must not be pursued to excess. Many people become so infatuated with society and social intercourse, that they are perfectly unhappy when alone, or even when about their daily business. In fact, when this delusion gets fast hold of the mind

all work is turned into drudgery, and the person becomes a miserable loiterer, or a dissatisfied grumbler and complainer, instead of an active, cheerful, healthy, and useful worker in the world's great hive of industry. This is a wretched perversion of a noble gift, and a pleasurable privilege. We urge, therefore, that all young people should guard themselves in this direction, and not allow the love of society, and especially what is called *fashionable* society, to run away with them. Whenever a person finds himself or herself wishing to be in gay company all the time, and are really unhappy when not in it; whenever the thought of being alone, or of being obliged to work, strikes a dread in the mind, it is then high time to order "down brakes" on the indulgence of the social propensity.

There is hardly any form of dissipation more debilitating or more injurious to body, mind, and heart, than a continual round of parties, balls, and evening entertainments. Whenever persons get into such a condition of mind that they must be "on the go" all the time in order to enjoy anything, such persons will soon find themselves "on the go" toward general ruin, or, at best, toward practical good-for-nothingness.

While society is good by way of spice or variety, while it has many noble and useful functions to perform in the development and refinement of human nature, yet, perverted from its true intent, it is changed into a source of great evil. It encourages and necessitates extravagance in dress; it includes late hours at night, which should be given up to "tired nature's sweet restorer," healthful sleep; it furnishes an occasion for calling out much heart-

bitterness in the line of envy and jealousy between rivals and opponents, and serves to evoke much hypocritical dissembling and pretense in the way of friendship. As Cowper says :

“ She who invites
Her dear five hundred friends, but contemns them all,
And dreads their coming—what can they less
Than shrug and grimace to hide their hate of her? ”


Such society as this is a curse, and the less one has of it, the better. Sincerity and truthfulness and unaffected naturalness and ease, are the only social qualities which shine with steady luster, or benefit by their attractive light.



FRIENDSHIP.

“O the tender ties,
Close twisted with the fibers of the heart,
Which broken, drain the soul of human joy,
And make it pain to live.”

—EDWARD YOUNG.

 FRIENDSHIP is the very beginning of happiness in the heart. It is a rare and precious plant, and is found in its purity and power, only here and there among the hosts of men and women who dot the earth's surface by their moving forms and faces. Friendship is not love, but something finer and more divine. It does not co-exist with passion in any form, while love always contains more or less of the passion element. Friendship is never purely selfish, as love frequently is, although a measure of selfishness, perhaps, is inseparable from all things human. But the nearest thing to the loves and joys of the angels above, is the earthly friendship of two human spirits.

KINDS OF FRIENDSHIP.

True friendship may exist between two persons, or between persons and pet animals. Very often two young girls become attached to each other in the

ties of a friendship that is as sweet and charming as their own pure and fresh natures. Such an instance of girlish friendship is admirably portrayed in Dickens' novel called "Bleak House," and if any one wishes to follow out this idea of girlish friendship, they cannot find a richer development of the theme, than in that splendid work of fiction. Such a friendship also exists between brothers and sisters in the same family. There has frequently been the sweetest and purest friendship in the world between the hunter and his dog, between the rider and his horse, and between children and pet animals at home. For example, there is hardly anything more beautiful in the way of friendship than the feeling which grows up between the Bedouin Arab of the desert and his splendid steed who shares the same tent with his master, and is his constant companion by night and by day. Of course they do not belong to the same grade of being, although, if the horse could speak the same language as his master, there might not be such a wonderful discrepancy of intelligence as one would at first imagine. But each is "all the world" to the other, and they learn to depend upon each other, and look to each other for support and sympathy, until their lives become practically blended and inseparable. To a like extent is the degree of friendship which sometimes exists between the lone hunter of the forest and his faithful dog, who shares his joys and his sorrows, and who sustains a relation of companionship to his master, almost as close and vital as any which is found among persons.

But, after all, the primary idea and import of friendship can only be realized between two human

spirits. There must be the same grade of being, and something approaching equality of position and intelligence, before soul can be linked with soul in a community of interest and sympathy. Between a child and a pet animal at home, or between a man and a horse, there can be no perfect means of communication. One party has no gift of speech, and but few signs to indicate to his associate what is passing within; but in the case of two persons, there can be, and must be, the most perfect interchange of thought and feeling. And this leads me to speak more particularly of some of the evident requisites

NECESSARY TO FRIENDSHIP.

Before two persons can become firm and fast friends, there must be entire honesty and sincerity of heart. Anything like sham or hypocrisy in either party will be sure to be detected by the other, and then friendship is at an end. It is not necessary that two persons should see exactly alike on all points, although they must be entirely fair with each other, and able to keep their tempers if they indulge in much argument on controverted subjects. Neither is it essential that both parties should have the same mental and moral characteristics, in order to be friends. On the contrary, it is better that each should present somewhat of a contrast to the other, and that each should be able to see in the other just what he feels himself to be most deficient in. In this way each would possess a kind of mental and personal magnet which would, unconsciously, yet powerfully, attract the other whenever the two met.

Again, each party must have a deep and thorough regard for the other, before real friendship can exist. We must not only be able to say of our friends that we *like* them, but also that we *value* them. Their opinions and views must be agreeable to us, also their ways and manners. We must greatly enjoy their society and presence. There must also be a mutual disposition to aid and assist each other, whenever circumstances call for such help. And in no case must any trickery or indifference be shown in times of trial, distress, or danger. Should either party fail the other at a time when the need of true friendship was most urgent, it would be very likely to destroy the very root of the friendship itself.

From this it will be seen that perfect confidence and trust in each other are absolutely necessary to the existence of the friendly feeling. There must not be the shadow of a doubt resting on the minds of either in regard to the willingness and readiness of the other to do all in his power to help, guide, instruct and benefit, to the full measure required in cases of emergency. There must further be the absolute conviction in the mind of each, that the other could not and would not do anything that was wrong in regard to each other's welfare.

It will thus be seen why we stated at the outset, that friendship was a rare and precious plant. It is such, most emphatically. There are but few specimens of it in any village, town, or city. It grows in no ordinary soil. It must spring up in hearts peculiarly adapted to its cultivation and perpetuation. But when it is once formed and ripened into a growing and stable emotion, it is the most valuable pos-

session which the heart can receive or enjoy. Hence
Shakespere very wisely and beautifully said,

“The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.”



HUMAN LOVE.

"New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, brighter beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream."

—MOORE.



S young men and maidens grow up and mature in thought and feeling, there comes to them a time when a new joy breaks in upon their hearts, like a tide from a distant sea, or a breath from a fairer land. Under the influence of this strange, sweet feeling, the world begins to wear a new aspect, and life takes on a fuller and deeper significance. Cherish the visit of this heavenly messenger to your heart, for such he will prove himself to be, if properly entertained and guarded, and kept. Throw not away your treasure lightly, but keep it until you can bestow it worthily. Its presence and power are never to be regretted unless they lead you into folly, shame, and crime. The love of a mother ! what is holier, purer, or stronger ? The love of a father ! how courageous and deep ! The love of brother and sister ! how tender and true ! The love of God ! how infinite and all-embracing !

"True love's the gift which God hath given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
It liveth not in fierce desire,
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul doth bind."

This is an age when heart-life is apparently dying out, and passion, intense business rivalry, cold, heartless ambition or intellectual pre-eminence, are seeking with desperate energy to usurp Love's throne. It were well if the fire of true affection were kindled afresh on the heart's purer altar. There is plenty of passion in society, yea, too much of it; plenty of jealousy and envy, and strife after social pre-eminence, and all that, but where is the good, pure, old-fashioned love between persons which used to be seen and enjoyed? Has it gone as a dream of the past, never to come back any more, or is it a purely mythical or imaginary possession? Or, have we become so intensely civilized as not to need such an element any longer? Several things conspire to crush out or keep down this life of the heart, which is a life of sentiment, of beauty, and of love.

On the physical and material side of life, there is the race after wealth, and place, and power; a race so all engrossing as to absorb every energy of one's being; a race, in the heat and strife of which every green herb of love in the heart is hopelessly withered or consumed. No blast from fiery furnace is more destructive to flowers than this deadly scramble after money

is to all the finer and nobler feelings of the soul. How much better to possess less outwardly, and be infinitely richer within! In its reactive influence, at least, one thrill of genuine love in the soul is of far more value than any amount of currency in the pocket. And as a nation we are poor in this life of the heart, simply because we are all so nearly crazy to be rich.

On the intellectual side of life the present all absorbing interest in scientific investigation is injuring this life of the heart. For science by its very nature can only deal with facts, laws and forces, and so it tends inevitably toward intellectual materialism. It is true, there are facts of sentiment, and of love, and of beauty, as there are of geology and philosophy, still the scientist as such confines himself in his studies almost wholly to tangible materials and concrete, practical phenomena, and so excludes from his thought everything of an immaterial or ideal character. And the tendency to this study is making men hard, cold, selfish, and skeptical, simply because it helps to kill out this heart-life, this warm, genial, sympathetic life of love in the soul. And on this account the sciences will always be inferior to the classics as a means of culture, because they do not appeal to the better side of human nature, do not waken into life the higher emotions, do not call out nor develop the life of sentiment and of beauty in the mind. Better be less intellectual and more loving in a world like this! No amount of talent can compensate for a dead, cold heart.

On the society side of life where the force and power of women are felt, there is a vanity and an ex-

cessive love of dress and display which is killing out this tender love and sympathy. And as women are the natural and heaven-appointed guardians of this higher, finer, and better life of humanity, when they become derelict and degenerate, the pupils of course suffer with them. For man is woman's pupil in this life of love,—God made her as his teacher,—and when she lowers the tone of her own heart-life, she pulls down the whole social fabric with her. We plead, then, for a re-invigoration of our individual and national heart-life, for a return to the days of good, honest, sincere, genuine affection between man and man, and man and woman. The true feeling of a true woman in regard to this subject is beautifully expressed by Mrs. Emily C. Judson (formerly Fanny Forester) in a poem called, "My Angel Guide." Two or three stanzas read as follows :

"I gazed down life's dim labyrinth
A wildering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clue,
And wild as wild could be;
But as I gazed in doubt and dread,
An angel came to me.

"I knew him for a heavenly guide.
I knew him even then, * * * *
And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blest.

"For there was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way;

And all around the blue above
The clustering starlight lay;
While easterly I saw upreared
The pearly gates of day!"

And, on the other hand, the true feelings of a true man on the same theme, are aptly embodied in some lines from Byron :

"Yes, love indeed is light from heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Allah given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
A feeling from the Godhead caught
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray from Him who formed the whole—
A glory circling round the soul!"



COURTSHIP.

“Learn to win a lady’s faith
Nobly, as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death,
And with loyal gravity.
Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her by your *truthful* words
Pure from courtship’s flatteries.
Then her Yes once said to you,
Shall be Yes forevermore.”

—ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.



THE period of courtship in human experience is not only very tangible, but also very important as well; and a period, moreover, which is seldom forgotten after being once enjoyed,—or endured. That a good deal of the “courting” which is ordinarily done by lovers is silly in itself, and looks supremely so to uninterested outsiders, we readily admit. But what of it, so long as it enters into, and constitutes one of the principal ingredients of the cup of human happiness? Some one has truly said that “he who is not foolish half of the time, is all,” and there is much of philosophy and good sense wrapped up in the remark. We cannot be wise and profound, grave and dignified all of the time, if we try. Washington

Irving in his "Knickerbocker" describes some of those old Dutch Governors of New York as sitting on a judicial bench all day, and rarely smiling or speaking, but those men, it must be remembered, were very fat, heavy, and logy, and smoked, and drank beer incessantly; and therefore can hardly be compared with the modern "live Yankee" inhabiting the country to-day. There is only one kind of bird that never indulges in fun (so far as we know), and that is an owl; the rest of them chipper and coo and make love to each other just as boys and girls do, and seemingly enjoy it as much. We shall therefore only speak the truth when we aver that in the good old-fashioned process of courtship as carried on between young men and maidens,—and between old ones also, if they ever have occasion to ^xrepeat their love-experience,—there lies a very large share of tangible comfort and genial enjoyment.

BASHFULNESS.

In the first place, courtship is a great civilizing agency. Nothing ever takes the *bashfulness and awkwardness* out of a boy like the fiery ordeal of "going to see his girl," especially if any one else is "around" except the enamored pair. And nothing ever puts a young, unsophisticated girl on her mettle more than to properly receive and entertain her first youthful lover. The experience is sometimes highly amusing to others, and often highly excruciating to the parties themselves; but the simple result and outcome of it all is, that it does them both good in more senses than one, and they both come out of it more

matured in thought and feeling, and better prepared for life than before they met. Charles Lamb has described an experience of this kind in verse which is too rich and true to life to pass by,—

“ Ah! I remember well (and how can I
 But evermore remember well) when first
 Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
 The flame we felt; when, as we sat and sighed
 And looked upon each other, and conceived
 Not what we ail'd—yet something we did ail;
 And yet were well, and yet were not well,
 And what was our disease we could not tell.”

In this connection, we cannot do better than quote also Edmund Clarence Stedman's exquisite poem on the pleasures, trials, and consequences of “seeing a girl home from meeting” in the country for the first time. The man or woman who can read it without interest, or without feeling a warm thrill run through his or her heart, even though well on in years, has a nature, or has had an experience in life, which is legitimate matter for the exercise of pity. And the man or woman who cannot recall a similar experience in his or her own heart-history, is also to be commiserated as having never yet felt a species of joy which comes to the heart but once, or rarely, during a whole lifetime.

The conference meeting through at last,
 We boys around the vestry waited
 To see the girls come tripping past,
 Like snowbirds willing to be mated.
 Not braver he that leaps the wall
 By level musket-flashes litten,

Than I, who stepped before them all
 Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no; she blushed, and took my arm!
 We let the old folks have the highway,
 And started toward the Maple Farm
 Along a kind of lovers' by-way.
 I can't remember what we said,
 'Twas nothing worth a song or story;
 Yet that rude path by which we sped
 Seemed all transformed, and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
 The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
 By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
 Her face with youth and health was beaming.
 The little hand outside her muff—
 O sculptor, if you could but mould it!
 So lightly touched my jacket cuff,
 To keep it warm, I had to hold it.

At last we reached the foot-worn stone
 Where that delicious journey ended;
 * * * * *

She shook her ringlets from her head,
 And with a "Thank you, Ned" dissembled;
 For I was sure she understood
 With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
 The moon was slily peeping through it;
 * * * * *

My lips till then had only known
 The kiss of mother and of sister,
 But somehow full upon her own
 Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed **her!**

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
 O listless woman! weary lover!

To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill,
I'd give—But who can live life over?

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

The essential design of courtship is to furnish both parties with an opportunity of getting intimately acquainted with each other's characteristics and dispositions before the final word is spoken which binds them together for life. And to further this end, there must be perfect transparency of movement and action, and perfect honesty of purpose and motive. During the period of courtship, the first wild flush of youthful love which has led to the mutual association should strengthen, ripen, and consolidate into a sober attachment, solid and enduring enough to form an adequate basis for marriage. Hence, great caution is needed here, and also the exercise of the best judgment of both parties. Mistakes are easy, and often lead to fatal results.

Says the Rev. Dr. Wise: "When a young man feels a fondness arising in his mind for a young lady, he should hold it in check until he can discover who and what she is. A lady, wreathed in smiles, and moving with cautious effort to conceal defects of temper or of intellect, can soon acquire an irresistible influence over the mind of an attentive lover, unless he is well on his guard. And it will be far better for him to stifle his affection at the beginning, if he discovers her unfitness to be his wife, than to go on heedlessly, and bear the lifelong agony of an imprudent marriage. In like manner, the paramount question with every young lady, concerning the man

who is paying her particular attention, should be : 'Is he worthy of my love?' And her first aim should be to decide this question, carefully and honestly, by studying his character, observing his appearance and conduct, and inquiring into his history, standing, and parentage."

Of course, we are not so foolish and unreasonable as to suppose that every young man and woman engaged in courtship, will not strive to appear "at their best" when in the company of each other. This striving is both natural and inevitable, and altogether harmless, provided that there is no deliberate intention to deceive.

UNMASKED

The story is told of a young man, paying particular attention to a young lady, that he was invited into the parlor one day to wait her appearance. While there, a little sister, some five years old, skipped in and said to him : "I wish you would stay here all the time, for when you are coming, sister begins to sing and be good, gives me cake and pie, and anything I want ; but when you are gone sister is not so good ; she gets mad, and slaps and bangs me about." The revelation came just in time, for the young man took his hat and left before the fickle, deceiving siren had got ready to show herself, and never went there again. Served her right.

It is an unpleasant fact—but a fact, nevertheless—that many courtships and marriage ventures are not governed or carried on from motives of pure love at all, but rather by considerations of convenience,

policy, property, social distinction, and a hundred other kindred motives. Love, however, is the only natural and divinely-ordained basis on which such relationship can stand secure. And where this true love exists, there need be no apprehension of failure in the carrying out of matrimonial designs, for love's mysterious alchemy, encountering impeding elements or obstacles, turns them all into gold, and so prepares the way for the crowning realization of its hopes. What a world of sorrow and pain and anguish of heart, of domestic, legal, and social difficulty would be avoided, if the little winged god could be allowed to maintain his place at the helm of every matrimonial craft, all the voyage through!

But where baser natures predominate, and young ladies are willing to barter themselves, soul and body, for the uncertain emoluments of wealth, so long must they risk the consequences of matrimonial failure or unenviable notoriety, of more or less social scandal, and possibly of a secret heartache. The only effectual way of preventing social disasters, is to elevate the nature and idea of courtship association, or, rather, to bring it back to its divine and original idea—to make it a matter of the heart, primarily and fundamentally, leaving all items of wealth, position, and the like, to be arranged as strictly secondary and subordinate details. Courtship or marriage, in any case, without love as the inspiring and controlling motive, is a gigantic blunder, a desperate expedient, an enormous social crime. Said Themistocles, the wise Athenian ruler: "If compelled to choose, I would bestow my daughter upon a man without money, sooner than upon money without a man."


MARRIAGE.

"If that thy bent of love be honorable,
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
 And all my fortunes at thy feet I'll lay,
 And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world."

—ROMEO AND JULIET.

"Never wedding, ever wooing,
 Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
 Read you not the wrong you're doing
 In my cheek's pale hue?
 All my life with sorrow strewing—
 Wed, or cease to woo."

—THOS. CAMPBELL.

OMPARING life to a passage o'er a restless flood, marriage is like a suspension-bridge which spans the torrent; and over this structure the long train of humanity has ever walked with joyful or weary feet. In other words, marriage is a "Bitter-Sweet," with the sweet predominating, if the proper conditions are observed. Longfellow is entirely right when he says:

"As the cord unto the bow is,
 So is woman unto the man:
Useless each without the other."

In childhood days, the young girls at school were wont to form a circle and go round and round repeating in chorus the well-worn lines,

~~"The happiest life that ever was led,
Is always to court, and never to wed;"~~

and judging from the actions of many children of a larger growth now, the same sentiment is quite extensively cherished. There is many a pert young Miss (and now and then a pert old one, also) who declares with a species of bitter disdain that

~~"The hour of marriage ends the female reign,
And we give all we have to buy a chain;
Hire men to be our lords, who were our slaves,
And bribe our lovers to be perjured knaves."~~

But these are among that large and growing number of female butterflies who had rather continue to bask in a lover's smiles and attentions, than assume the responsibilities and cares of a permanent married state. These stoutly aver that "she that takes the best of husbands, puts on a golden fetter; for husbands are like painted fruit which promise much, but still deceive us when we come to try them." And then, growing bolder with outspoken contempt, they sometimes loudly proclaim that

~~"Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate;
While love, kept at a distance, is divine,
Obliging, and says everything that's fine."~~

But, on the other hand, there are many more true

and noble women who would echo the words of Mrs. Hemans when she writes thus of her husband :

“I bless thee for the noble heart
The tender and the true,
Where mine hath found the happiest rest
That e'er fond woman's knew :
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,
For my own, my treasured share
In all the secrets of thy soul,
Thy sorrow and thy care.

“I bless thee for kind looks and words
Showered on my path like dew ;
For all the love in those deep eyes,
A gladness ever new !
For the voice which ne'er to mine replied
But in kindly tones of cheer ;
For every spring of happiness
My soul hath tasted here.”

Or again, with another they would acknowledge that “the tying of two in wedlock is as the tuning of two lutes in one key ; one cannot be delighted, but the other rejoiceth.” They would joyfully declare that “marriage, rightly understood, gives to the tender and the good, a paradise below.”

The hour when a young couple stand up before the altar and take upon themselves vows and promises which can end, properly and lawfully, only with the life of one of the parties, is as solemn as it is interesting. Both are inexperienced in the ways of the world, and both are ignorant of the thousand trials and perplexities of the life before them, and yet both are so confiding and trustful, and so full of

hope, anticipation, and joy, that it seems to them, in their blindness, that nothing can ever shake their settled bliss. But what makes the father and mother and intimate friends often weep at these wedding festivals? Mrs. Hemans says,

“Holy and pure are the drops that fall
When the young bride goes from the father’s hall,
For she goes unto love untried and new,
And parts from love which hath aye been true.”

What makes the aged spectators weep? It is doubtless mingled recollection and anticipatory foreboding. It is the knowledge of future contingencies and possibilities which has been gained perchance, by bitter experience. The old people know, if the young couple do not, that “honeymoons” are generally short-lived, and after the calm frequently comes a storm.

It is probably true that the majority of young people enter upon the married state with altogether too high and extravagant notions about what they are to experience and enjoy in this new sphere of life. As love is largely ideal in its nature, the imagination often carries away captive all the more solid and sober faculties of the mind, and feeds the two smitten souls with a sweet compound of fancies and phantoms, “cooked to a turn, and nicely seasoned.” But even this temporary delusion is one of the kindly provisions of nature, and should always be accounted such.

Light causes often move dissensions between hearts that love. When jealousy comes in, love usually goes out. There is not a single redeeming side or feature

to this fell passion of human nature, for its root is a morbid and exacting self-love, rather than love for the other, as is sometimes alleged, by way of its justification. Therefore, let every married couple avoid it as they would the coming of yellow fever, or the devil. After this passion is once aroused, the bright altar-flame which once leaped from heart to eyes, and spread itself like the crimson glow of sunrise all over the countenance, dies down, and burns lower and lower until there is left but the chilled and cheerless cinders of an extinct funeral pyre. The heart is dead and cold, or changed to an instrument of self-torture and intense hate. Then life becomes an intolerable burden, to be shaken off at the first convenient opportunity through suicide, or is converted into a suppressed volcano whose internal fury and wrath are liable at any time to burst forth in flames of cruelty, desertion, or murder.

Yet, after all this, more mutual love and more marriages are among the great wants of our time. The darkest side of our present social life lies in the direction of this want. Young men and maidens are not marrying as fast as is good and healthful for public morality and social virtue. Pure, happy, industrious homes constitute the nucleus of both church and state, and a peaceful, united pair is the only normal divinely-established and perfectly rounded unit of humanity, and the only true center and source of all that makes life valuable, or earth blessed.

As good Bishop Taylor says: "If you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last and best gift to man, his angel of mercy. Her voice is his sweetest music;

her smiles, his brightest day ; her kiss, the guardian of his innocence ; her industry, his surest wealth ; her economy, his safest steward ; her lips, his faithful counselors ; her bosom, his softest pillow ; her prayers, his ablest advocate at Heaven's court." Therefore, reader, think of some familiar picture of old bachelorhood or maidenhood life with which you are acquainted, and then look on this picture of married life :

"Dainty Mabel, full of grace,
With her bright and smiling face,
Dances lightly 'cross the floor
Opens wide the outer door.
For she hears above the blast
Of the Storm-King sweeping past—
Hears a welcome, well-known step—
Hears a voice cry: 'Ah, my pet!'
Safely sheltered from the storm,
By the fireside bright and warm,
With his arms about her pressed,
With her head upon his breast,
Softly says he. 'Ah, Ma-Belle,
How I love you, none can tell;
What have I to fear in life,
While I hold my darling wife?'
Slow she answers, with a sigh,
'When the years, in passing by,
Shall dim the luster of my eyes,
When I make you dull replies,
Will your love grow dead and cold,
Will you love me when I'm old?'
Stroking now her drooping head,
Low and gently Robin said:
'Well I know the hand of Time
Will whiten both your hair and mine;
But together we will share

Every joy and every care;
 Then, as now, will rise above
 Thanks for thee, my darling love.
 Now the curtains downward drop,
 The fire burns low, the lights are out
 They have gone to peaceful rest,
 And the angels, hovering near,
 Drop, methinks, a silent tear
 O'er the holiest thing in life—
 A happy husband, happy wife."

Jeremy Taylor says: "Marriage has in it less of beauty, but more safety, than the single life. It hath not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry, and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows, and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but it is supported by all the strength of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of the apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower; labors and unites into societies and republics; sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies; obeys the king and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interests of mankind. 'Tis that state of good to which God hath designed the present condition of the world."

Pope thus speaks of the pleasures of married life:

"Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature law;
 All then is full, possessing and possessed,

No craving void left aching in the breast;
E'en thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
As each warm wish springs mutual from the heart."

"Live in a palace without woman," says Douglas Jerrold; "'tis but a place to shiver in. Whereas, take off the house-top, break every window, make the doors creak, the chimneys smoke; give free entry to the sun, wind, rain—still will a wife make the hovel habitable; nay, bring the little household gods crowding about the fireplace."

Sir Thomas Bernard says: "Of all temporal and worldly enjoyments, the marriage union with a congenial mind, animating a pleasing frame, is by far the greatest." Johnson writes: "Marriage is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship, and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and he must expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, riches, or politeness, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim. * * * Marriage has many pains, but celibacy no pleasures."

"I have noticed," says Washington Irving, "that a married man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are softened and relieved by domestic endearments, and self-respect kept alive by finding that, although all abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet still there is a little world of love at home, of which he is monarch; whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect, to fall to ruin, like a deserted mansion, for want of inhabitants. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all

the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity."

And so we will sum up the whole matter by saying that,

"The man who weds a loving wife
Whate'er betide him in this life,
Shall bear up under all;
But he that finds an evil mate,
No good can come within his gate,
His cup is filled with gall."



HUSBAND AND WIFE.

“ Know then,
 As wives owe a duty—so do men.
 Men must be like the branch and bark to trees,
 Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage
 Clothe them in winter, tender them in age.
 If it appears to them they’ve strayed amiss,
 They only must rebuke them with a kiss.”

—WILKINS.



MUTUAL happiness can only be enjoyed by mutual forbearance, mutual comfort, mutual strength, mutual guidance, mutual trust ; common principles, common duties, common burdens, common aims, common hopes, common joys.

Above all things, don't go abroad to speak of each other's frailties ; a husband or a wife ought not to speak of the other's faults to any but themselves. Says quaint old Fuller : “ Jars concealed are half reconciled, while, if generally known, 'tis a double task to stop the breach at home, and men's mouths abroad.” Hitches will occur, but many bad results may be avoided by a resolution, well kept on both sides, to cloak and forgive offenses ; to say, with Milton .

- “ Let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere; but **strive**,
In offices of love, how each may lighten
The other's burden in our share of woe.”

The skill to wound and the skill to cure are very different things. The first is most cultivated, and the last is least appreciated, among married people. Family life will claim every day some little sacrifice. It is only thus that true love can exist, for wherever the spirit of selfishness is allowed to take its place, discord will assuredly follow.

There should always be an endeavor on the part of each to adapt self to the temper and characteristics of the other. In fact, to the extent of this mutual adaptation, will lie the measure of the mutual enjoyment.

MUTUALLY RESPECTFUL.

Married people should also be mutually respectful to each other. For if man is at the head of the household, yet the wife is the crown of her husband, and as each supplies what the other lacks, each is as good in his or her place as the other. Such being the case, let due honor be given to each other on all occasions. Many wait for some great opportunity to exhibit this respect, forgetting that the happiness of life is made up of everyday duties.

Married people should also confide in each other. Said Lord Bolingbroke: “ If I was making up a plan of consequence, I should like first to consult with a sensible woman.” Many a man has been saved from disastrous speculations by consulting his

wife ; many a man has been ruined by the wife allowing some other person's judgment to interfere between her and her husband. Never listen to any one for a moment who whispers, "Don't tell your wife," or "husband." You ought not to be ashamed to consult one another upon any step that is to be taken. Therefore, be frank with one another ; for let a man think what he may, his wife's counsel is worth seeking. She will often see what is right, and actually do it, before the husband has finished his deliberations ; or, as another says, "When a man has toiled step by step up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top, but she will not be able to tell how she got there." Women, we are told, "jump to conclusions," and it is true. The wife can "take stock" of a man in a moment, and if she warns you against any one, depend upon it, as a rule she will be right. A woman has a special instinct in this respect. Indeed, the intuitive judgments of women are often more to be relied upon than the conclusions which men reach by an elaborate process of reasoning.

Besides these mutual duties of married life, there are special duties belonging to husband and wife separately. Thus it is the special duty of the husband to provide for the proper support of his wife. When a man's work is done, and his wages are in his hand, he should not squander them. Nothing is so detrimental to home and happiness, as the habit of living in continual want. As N. P. Willis says,

" True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease,

And has a good eye for a dinner,
But starves beneath shady trees."

HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES.

Household expenses should never exceed the income, and it is worth an effort to keep them below it. By doing this you will save one frequent source of trouble between husband and wife, namely, expense. Instead of a nice, tidy, cheerful little house, with its bit of garden, its comfortable parlor, and all the means of bringing up a family, so as to set them on respectably in life, and put the chance of wealth and influence within their reach, many men are content to muddle on in a wretched hovel, letting the poor wife slave, and the children roll and fight in the gutters.

Again, it is the special duty of the husband to prefer his home and seek to make it attractive. The love of home is generally a test of character. When a man spends his spare time mostly away from home, it implies something bad, and points to something worse. Many a wife has occasion to utter complaint on this score, something like the following :

"You took me, William, when a girl, unto your home and heart,
To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;
And I would rather share your tear, than any other's glee,
For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world to me.

There's sunlight for me in your smiles, and music in your tone;
I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim,
I cry, 'O Parent of the poor, look down from heaven on him;
Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and soul!
And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,

How oft are they forbade to close in slumber by our child?
 I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,
 And feel it is a part of thee, I lull upon my breast.

"There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long,
 And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no
 wrong:

I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind;
 I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind;
 I ask not for attire more gay, if such as I have got,
 Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not.
 But I would ask some share of hours that you on clubs bestow,
 Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not something
 know?

Subtract from meetings among men, each eve an hour for me;
 Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be.

"If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think when you're
 away,

Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, if you stay.
 A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours,
 And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers;
 And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind,
 And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your
 mind."

No one likes to live in the sight of ugliness. No man is so poor but that he can have flowering shrubs in his yard. Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain, in making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children, not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him as far as circumstances will admit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasant objects, in decorating it within and without, with things that tend to make

it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order; a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which in absence draws back the heart by its fond associations of comfort and content.

THE HUSBAND.

The word husband literally means "the band of the house," the support of it, the person who keeps it together, as a band keeps together a sheaf of corn. There are many married men who are not husbands, because they are not the band of the house. In many cases, the wife is the husband; for oftentimes it is she who, by her prudence, and thrift, and economy, keeps the house together. The married man who, by his dissolute habits, strips his house of all its comforts, is not a husband; in a legal sense he is, but in no other, for he is not a *house-band*; instead of keeping his household together, he suffers both home and family to go to ruin.

A third special duty of the husband is to love his wife sincerely, ardently, and supremely. Before you married her, you consulted her tastes, her wishes, and her judgment upon everything; surely if you love her sincerely, she is still worthy of the same confidence. Are you aware that she still thinks that she has no such pleasant walks as those she takes with her hand leaning upon your arm? A neglected wife is the most disconsolate creature in the world.

"Be to her faults a little blind,
And to her virtues very kind."

Some husbands are so stiff and proud that they scarcely say a kind word or give a kiss to their wives for days and weeks together. It is an awful thing for a woman to be married to a man with whom, as Dr. Johnson says, she may be "living with the suspicion and solicitude of one who plays with a tame tiger, always under the necessity of watching the moment when the savage shall begin to growl."

Many husbands are tyrants, beneath whose sway all the gentler affections wither and die. Take care that you are not of the number ; but if you pretend to love without showing that you love, or to be a husband without giving up an hour of your time to her whom you love, how is she to know of the existence of your affection? Remember, the power of selfishness, which is inwoven with our whole being, is designed to be altogether broken by marriage ; and, by degrees, that love, becoming more and more pure, should take its place. When a man marries, he gives himself up to another being ; in this affair of life he first goes out of himself, and inflicts the first deadly wound on his egotism. By every child with which his marriage is blessed, Nature renews the same attack on his selfhood ; causes him to live less for himself, and more,—even without being distinctly conscious of it,—for others ; his heart expands in proportion as the claimants upon it increase ; and, bursting the bonds of its former narrow exclusiveness, it eventually extends its sympathies to all around.

Still another special duty of the husband is to help his wife in the home, when he can do so without infringing upon larger and more important duties. Many men seem to forget that it is as much their

duty, now and then, to rock a cradle, nurse a baby, or play with the children, as it is the mother's. It is a grand thing to have a romp with the children, and that man is not worthy to be a father who cannot now and then play with them, or take an interest in their sports and occupations. Many a man who, while courting, was so anxious to help that he would scarcely allow Mary to carry her parasol, seems, when married, to forget that this kind of attention is needful. Sometimes we may see, in a crowded market, a strong man walking with his hands in his pockets, while by his side is seen his weak wife struggling beneath the weight of a basket laden with provisions. She might indeed well say :

“Once, to prevent my wishes, Philo flew;
But Time, that alters all, has altered you.”

Remember, that there are many little duties which a man can easily discharge, but which will make the labor of his wife lighter and more cheerful. Look around and see if you cannot chop some wood, carry some coal, fetch in some water, drive in a few nails, and, as we have said, if there happen to be any children, play with them a little, and so lighten the burdens of the household. Gilfillan says: “Woman comes after man in the order of creation, and is inferior to man; but woman, at the same time, if weaker, is more refined in her composition than man. Woman is the complement of man, and his greatest desideratum. Woman, as the sister of man, is bound to love, and entitled to be loved in return; as the shadow of man, to reflect and obey him; as the

spouse of man, to sympathize with, help, and cheer, and receive aid, countenance, and sympathetic compassion in exchange."

THE WIFE.

In like manner, there are some special duties for the wife to perform, and these we now enumerate, as we have those belonging to the husband. As the word "husband" literally means a *house-band*, so the word "wife" signifies literally a *weaver*. Before cloth and cotton factories arose, one of the principal duties of a wife was to keep the family in clothing by weaving. The wool was spun into thread by the girls, who were therefore called *spinsters*, and the thread into cloth by the wife, who was called a weaver. And, as Trench well says: "In the word itself is wrapped up a hint of earnest, in-door, stay-at-home occupations, as being fitted for her who bears the name." Now, if we judge many so-called wives by this standard, we shall find them a long way from answering the conditions. "Marriage," one says, "changes an angel into a woman, and it is a lucky thing if the process does not go on and change her into something else; for many wives, instead of being good, are good for nothing. They are unreasonable, peevish, indolent, extravagant, gossiping, dirty, slatternly. Indeed, we may sum up by saying there are some *good*, some bad, and many very indifferent ones to be found."

But the wise man of old wrote that he "who findeth a good wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor from the Lord." But this is far different

from saying: "He who findeth a *woman*," etc. To find a woman, is easy enough; but to find a good *wife*, is sometimes quite difficult. "The greatest of earthly blessings," said Luther, "is a pious and amiable wife, who fears God and loves her family, and with whom a man may be at peace." While, on the other hand, a bad wife is as "shackles on a man's feet, a palsy to his hands, a burden on his shoulders, smoke in his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn in his side, a dagger in his heart." In the language of a quaint old writer: "A good wife should be like three things—which three things she should not be like. First, she should be like a *snail*, to keep within her own house; but she should not be like a *snail*, to carry all she has upon her back. Secondly, she should be like an *echo*, to speak when spoken to; but she should not be like an *echo*, always to have the last word. Thirdly, she should be like a *town-clock*, always to keep time with regularity; but she should not, like a *town-clock*, speak so loud that all the town may hear."

In the first place, there can never be but one head to anything, whether it be a manufacturing corporation or a household; and that head, God says, shall be the man. Indeed, nature herself revolts at the indecency of a woman mounting the box, grasping the reins, and driving her household, husband included, whithersoever she will. Milton puts into the mouth of Eve this sentiment:

"What thou bidst,
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise."

Matthew Henry, in his commentary, when speaking of the creation of woman from the rib of the man, forcibly says: "She was not made out of his head, to top him; not out of his feet, to be trampled upon by him; but out of his side, to be equal with him; under his arm, to be protected; and near his heart, to be beloved." And no sensible woman can object to this description. Sidney Smith very wisely remarks, also: "Every man has little infirmities of temper and disposition which require forgiveness; peculiarities which require to be managed; prejudices which should be avoided; innocent habits which should be indulged; fixed opinions which should be treated with respect; particular feelings and delicacies which should be consulted. All this may be done without the slightest violation of truth, or the most trifling infringement of religion. These are the sacrifices which repay."

Still, the husband has no right to command what is morally wrong or unlawful. He has no right to compel the partner of his life to become a partner in sinful pleasures or amusements; no right to interfere with the proper discharge of her religious duties, or require her to be the instrument of his vices or follies. But, as a matter of fact, while the men hold the reins, the women generally tell them which way to drive.

A second special duty of the wife is to make her home a supremely happy one; to cause her husband to say, while away at his work:

"Rainy and rough sets the day,
There's a heart waiting for somebody;
I must be up and away,

Somebody is anxious for somebody.
Thrice hath she been to the gate,
Thrice hath she listened for somebody;
Midst the night, stormy and late,
Somebody's looking for somebody.

“There'll be a comforting fire,
There'll be supper for somebody;
One in her neatest attire
Will look to the table for somebody.
Though the stars set from the west,
There's a star shining for somebody,
Lighting the home he loves best,
Warming the bosom of somebody.

“There'll be a coat o'er the chair,
There'll be slippers for somebody;
There'll be a wife's tender care,
Love's fond endearments for somebody.
There'll be a little one's charms,
Soon they'll be wakened for somebody,
When I've got both in my arms,
Then oh! how blest will be somebody.”

HOUSEHOLD DUTIES.

Accordingly, it will be the wife's business to prepare beforehand for the prompt discharge of all her household duties. For a stitch in time not only saves nine, but prevents those outbreaks of temper which often occur when there is a button short, or some little article is wanted at the last moment, when all are ready to sit down to dinner or tea. Men love neatness, tidiness, method; and nothing pleases them better than to see a woman who is a “clever manager” of her house. And the finest music in the

world has not so sweet a sound as that of the rattling plate exactly at the meal-time hour; while fancy work will soon be cast aside with contempt, if the buttons are not put on the shirts, ready for use. Good wives, as a rule, make good husbands; while bad wives transform good husbands into bad ones; or, as Rousseau says, "Men will always be what women make them."

There is quite a practical moral to the following story: A few weeks after marriage, a husband had some peculiar thoughts when putting on his clean shirt, as he saw no appearance of a washing. He thereupon rose earlier than usual one morning, and kindled a fire. When putting on the kettle, he made a noise on purpose to arouse his wife. She immediately peeped over the blankets, and then exclaimed, "My dear, what are you doing?" He deliberately responded, "I've put on my last clean shirt, and I'm going to wash one now for myself." "Very well," replied Mrs. Easy, "you had better wash one for me, too, while you are at it." Of course by such a method even an angel would soon become soured. By way of helping to keep the house in order, we give the following hints on household management. Have a stated day of the week for ascertaining and getting in what articles you need for the house. Don't market on Saturday night if you can avoid it. Get the washing over in the early part of the week, so that the ironing, mending, etc., may be out of the way before Saturday. Have a place for everything, and try to keep everything in its place.

Another special duty of the wife is to take good care of her health. How comparatively few married

women we meet, who are anything like healthy and strong; they can neither eat, drink, nor sleep as they ought. Women of the present day are far more feeble than their grandmothers of the early part of this century. They do not take enough outdoor exercise. Indeed, they often say they stay indoors until they don't want to go out. This is a great and fatal mistake. Then there is the proper ventilation of the house, and especially the bedrooms every day. It is the general practice to make the beds as soon as possible in the morning. It is a singular thing that the rooms in which we spend a third at least of our lives, are frequently the worst ventilated places in the house; and what little air can get through is frequently hindered by the foolish habit of stopping up the chimney. See to it that a good current of fresh air gets into your sleeping-rooms, if you wish to preserve your health, and keep away disease.

Again, a desire to please in her appearance should never leave the wife for a single day; for if she begins to neglect *herself*, she will find it a short and easy road to neglect the house. A dirty woman and a dirty house generally go together. Many worthy women, who would not for the world be found wanting in the matter of personal neatness, seem somehow to have the notion that any study of the arts of personal beauty in family life is unmatronly. Marriage sometimes transforms a charming, trim, tripping young lady into a waddling matron, whose everyday toilet suggests only the idea of a feather-bed tied around with a string. We do not believe that the summary banishment of the graces from the domestic circle as soon as the first baby makes its appearance,

is at all conducive to domestic affection. Nor do we think that there is any need of so doing. Do you ask what is neatness and taste in dress? Listen to a comment of Dr. Johnson: "The best evidence that I can give you of her perfection in this respect is, that one can never remember what she had on."

COMFORT YOUR HUSBAND.

Comfort your husband in times of trial and trouble. "It is not so thankworthy for thee to cheer thy husband when he can cheer thee, or himself without thee, while the day of prosperity lasts; but then to play the sweet orator, and to make him merry when all other comforts have forsaken him, in the sad season of sickness, of sorrow; this is better than all music and melody. Every busy bird, while summer lasts, will chirp and chatter; but to sing upon the bare bough or thorn-bush when the leaves are gone, and the cold winter approacheth, this argues a wife truly graceful, truly amiable and cheerful, and, next to the soul's peace with God, is the greatest content under the sun."

Another great duty of the wife is to make a special study of her husband's habits, wants, and temper. A man has generally formed many of his habits before marriage, and if a woman is wise, she will try to gratify some of his little whims and fancies, instead of trying to oppose them. A writer in the *Spectator* has truly said, "A woman never fairly enjoys her part as a wife, who does not patronize her husband a good deal on small points, and who is not mildly conscious of her own superiority to him in that

emancipation of spirit which makes her indulgence of these fancies of his seem so like spoiling him. If you yourself attach any real importance to the little matters you look after for him, so far it is not properly indulging. When you lament over him as he comes in wet and cold from a snowstorm, or bathe his head when it aches, with cologne, or see that he has his tonic at the right hour when he is ill, or scold the servants for disturbing his nap before he sets to his evening work, or 'break' an unexpected bill to him,—in all these cases you are simply giving him your hearty sympathy,—not petting him. But it is in taking care that his food is as he likes it; that the odd fancy of his is gratified about having pudding with roast beef; or that the curious dislike to being fidgeted by the servant's entering to draw down the blinds and close the shutters in his study, is humored; or that his unfortunate taste for plenty of cream in his tea, which spoils it so to your finer perception, is satisfied,—it is in these things that you feel full delight in petting your husband, and that your face beams 'with something of angelic light' in conceding to his frailty what you feel entirely independent of for yourself."

Dr. Franklin having noticed that a certain mechanic, who worked near his office, was always happy and smiling, ventured to ask him the secret of his constant cheerfulness. "It's no secret," he replied; "I have got one of the best of wives; when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I come home, she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and the tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many things through the day to

please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody."

DON'T QUARREL.

Remember, it always *takes two to make a quarrel*; and if the husband happens to come home out of sorts, try and calm him down. He will then with joy say,—

"Well thou playest the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about my heart."

If he should be inclined to dispute with you, abstain from a long argument with him. Let it be a standing motto, *never to irritate*. Gentleness is the best way to carry a point, and to keep a husband in a good temper, is one of the duties of a wife. As one well remarks,—“A wife should never irritate her husband by acting in opposition to his prejudices. A husband usually has little crotchety notions, about which he is very particular; these may be in themselves of no moment, but if they are continually thwarted, they will soon come to be looked upon as weighty matters, and will frequently lead to grave disputes.” Beware lest you make your house appear so unpleasant that your husband goes away to find comfort. Let not your husband say with reference to you,

“A woman's rosy mouth is good to see;
With its soft, sculptured lines cut clearly out,
A ‘thing of beauty’ it must surely be;
But for the rest, there may exist a doubt.
To hear it scold through breakfast, lunch, and tea,

Is apt to put the best digestion out.
 No 'joy forever,' is the ruby mouth
 That blows much oftener from 'nor-east than south.'

A wife should always remember that it only requires a

"Something light as air—a look,
 A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
 For love that tempest never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this has shaken.
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day;
 And voices lose the love that shed
 A tenderness round all they said;
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of life are gone;
 And hearts so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds, or like the stream
 That, smiling left the mountain's brow,
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods that part forever."

WIVES, BE DISCREET.

Should a quarrel unfortunately arise, a wife's sole care ought to be to confine the knowledge of it to her own breast. Many silly women, in irritation, and in a desire to be thought martyrs, no sooner have words with their husbands, then they rush off and tell the whole story to some chosen confidant, of course making their husbands appear as very bad persons.

A wife should have no confidants; and she should

be careful to conceal any little discord that may occur with her husband. For if one person be informed, the scandal spreads, and the wife has ere long bitter cause to regret having lowered both herself and her husband in popular estimation ; but worst of all, a husband rarely forgets, and never quite forgives, such an exposure, which, as Richardson observes, "is sure to be remembered long after the honest people have forgotten it themselves."

Lastly, in the matter of family or personal expenses, a wife should first know whether her husband can spare money before she spends it. He alone can tell what he can spare ; and if he gives you good reason for supposing that he can't afford to buy this or that, be satisfied. Many a man has been ruined by allowing his wife to spend before he has earned his money. You have no right to risk the happiness of home in this way. The woman who feels that she has a right to spend every penny that she can get, forgets that she has no right to waste or squander it. She and her husband are partners, and both should be equally anxious to keep the nightmare of debt far away. Women ought to be specially interested in watching over the family income, and seeing that the household expense falls within its limits, instead of outside of them. And when money is denied you, never get sulky over it, as so many are in the habit of doing. A sulky man is bad enough, what, then, must be a sulky woman, and that woman a wife ; a constant inmate, a companion day and night ? Only think of the delight of sitting at the same table and sleeping in the same bed for a week, and not exchanging a word all the while !

There is many a man who has had occasion to say
with more of sadness than glee :

“Heaven bless the wives, they fill our hives
With little bees and honey!
They soothe life's shocks, they mend our socks,
But—don't they spend the money!”



"HOME."

"I love the dear old home! My mother lived there!
And the sunlight seems to me brighter far
Than wheresoever else. I know the forms
Of every tree and mountain, hill and dell;
Its waters gurgle like a tongue I know—
It is my home."

—FRANCES K. BUTLER.



THE very word has a soothing cadence connected with its pronunciation. Home constitutes the magic circle within which the weary spirit finds refuge; it is the sacred asylum to which the careworn heart retreats, to find rest from the toils and disquietude of life. It is a word which touches every fiber of the soul, and strikes every chord of the human heart with its angelic fingers. Nothing but death can break its spell. What tender associations are linked with home! What pleasing images and deep emotion it awakens! It calls up the fondest memories of life, and opens in our nature the purest, deepest, richest fount of consecrated thought and feeling.

Some years ago, about twenty thousand people gathered in the old Castle Garden, New York, to hear Jenny Lind sing, as no other songstress ever

had sung, the sublime compositions of Beethoven, Handel, etc. At length the Swedish Nightingale thought of her home, paused, and seemed to fold her wings for a higher flight. She began with deep emotion to pour forth "Home, Sweet Home." The audience could not stand it. An uproar of applause stopped the music. Tears gushed from those thousands like rain. Beethoven and Handel were forgotten. After a moment, the song came again, seemingly as from heaven, almost angelic. *Home*—that was the word that bound as with a spell, twenty thousand souls, and Howard Payne triumphed over the great masters of song. When we look at the brevity and simplicity of this home song, we are ready to ask, what is the charm that lies concealed in it? The answer is easy. Next to religion, the deepest and most ineradicable sentiment in the human soul is that of the home affections. Every heart vibrates to this theme.

There is no happiness in life, there is no misery, like that growing out of the dispositions which consecrate or desecrate a home. He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home. Home should be made so truly home, that the weary, tempted heart could turn toward it anywhere on the dusty highway of life, and receive light and strength. The affections and loves of home constitute the poetry of human life, and, so far as our present existence is concerned, with all the domestic relations, are worth more than all other social ties. They give the first throb to the heart, and unseal the deep fountains of its love. Home is the chief school of human virtue. Its responsibilities, joys, sorrows,

smiles, tears, hopes, and solitudes, form the chief interest of human life. When regard for home ceases, virtue dies.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

There is nothing in the world which is so venerable as the character of parents; nothing so intimate and endearing as the relation of husband and wife; nothing so tender as that of children; nothing so lovely as those of brothers and sisters. The little circle is made one by a singular union of the affections. The only fountain in the wilderness of life where man drinks of water totally unmixed with bitter ingredients, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recess of domestic life. Pleasure may heat the heart with artificial excitement; ambition may delude it with golden dreams; war may eradicate its fine fibers, and diminish its sensitiveness; but it is only domestic love that can render it truly happy.

Even as the sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays, so the home-life must be constituted of little tendernesses, kind looks, sweet laughter, gentle words, loving counsels. It must not be like the torch-blaze of natural excitement, which is easily quenched, but like the serene, chastened light, which burns as safely in the dry east wind as in the stillest atmosphere. Let each cultivate the mutual confidence which is a gift capable of increase and improvement, and soon it will be found that kindliness will spring up on every side, displacing constitutional unsuitability, want of mutual knowledge, even as we have

seen sweet violets and primroses dispelling the gloom of the gray sea-rocks.

CHARACTER OF HOME.

Much of a man's energy and success, as well as happiness, depends upon the character of his home. Secure *there*, he goes forth bravely to encounter the trials of life. It is his point of rest. It is a reserved power to fall back upon. Home, and home friends ! How dear they are to us all ! When all other friends prove false, home friends, removed from every bias but love, are the steadfast and sure stays of our peace of soul ; are best and dearest when the hour is darkest, and the danger of evil the greatest. But if one have none to care for him at home ; if there be neglect, or love of absence, or coldness in our home and on our hearth, then, even if we prosper without, it is dark indeed, within ! It is not seldom that we can trace alienation and dissipation to this source. If no wife or sister care for him who returns from his toil, well may he despair of life's best blessings. Home is nothing but a name, without true friends.

The sweetest type of heaven is home ; nay, heaven itself is the home for whose acquisition we are to strive the most strongly. Home, in one form and another, is the great object of life. It stands at the end of every day's labor, and beckons us to its bosom ; and life would be cheerless and meaningless, did we not discern, across the river that divides it from the life beyond, glimpses of pleasant mansions prepared for us in a land where the sweet sunshine of love is perpetual.

“ Like the great rock’s grateful shade
In a strange and weary land,
Like the desert’s cooling spring
To a faint and drooping band,
So to all will memories come
Of the peaceful hours at home!

“ To the sailor on the sea,
As the midnight watch he keeps,
Some sweet thought of home will be
With him if he wakes or sleeps.
Memories of mother-love
Follow where his footsteps rove!

“ On the bloody field of death,
Where brave hearts beat faint and low,
Heroes with their parting breath
Say some word before they go,
That a comrade, sad and lone,
Will bear back to those at home!

“ Hours at home! Can we forget
Aught that makes their memory dear?
Youth and childhood linger yet
With their skies, so brightly clear,
And we bless, where’er we roam,
All that speaks of hours at home.”

Our nature demands a home. It is the first essential element of our social being. Life cannot be complete without home relations; there would be no proper equilibrium of life and character without the home influence. The strength of this influence may be estimated by the power of its impressions. It is the prerogative of home to make the first impression upon our nature, and to give that nature its first direction onward and upward. It uncovers the moral

fountain, chooses its channel, and gives the stream its first impulse. It makes the "first stamp, and sets the first seal" upon the plastic nature of the child. It gives the first tone to our desires, and furnishes ingredients that will either sweeten or embitter the whole cup of life. These impressions are indelible and durable as life. Compared with them, other impressions are like those made upon sand or wax. To erase them, we must remove every strata of our being. Even the infidel lives under the holy influence of a pious mother's impressions. John Randolph could never shake off the restraining influence of a little prayer his mother taught him when a child. It preserved him from the clutches of avowed infidelity.

HOME INFLUENCE.

Thus the home influence is either a blessing or a curse. It cannot be neutral. In either case it is mighty, commencing with our birth, going with us through life, clinging to us in death, and reaching into the eternal world. Like the calm, deep stream, it moves on in silent, but overwhelming power. It strikes its roots deep into the human heart, and spreads its branches wide over our whole being. Like the lily that braves the tempest, and "the Alpine flower that leans its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows," it is exerted amid the wildest storms of life, and breathes a softening spell in our bosom even when a heartless world is freezing up the fountains of sympathy and love. It is governing, restraining, attracting, and traditional. It holds the empire of the heart, and rules the life. It restrains the

wayward passions of the child, and checks him in his mad career of ruin.

Our habits, too, are formed under the moulding power of home. The "tender twig" is there bent, the spirit shaped, principles implanted, and the whole character is formed, until it becomes a habit. Who does not feel this influence of home upon all his habits of life? The gray-haired father who wails in his second infancy, feels the traces of his childhood home in his spirit, desires, and habits. The most illustrious statesmen, the most distinguished warriors, the most eloquent ministers, and the greatest benefactors of human kind, owe their greatness to the fostering influence of home. Napoleon felt this when he said, "What France needs is good mothers." The homes of the American revolution made the men of the revolution. Their influence reaches yet far into the inmost frame and constitution of our republic.

Place does not constitute home. Many a gilded palace and sea of luxury is not a home. Many a flower-girt dwelling and splendid mansion lacks all the essentials of home. A hovel is often more a home than a palace. If the spirit of congenial friendship link not the hearts of the inmates of a dwelling, it is not a home. If love reign not there; if charity spread not her downy mantle over all; if peace prevail not; if contentment be not a meek and merry dweller therein; if virtue rear not her beautiful children, and religion come not in her white robe of gentleness to lay her hand in benediction on every head, the home is not complete.

We are all in the habit of building for ourselves

ideal homes. But they are generally made up of outward things,—a house, a garden, a carriage, and the ornaments and appendages of luxury. And if, in our lives, we do not realize our ideas, we make ourselves miserable, and our friends miserable. But the true idea of home is a quiet, secluded spot, where loving hearts dwell, set apart and dedicated to intellectual and moral improvement. It is not a formal school of staid solemnity and rigid discipline, where virtue is made a task, and progress a sharp necessity, but a place where obedience is a pleasure, discipline a joy, and improvement a self-wrought delight.

MAKE HOME CHEERFUL.

Every home should be cheerful. Innocent joy should reign in every heart. There should be domestic amusements, fireside pleasures, quiet and simple it may be, but such as shall make home happy, and not leave it that irksome place which will oblige the youthful spirit to look elsewhere for joy. There are a thousand unobtrusive ways in which we may add to the cheerfulness of home. The very modulations of the voice will often make a wonderful difference. How many shades of feeling are expressed by the voice! No delicately tuned harpstring can awaken more pleasure; no grating discord can pierce with more pain.

Let parents talk much and talk well at home. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home among the children. If they have not mental activity and physical vigor, sufficient for

both, let them first provide for their own household. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home, than try to charm strangers, or amuse friends. The youth who does not love home is always in danger.

Fathers and mothers, if you would not have your children lost to you in after life,—if you would have your married daughters not forget their old home in the new one,—if you would have your sons lend a hand to keep you in the old rose-covered cottage, instead of letting you go to the naked walls of a workhouse,—make home happy to them when they are young. Send them out into the world in the full belief that there is “no place like home.” And even if the old home should, in the course of time, be pulled down, or be lost to your children, it will still live in their memories. The kind looks, and kind words, and thoughtful love of those who once inhabited it, will not pass away.

Poor, tempest-tossed Goldsmith, writing of

“Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visits paid,
And parting Summer’s lingering blooms delayed,
Dear, lovely bower of innocence and ease,
Seat of my youth, when every sport could please,”

says, with a touch of sad pathos mingled with deep and inexpressible fondness :

“In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs,—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
And in these humble bowers to lay me down,

To husband out life's tapers at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose.
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
There to return—and die at home at last."

And such is the feeling of every human heart, unless that feeling has been killed by parental unkindness and cruelty, or by personal degradation and vice.

WOMAN AND HOME.

In a true home, woman is the God-ordained queen. Nature placed her on that throne, and she practically rules or ruins her kingdom and its subjects. Accordingly, home takes its hue and happiness principally from her. If she is in the best sense womanly,—if she is true and tender, loving and heroic, patient and self-devoted,—she consciously or unconsciously organizes and puts in operation a set of influences that do more to mould the destiny of the nation than any man, uncrowned by power or eloquence, can possibly effect. The men of the nation are what their mothers make them, as a rule; and the voice which those men speak in the expression of their power, is the voice of the women who bore and bred them.

There can be no substitute for this. There is no other possible way in which the women of the nation can organize their influence and power, that will tell so beneficially upon society and the State. Neither woman nor the nation can afford to have home demoralized, or in any way deteriorated by the loss of her presence, or the lessening of her influence there.

As a nation we rise or fall as the character of our homes, presided over by woman, rises or falls; and the best gauge of our prosperity is to be found in the measure by which these homes find multiplication in the land. In true marriage, and the struggle after the highest ideal of home life, is to be found the solution of most of the ugly problems that confront the present generation.

But there is a type of American womanhood of which all good people should be ashamed. It is found chiefly in large cities. It lives in hotels and boarding-houses; it travels, it haunts the fashionable watering-places; it is prominent at the opera and the ball; in short, it is wherever it can show itself and its clothes. It rejoices over a notice of itself in a newspaper as among the proudest and most grateful of its social achievements. Its grand first question is: "Wherewithal shall I be clothed?" And when that is answered as well as it can be, the next is: "How and where can I show my clothes, so as to attract the most men, distress the greatest number of women, and make the most stunning social sensation?" We have all seen these women at home and away; and their presumption, boldness, vanity, idleness, display, and lack of all noble and womanly aims, are a disgrace to the city which produces them, and the country after whose name they call themselves.

Of course there is a sufficient cause for the production of this type of woman, and it is to be found in her circumstances and way of life. It is prevalent among those who have suddenly become rich, among those of humble beginnings and insufficient breeding and education. It is fostered in boarding houses and

hotels,—those hot-beds of jealousy, and personal and social rivalry and aimless idleness. The woman who finds herself housed, and clothed, and fed, and petted, and furnished with money for artificial as well as real wants, without the lifting of a finger, or a burden of a care, and without the culture of head or heart that leads her to seek for the higher satisfactions of womanhood, becomes in the most natural way precisely what we have described. It would be unnatural for her to become anything else. The simple truth is, that unless women have a routine of duty that diverts their thoughts from themselves, and gives them something to think of besides dress, and the exhibition of it, they degenerate.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Dr. Holland says: “There is no man who can afford to pay a fair price for board, who cannot afford to keep house; and housekeeping, though it be ever so humble, is the most natural, and the healthiest office to which woman is ever called. There is no one thing that would do so much to elevate womanhood as a universal secession from boarding-house and hotel life, and a universal entrance upon separate homes. Such a step would increase the stock of happiness, improve health of body and health of mind, and raise the standard of morals and manners.

‘The devil always finds work for idle hands to do, whether the hands belong to men or women; but American men are not apt to be idle. They are absorbed in work from early until late, and leave their idle wives cooped up in rooms that cost them no

care, to get rid of the lingering time as they can. To live in public, to be on dress parade every day, to be always part and parcel of a gossiping multitude, to live aimlessly year after year, with thoughts concentrated upon one's person, and one's selfish delights, to be perpetually without a routine of healthy duty, is to take the broadest and briefest road to the degradation of all that is admirable and lovable in womanhood. It is to make, by the most natural process, that gay, gaudy, loud, frivolous, pretentious, vain, intriguing, unsatisfied, and unhappy creature, which is known and recognized everywhere as the fashionable woman."

WOMAN'S TRUE POSITION.

We greatly fear that multitudes of women in these days do not understand their true position and work in life ; do not realize that God intended them to be a kind of connecting link between man and all higher good, and the guardian and preserver of the nobler, higher, diviner part of human life ; intended to have them woo men back from cold, hard selfishness to a life of tenderness, beauty, purity, truthfulness, and love. Nor do they realize that it is possible for them, as the preservers of the world's heart-life, to become its very worst destroyers ! Think of this, woman, when you try to outdo your neighbor in personal and household display, and ask yourself whether you are fulfilling your real mission in so doing ? Instead of being simply animated bundles of dry-goods, ray out from your heart and life a glow of power and love that shall tinge the world with a

brighter luster, and lead it up to a higher walk in tender sympathy and pure benevolence. You can do it as no other being on earth can, and God will hold you responsible for not doing it. Instead of trying to please simply, try to make men better, more charitable, less envious, with more of tender pity toward the unfortunate, more of truth and goodness in their hearts.

Says a modern writer : " If an active competition with man in professional or mercantile life will fit woman for home life, and help to endow her with those virtues whose illustration is so essential to her best influence in the family, let her by all means engage in this competition. If the studies and apprenticeships necessary to make such a life as this successful are those which peculiarly fit women to be wives and mothers, and prepare them to preside over the homes of the people, let us change our educational institutions to meet the necessity, and do it at once. If woman's power over the ballot-box, now exercised by shaping the voter, and lifting the moral tone of the nation at home, will be made better and more unselfish by giving her a hand in political strife, and the chance for an office, let her vote, by all means. If those virtues and traits of character which are universally recognized as womanly are nurtured by participation in public life,—if woman grows modest, sweet, truthful, and trustworthy by familiarity with political intrigues, or by engaging in public debates,—if her home grows better and more influential for good in consequence of her absence from it, then we advocate without qualification her entrance upon public life at once, and demand that the

broadest place shall be made for her. If the number of true marriages is to be increased by a policy that tends to make the sexes competitors with each other for the prizes of wealth and place, and secures to any marked degree, their independence of each other, then let that policy be adopted."

POWER OF WOMAN OVER MAN.

In her own true and proper sphere, the power of woman over man is very great, and is always positively exercised for good or for evil. She can become an angel or a demon to lead men on—to heaven or hell. As has been truly remarked, the mind of man is so constituted as to feel most sensitively the praise or the blame of woman. It is hard for any man to feel that he rests under the censure of all the good women by whom he is surrounded. A man who has not some woman, somewhere, who believes in him, trusts him and loves him, has reached a point where self-respect is gone.

All men who deserve the name of men, desire the respect of women ; and when a man finds himself in a position which fixes upon him the disapproval of a whole community of women, a power is brought to bear upon him which he certainly cannot ignore, and which he finds it difficult to resist. The power of woman, simply as woman, has had too many illustrations in history to need discussion. A man's self-respect can only be nursed to its best estate in the approval of the finer sense and quicker conscience of the women who know him. Therefore, when women for any reason, leave the home as their true post of

honor and of duty, they do thereby immediately lessen the quantity and weaken the quality of their power, in exact proportion to the extent of their wanderings.

TEMPTATION.

A temptation often comes to many women in the home, which is truthfully and beautifully expressed in the following poem by Ada V. Leslie. The temptation is all the more dangerous, because it takes on, to an aspiring woman's ambition, the garb and form of an angel of light, and frequently leads her away from paths of peace to rugged and toilsome ascents up the sides of a cold and desolate mountain :

" Last night my darling said to me,
 With flushing cheek and downcast eye,
 You men are always gay, while we
 Can only sit and sigh.

" We laugh and jest, to lure you on
 To say 'I love,' with many a wile;
 But oh! beneath the jesting tone,
 The glances and the smile—

" Our hearts are sad—a vague unrest
 Fills all the pauses of our life;
 Not always can a faithful breast,
 And sacred name of wife

" Bring peace and joy; a greater good
 Shines out afar on dizzy heights;
 A bitter longing stirs our blood,
 Through all the days and nights;

" As one within a prison chained,
 Who sees his comrades fight and fall,

And weeps to see his share unclaimed
Of that which is for all—

“The right to do, the right to be
A nobler thing than toy or slave;
A something great, and good, and free,
Whose rest is not the grave.

“E'en so we yearn—ah me, you smile!
And I have shown my heart in vain;
But then, I've learnt this truth the while,
You care not for our pain.

“Tis wiser far by stern control—
By bitter, rigid discipline,
To tutor woman's loving soul
To hopes and thoughts divine.

“Tis better, nobler, to forego
A bride's delight, that sweet, vague dream,
Than waken up to married woe,
Which has no Lethean stream.”

“I stretched to her my loving arms—
I gave a pleading look and said,
'Here is your home!' She sank therein,
Her false ambition dead!”

No man or woman, with mature mind and heart, having had any considerable experience in the ways and trials of life, but will agree that this maiden's final decision, as depicted in the last verse, was a wise and proper one. It is right and truly noble for all women to long to be something more “than toy or slave,” but it does not follow that to be this, she must needs “forego a bride's delight,” or step down from her home throne. On the contrary, “The right to do, the right to be, something great and good and

free," is a right (or rather a privilege) which can be exercised and enjoyed nowhere on earth so fully and advantageously as in the home circle.

To leave that sacred, holy, happy spot, and rush out blindly and wildly after some imaginary good which "shines afar on dizzy heights," is to throw down the scepter of her power, and deliberately trample under foot all the leverage of influence which God and her own feminine nature have placed at her disposal.

The home, to any true woman, need never be "a prison," unless she herself makes it thus by an unwise choice of a life-partner, or by a "vague unrest," after the home duties and pleasures are once entered upon. But on the other hand, home is just the place above all others where "hopes and thoughts divine" are born, nurtured, matured, and carried into practical realization. And so the lines of Young are verified anew, that

"The first sure symptoms of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart and pleasure felt at home."



THE MOTHER.

“ My mother! Manhood’s anxious brow
And sterner cares have long been mine,
Yet turn I to thee fondly now,
As when upon thy bosom’s shrine
My infant griefs were gently hushed to rest,
And thy low-whispered prayers my slumber blessed.”

—GEO. W. BETHUNE.



BISHOP THOMSON expressed the feeling of universal human nature when he wrote : “ There is no velvet so soft as a mother’s lap, no rose so lovely as her smile, no path so flowery as that imprinted with her footsteps.” Men and women frequently forget each other, but everybody remembers mother. The very name is so entwined round our hearts that they must cease to throb ere we forget it ! ’Tis our first love ; ’tis part of religion ! Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are first uplifted to it ; we cling to it in manhood ; we almost worship it in old age. He who can enter an apartment and behold the tender babe feeding on its mother’s beauty, nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bosom and a grateful eye, is no man, but a monster.



Engraved & Coloured by James D. Smith

MOTHER.

P. 1 'THE IMPERIAL HIGHWAY'

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The mother can take man's whole nature under her control. She becomes what she has been called, "The Divinity of Infancy." Her smile is its sunshine, her words its mildest law, until sin and the world have steeled the heart. She can shower around her the most genial of all influences, and from the time when she first laps her little one in Elysium by clasping him to her bosom—"its first paradise"—to the moment when that child is independent of her aid, or perhaps, like Washington, directs the destinies of millions, her smile, her word, her wish, is an inspiring force. A sentence of encouragement or praise is a joy for a day. It spreads light upon all faces, and renders a mother's power more and more charm-like. So intense is that power, that the mere remembrance of a praying mother's hand laid on the head in infancy, has held back a son from guilt when passion had waxed strong.

WOMAN'S CHARMS.

Woman's charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose, just bursting into beauty, has an irresistible bewitchingness; the blooming bride, led triumphantly to the hymeneal altar, awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheek fills with delight; but the charm of maternity is more sublime than all these. Heaven has imprinted on the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies—the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking, watchful eye, which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.

The mother is the angel-spirit of home. Her tender yearnings over the cradle of her infant babe, her guardian care of the child and youth, and her bosom companionship with the man of her love and choice, make her the personal center of the interests, the hopes, and happiness of the family. Her love glows in her sympathies, and reigns in all her thoughts and deeds. It never cools, never tires, never dreads, never sleeps, but ever glows and burns with increasing ardor, like sweet and holy incense upon the altar of home devotion. And even when she has gone to her last rest, the sainted mother in heaven sways a mightier influence over her wayward husband or child, than when she was present. Her departed spirit still hovers over his affections, overshadows his path, and draws him by unseen cords to herself in heaven.

Every woman in becoming a mother takes a higher place in the scale of being. A most important work is allotted her in the economy of the great human family. No longer does she live for self; no longer will she be noteless and unrecorded, passing away without name or memorial among the people. No longer can it be said of her, reproachfully, that "she lent her graces to the grave, and left the world no copy."

BECOMING A MOTHER.

A lady wrote to a friend on becoming a mother : "You have gained an increase of power. The influence which is most truly valuable is that of mind over mind. How entire and perfect is this dominion over the unformed character of your infant ! Write what

you will upon that printless tablet with your wand of love. Hitherto, your influence over your dearest friend, your most submissive servant, has known bounds and obstructions. Now, you have over a new-born immortal almost that degree of power which the mind exercises over the body, and which Aristotle compares to the 'sway of a prince over a bondsman.' The period of this influence must indeed pass away ; but while it lasts, make good use of it."

Mothers constitute the only universal agent of civilization, for nature has placed in her hands both infancy and youth. Secluded, as she wisely is, from any share in the administration of government, how shall her patriotism find legitimate exercise? The admixture of the female mind in the ferment of political ambition, would be neither safe, if it were permitted, nor to be desired, if it were safe. Nations who have encouraged it, have usually found their cabinet councils perplexed by intrigue, or turbulent with contention. History has recorded instances where the gentler sex have usurped the scepter of the monarch, or invaded the province of the warrior. But we regard them either with amazement, as a planet rushing from its orbit, or with pity, as the lost Pleiad forsaking its happy and brilliant sisterhood.

The vital interests of this country hang largely upon the influence of mothers. We are exposed to the influx of vast hosts of foreigners, who are either unfit to enjoy our free institutions, or adverse to them in spirit. To neutralize this mass, to rule its fermentations, to prevent it from becoming a lava-stream in the garden of liberty, is a work of power and peril. The force of public opinion and the terrors of the

law must hold in check these elements of danger until the effects of education can restore them to order and beauty.

Insubordination is becoming a prominent feature in many of our principal cities. Obedience in families, respect to magistrates, and love of country should therefore be inculcated with increased energy by those who have earliest access to the mind. A barrier to the torrent of corruption, and a guard over the strongholds of knowledge and of virtue, may be placed by the mother as she watches over her cradled son. Let her come forth, with vigor and vigilance, at the call of her country; not like Boadicea, in her chariot, but like the mother of Washington, feeling that the first lesson to every incipient ruler should be, *how to obey*. The degree of diligence in preparing her children to be good subjects of a just government, will be the true measure of patriotism. While she labors to pour a pure and heavenly spirit into the hearts that open around her, she knows not but she may be appointed to rear some future statesman for her nation's helm, or priest for the temple of God.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A mother's love! Who can fathom its depths? The wild storm of adversity and the bright sunshine of prosperity are alike to her. However unworthy we may be of that affection, a mother never ceases to love her erring child. Life affords many affecting illustrations of this truth. Of mothers it can often be said: "They love not wisely, but too well." Here is an example: A widow expended on her only

son all the fullness of her affection, and the little gains of her industry. She denied herself every superfluity that he might receive the benefits of education, and the indulgences that boyhood covets. She sat silently by her small fire, and lighted her single candle, and regarded him with intense delight, as he amused himself with his books, or sought out the lessons for the following day. The expenses of his school were discharged by the labor of her hands, and glad and proud was she to bestow on him privileges in which her own youth had never been permitted to share. She believed him to be diligently acquiring the knowledge which she respected, but was unable to comprehend. His teachers, and his idle companions, knew otherwise. He, indeed, learned to astonish his simple and admiring parent with high-sounding epithets and technical terms, and despise her for not understanding them. When she saw him discontented at comparing his situation with that of others who were above him in rank, she almost denied herself bread, that she might add a luxury to his table, or a garment to his wardrobe.

She erred in judgment, and in conduct, but still her changeless love surmounted all. When, every year, his heart grew more cold and selfish, and he returned no caress, and even assumed an air of defiance, she strove not to perceive the alteration, or sadly solaced herself with the reflection that "this was the nature of *boys*."

He grew boisterous and disobedient, and began to stay away from the humble cottage. She sat up late for him, and when he came, welcomed him kindly, but often during those long and lonely evenings she

wept as she remembered his early years. At length it was evident that darker vices were making him their victim. The habit of intemperance could no longer be concealed, even from blinded love. The widowed mother remonstrated with unwonted energy, and was answered with words of insolence and brutality.

He disappeared from her cottage. What she dreaded had come upon her. In his anger he had gone to sea. And now, every night when the tempest howled, and the wind was high, she lay sleepless, thinking of him. She saw him in her imagination climbing the slippery shrouds, or doing the bidding of rough, unfeeling men. Again she fancied that he was sick and suffering, with none to watch over him, or have patience with his waywardness, and her head, with silver hairs besprinkled, bowed in grief.

But hope of his return began to cheer her. When the new moon with its slender crescent looked in at her window, she said, "I think my boy will be here ere that moon is old." And when it waned and went away, she sighed and said, "My boy will remember me."

Years fled, and there was no letter, no recognition. Sometimes she gathered tidings from a comrade that he was on some far sea, or in some foreign land. But no message for his mother. When he touched at some port in his native country, it was not to seek her cottage, but to spend his wages in revelry, and re-embark on a new voyage. Weary years, and no letter. Yet she had abridged her comforts that he might be taught to write, and she used to exhibit his penmanship with such pride. But she dismissed all

reproachful thoughts with the reflection, "It was the nature of sailors."

Amid all these years of neglect and cruelty, Love lived on. When Hope refused nourishment, she asked food of Memory. She was satisfied with crumbs from a table which must never be spread again. Memory brought the broken bread which she had gathered into her basket, when the feast of innocence was over, and love received it as a mendicant, and fed upon it, and gave thanks. She fed upon the cradle-smile; upon the first caress of infancy; upon the loving years of childhood, when, putting his cheek to hers, he slumbered the livelong night, or, when teaching him to walk, he tottered with outstretched arms to her bosom as a new-fledged bird to its nest.

It was a cold night in winter, and the snow lay deep upon the earth. The widow sat alone by her little fireside. The marks of early age had settled upon her. A heavy knock shook her door, and ere she could open it, a man entered. He moved with pain like one crippled, and his red and downcast visage was partially concealed by a torn hat. Among those who had been familiar with his youthful countenance, only one could have recognized him through his disguise and misery. The mother, looking deep into his eye, saw a faint tinge of that fair blue which had charmed her when it unclosed from a cradle-dream, and exclaimed in tones of deepest joy, "My son! my son!"

But had the prodigal returned as a penitent? Alas! the revels that then shook the roof of his widowed parent, and the profanity that disturbed her repose,

told a different story. The remainder of his history is brief. The effects of vice had debilitated his constitution, and once, as he was apparently recovering from a long paroxysm of intemperance, apoplexy struck his heated brain, and he lay a bloated and hideous carcass. The poor mother soon faded away, and followed him. She had watched over him with a meek, nursing patience to the last. Her love had never turned away from him through years of neglect, brutality, and revolting wickedness. "Bearing all things, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things," was its divine, but misguided motto.

MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

Look into the records of history and biography, and you will find but few exceptions to the rule, that all great men have great mothers. The father's influence upon offspring is comparatively feeble and insignificant to that of the mother. Sons usually inherit the mother's prominent traits. Sir Walter Scott's mother was not only a superior woman, but a great lover of poetry and painting. Byron's mother was talented, but proud and ill-tempered. The mother of Napoleon was noted for her beauty and energy. The mother of John Wesley was so remarkable for intelligence, piety and executive ability that she has been called the "Mother of Methodism." The mother of Nero, on the other hand, was a murderess. St. Bernard of Clairvaux, was one of a large family of children, all of whom were fed from the bosom of their mother. She entertained the idea that the infant imbibed with its milk some por-

tion of the quality and temperament of its nurse; hence, while her children were young they had no attendant but herself. And they all became remarkable men and women, though the fame of St. Bernard has eclipsed that of all the rest. The same is true of the first wife of Dr. Lyman Beecher, and hundreds of others.

Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, was an extraordinary woman. Notwithstanding the rudeness of her own native realm of Britain, and the low state of learning among her sex, she wrote several works, among which was a book of Greek verse; and the principles she early infused into the mind of that Christian Emperor, undoubtedly had great influence in determining his future course.

The mother of the illustrious Lord Bacon breathed into his mind in the forming period of childhood, her own love of learning; and while she instructed him in the rudiments of science, she awakened that spirit of liberal curiosity and research, which afterward induced him to take "all knowledge to be his province." Her influence also on the mind of King Edward VI., to whom in his early years she was governess, was eminently happy. He derived from her much of that spirit of zealous and consistent piety which moved her, while occupied with other studies, to translate from the Italian twenty-five sermons on abstruse and important tenets of faith.

Baron Cuvier, from the extreme feebleness of his childhood, came almost constantly under the care of his mother. The sweetness of this intercourse dwelt on his memory throughout the whole of his life. She taught him to read fluently at the age of four

years, trained him to draw, heard him recite in Latin, read with him the best authors, and instilled into his mind a reverence for both knowledge and religion.

The agency exercised by the mother of Washington, in forming that character which the world delighted to honor, is a subject of elevating contemplation. His undeviating integrity and unshaken self-command were developments of her own elements of character, fruits from those germs which she planted in the soil of his infancy. She combined Spartan firmness and simplicity with the deep affections of a Christian matron, and all this concentrated influence was brought to bear upon her son, who, by the early death of his father, passed more entirely under her discipline. He who has been likened to Fabius, Cincinnatus, and other heroes of antiquity, only to show how he transcended each; he who caused the shades of Mount Vernon to be as sacred to the patriot as the shrine at Mecca to the pilgrim, shares his glory with her who wrought among the rudiments of his being with no idle and uncertain hand. The monument which now designates her last repose speaks eloquently to her sex, bidding them to impress the character of true greatness upon the next generation. It warns them to prepare by unslumbering efforts for their own solemn responsibility. Let her who is disposed to indulge in lassitude, or to forget that she may stamp an indelible character either for good or evil on the immortal mind submitted to her regency, go and renounce her errors, deepen her faith, and quicken her energies at the tomb of "Mary, the mother of Washington."

Another American woman of noble name and

memory, whose life furnishes a pattern of heroic industry and patient power, is Mrs. Martha Laurens Ramsay of South Carolina. Her father, Col. Henry Laurens, was conspicuous as a man of talent, and a statesman. At the age of eleven, her most excellent mother died, and she was placed under the care of an aunt. Her father went to Europe, to superintend the education of his sons, and for eleven years she had no intercourse with him except by the pen. At the age of sixteen she accompanied her aunt to England. The war between England and her native country soon commencing, her father was called home, and appointed to an important station in that arduous struggle.

While her father filled the office of President of the Continental Congress, he wrote to his daughter to prepare for reverses, and, if necessary, to obtain her subsistence by her own labor. Her father, sent to England on business for this country, was thrown a prisoner into the Tower, on a charge of high treason, and was in danger of his life. Charleston was in the hands of the enemy, Carolina overrun by their armies, and, as the climax of her sorrows, news came that her beloved brother, John Laurens, had fallen in battle.

Ere long, however, hope began to dawn upon the destinies of her native land. Her father was released from prison, and intrusted with public negotiations to the court of France. She was summoned to join him in Paris, and who can tell the rapture with which, for the first time for almost twelve years, she received his paternal embrace. The change was great, from the privations of poverty, the toil of the

nurse's chamber, and the solitude of a remote country village, to the head of the table of a minister-plenipotentiary, in the gayest metropolis of the gayest clime in Europe, but her eminent good sense proved equal to the demand.

Her gratitude, on her return to her native country, was unbounded, to find it, after her ten years' exile, in peace and freedom, and maintaining a rank among the nations of the earth. Not long after she became the wife of Dr. David Ramsay, a man highly respected for his eminence in science and literature, and capable of appreciating the worth of the companion whom he had chosen. Her conduct in the station of a wife, the mistress of a household, and the mother of children, shone forth as an example to all. She lightened the burden of her husband's cares, and assisted him, as far as possible, in his literary and professional labors. In times of general sickness, she sought out, in various books, cases of peculiar importance, and related them to him, or presented in one view the opinions of standard medical authors.

MOTHER OF ELEVEN CHILDREN.

In the first sixteen years after marriage, she became the mother of eleven children. In their care and education she was indefatigable. In every season of sickness and pain, she was their most watchful, tender nurse. She sought to procure for each a good constitution and a well-regulated mind. She taught them industry, and as they gained vigor, inured them to fatigue and occasional hardship. She required them to restrain their tempers; to subject their de-

sires to the control of reason and religion ; to practice self-denial, and to bear disappointment.

She constantly assisted their progress in useful knowledge, and took the whole superintendence of their education. For the use of her first children, she compiled a grammar of the English language, not finding those of Lowth and Ash, which were then the only ones she could obtain, adapted to the comprehension of unfolding intellects. She prepared questions for them in ancient and modern history, which they were expected to answer from their general knowledge, and in their own language. From her accurate acquaintance with French, she excelled in it as a teacher, and for their sakes she studied the Greek and Latin classics, so as to become a profitable instructor in those languages.

With the same ardor to advance the education of her children, she studied botany, and refreshed her knowledge of natural and civil history, biography, astronomy, philosophy, and an extensive course of voyages and travels. She gave her instructions with regularity, and thus conducted her daughters at home through the studies and accomplishments taught at boarding-schools, and her sons through a course of training which fitted them to enter college. A portion of each day was devoted to reading, and another to the practice of needlework, in which useful art she rendered her daughters expert, insisting, even amidst the heat of a Carolina summer, on their systematic industry.

For her astonishing amount of industrious performance, and her uniform excellence in every relative duty, she derived strength from her spirit of piety.

She lived a life of prayer. In every important transaction, in the midst of her daily cares, she poured her anxieties into the ear of her heavenly Father, solicited His direction, and brought the tribute of her grateful praise. It is to the influence of such mothers as these that America owes its existence and its independence. As some one has sung :

“ The mothers of our Pilgrim Land
Their bosoms pillowed *men!*
And proud were they by such to stand
In hammock, fort, or glen.
They shrank not from the foeman,
They quailed not in the fight,
But cheered their husbands through the day,
Or nursed them through the night.
No braver dames had Sparta,
No nobler matrons, Rome!”

STRIKING CONTRAST.

In striking contrast with the example of Mrs. Ramsay, is the conduct of many women of our own time. The number of wives and young women in our day is not small, who look upon the duties, cares, pleasures, and responsibilities of motherhood as irksome, disagreeable, confining, not to say a little degrading in some particulars. Accordingly, these duties and pleasures are shunned, and even prevented to an extent that bodes no good to the perpetuity and welfare of our nation. There is an evil here of alarming magnitude. One or two children now constitute the average family, and the birth of even this number is prevented whenever it can be without greater injury to health.

The crown and glory of womankind, that diadem of motherly honor and dignity which has rested upon the sex since the first woman exclaimed, in joyful triumph, "I have gotten a child from the Lord," is now being torn in pieces by the hand of woman herself, and trampled in disdain under her feet. Shame on her!

That woman who deliberately and wilfully refuses to wear this glorious and holy crown of motherhood; who had rather idle away her time and strength in following the devious and senseless ways of fashion; in parading the streets, and lounging in shops and stores; in dressing beyond the bounds of economy or prudence; in gratifying vain, frivolous, sensuous wishes and desires, than in bringing up children to do good, and thus throwing back credit upon their parents, is unworthy of the name of woman, is untrue to the highest and holiest impulses of her own nature, is false to the design and intent of God in her creation. We are aware of the fact that women must not be made to bear all the blame in this matter; yet, as far as they can, it is their duty and privilege alike to shrink not from the mingled pain and rapture by which noble sons and daughters are reared to fill the places made empty by death. A childless woman is always an object of pity; but when she makes herself childless, through downright laziness and hatred of care, she becomes an object of scorn.

One of the most touching and beautiful poems that ever came from the heart and pen of Cowper, was evoked by the gift to him of his mother's picture. Let my female readers peruse it carefully, and then ask if any woman could wish for a nobler apotheosis.

The poet is supposed to be holding the picture before him, and to be talking to it thus :

“O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine,—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
‘Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!’

“My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o’er thy sorrowing son,
Wretched e’en then, life’s journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!

“Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived.
My expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow*, even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne’er forgot.

“Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;

And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.

“Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe, and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed,
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed too often makes,
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age.

“Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile)
Could these few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might—
But no,—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

“Thou as a gallant bark from Albion’s coast
(The storms all weathered, and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
Then sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar,
While thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.

“But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day, some current’s thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O the thought that thou art safe, and he,
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From lions enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.

“And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By Contemplation’s help not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o’er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.”

Equally tender and loving is the tribute which N. P. Willis pays his mother in the following verses :

MY BIRTHDAY.

"My birthday!—Oh, beloved mother!
My heart is with thee o'er the seas.
I did not think to count another
Before I went upon thy knees—
Before this scroll of absent years
Was blotted with thy streaming tears.

"My own I do not care to check.
I weep,—albeit here alone,—
As if I hung upon thy neck,
As if thy lips were on my own.
As if this full, sad heart of mine,
Were beating closely upon thine.

"Four weary years! How looks she now,
What light is in those tender eyes!
What trace of time has touch'd the brow
Whose look is borrow'd of the skies
That listen to her nightly prayer?

"Oh! when the hour to meet again
Creeps on—and, speeding o'er the sea,
My heart takes up its lengthen'd chain,
And, link by link, draws nearer thee—
When land is hail'd, and, from the shore
Comes off the blessed breath of home,
With fragrance from my mother's door
Of flowers forgotten when I come—
When port is gain'd, and slowly now
The old familiar paths are pass'd,
And entering—unconscious how—
I gaze upon thy face at last,
And run to thee all faint and weak,


“ And feel thy tears upon my cheek—
 Oh! if my heart break not with joy,
The light of heaven will fairer seem,
 And I shall grow once more a boy;
And, mother! ’twill be like a dream
 That we were parted thus for years;
And once that we have dried our tears,
 How will the days seem long and bright
To meet thee always with the morn,
 And hear thy blessing every night—
Thy ‘dearest,’ thy ‘first born!’—
 And be no more, as now, in a strange land, forlorn!”



THE FAMILY.

“At length his humble cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th’ expectant wee-things, toddlin’, stacher through,
To meet their dad, wi’ flichterin’ noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin’ bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thrifty wifie’s smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a’ his weary, carking cares beguile,
An’ makes him quite forget his labor an’ his toil.”

—BURNS.

HE family is the oldest and most valuable institution on earth. In the Garden of Eden it had its origin, and its founder was no less a being than God Himself, the Author of life, and the Creator of the world. In the beginning God made the first pair male and female, put them together in a common home, and commanded them to be fruitful and multiply. And so the world was gradually filled by the increase of children and the multiplication of families and homes. There is not a single institution of earth, whether sacred or secular, but has had its rise in the family. The Church is simply a large Christian family. The State is nothing more than an aggregation of families. Family government is the original model of State authority, discipline, and punishment.

The father of a family was the first priest and preacher.

There can be no permanent state of human happiness outside of the family relation. The Nomads, or wandering tribes of the desert, although shut out from much of civilized enjoyment by their want of a steady, fixed habitation, still have separate families, and find about all their comfort and peace inside of their temporary home-circles. The disposition to congregate in groups or families is manifested even among the lower order of creatures, although, by the absence of all moral feeling and civil regulations, there is no exclusiveness of affection recognized among them. Whoever or whatever seeks to break down or weaken the force of the family relation, strikes a death-blow at the existence of personal virtue, and opens the flood-gates of evil to the world.

Every one must have remarked that almost the strongest motives to well-doing, to honesty, sobriety, diligence, and good conduct in general, arise, with the bulk of the people, from considerations connected with their families. They exert themselves, they deny themselves, they are impelled to form habits which are of the greatest value and importance, both to themselves and to society, by the strong desire that their children may not want anything that is needful for their bodies or their minds, for their present comfort, or their future welfare. Nations expire, human governments are constantly re-cast; political systems are built up by one generation, to be pulled down by another; false religions, accompanied by the licentious vehemence of human passions, effect the greatest social changes; peace and war, in-

fidelity and revolution, shape and re-shape human destiny; but amid the decay and the wreck, the confusion and the crimes, which constantly disfigure the face of the earth, the family circle, like the ark of Noah, survives amid the wasting waters of ruin.

THE BABY.

The family begins properly with the baby. Men and women may love, court, marry, and live together, but there is no family until the husband and wife can say to each other: "Two times one are two, and one *to carry*, makes three," etc. As some one has beautifully and truthfully said: "Woe to him who smiles not over a cradle. He who has never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it, or knowing its value. The gleeful laugh of happy children is the best music, and the graceful figures of childhood are the best statuary. We are all kings and queens in the cradle, and each babe is a new marvel, a new miracle. The size of the nestler is comic, and its tiny, beseeching weakness is compensated perfectly by the one happy, patronizing look of the mother, who is a sort of high-reposing Providence to it. Welcome to parents is the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high, or, more beautiful, the sobbing child—the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation—soften all hearts

to pity, and to mirthful and clamorous compassion. The small despot asks so little, that all reason and all nature are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than any knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtue. All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters and spurs, puts on faces of wonderful importance, and when he fasts, like a little Pharisee, he fails not to sound his trumpet before him."

THE CRADLE.

Another fine writer remarks: "How much tenderness, how much generosity, springs into the father's heart from the cradle of his child. What is there so affecting to the noble and virtuous man, as that being which perpetually needs his help, and yet cannot call for it. Inarticulate sounds, or sounds which he receives half-formed, he bows himself down to modulate; he lays them with infinite care and patience, not only on the tender, attentive ear, but on the half-open lips, on the cheeks, as if they all were listeners."

J. G. Holland, in his inimitable "Cradle Song," says:

"What is the little one thinking about?

Very wonderful things, no doubt;

Unwritten history!

Unfathomed mystery!

Yet he chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,

As if his head were as full of kinks

And curious riddles as any sphinx!

"Who can tell what a baby thinks?

Who can follow the gossamer links

By which the manikin feels his way
 Out from the shore of the great unknown,
 Blind, and wailing, and alone,
 Into the light of day?
 Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
 Tossing in pitiful agony;
 Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
 Specked with the barks of little souls—
 Barks that were launched on the other side,
 And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!

“What does he think of his mother’s eyes?
 What does he think of his mother’s hair?
 What of the cradle-roof that flies
 Forward and backward through the air?
 What does he think of his mother’s breast,
 Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
 Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
 Cup of his life, and couch of his rest?
 What does he think when her quick embrace
 Presses his hand, and buries his face
 Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,
 With a tenderness she never can tell,
 Though she murmur the words
 Of all the birds—
 Words she has learned to murmur well?

“Now he thinks he’ll go to sleep!
 I can see the shadow creep
 Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
 Over his brow and over his lips,
 Out to his little finger-tips!
 Softly sinking, down he goes!
 Down he goes! Down he goes!
 See! He’s hushed in sweet repose!”

Now, young mother, what do you hold in your
 arms? A machine of exquisite symmetry; the blue

veins revealing the mysterious life-tide through an almost transparent surface; the waking thought speaking through the sparkling eye, or dissolving there in tears; such a form as the art of man has never equaled; and such a union of mind and matter as the highest reason fails to comprehend. You embrace a being whose developments may yet astonish you; who may perhaps sway the destiny of others; whose gathering of knowledge you can neither foresee nor limit; and whose checkered lot of sorrow or joy are known only to the Being who fashioned him.

Much has been written and spoken about the influence of parents upon children, but who shall write of the educating influences which children exert upon parents? The mother's first ministration for her infant is to enter, as it were, the valley of the shadow of death, and win its life at the peril of her own. How different must an affection thus founded, be from all others! As if to deepen its power, a season of languor ensues, when she is comparatively alone with her infant, and with Him who gave it, cultivating an acquaintance with a new being, and through a new channel, with the greatest of all beings. Is she not also herself an image of His goodness, while she cherishes in her bosom the young life that he laid there? A love whose root is in death, whose fruit must be in eternity, has taken possession of her. No wonder that its effects are obvious and great. Has she been selfish? or rather, has the disposition to become so, been nourished by the indulgence of affluence, or the adulation offered to beauty? How soon she sacrifices her own ease and convenience to that of her babe.

She wakens at its slightest cry, and in its sickness forgets to take sleep.

“Night after night

She keepeth vigil, and when tardy morn
Breaks on her watching eyelids, and she fain
Would lay her down to rest, its weak complaining
O'ercomes her weariness.”

Has she been indolent or vain? The physical care of her child helps to correct these faults. She patiently plies the needle to adorn its person. She is pleased to hear the praises that were once lavished on herself, transferred to her new darling. Has she been too much devoted to fashionable amusements? She learns to prize home-felt pleasures. She prefers her nursery to the lighted saloons and the brilliant throng. Has she been passionate? How can she require the government of temper from her child, and yet set him no example? When her temper has been discomposed, she dreads the gaze of that little, pure, wondering eye, perhaps even more than the reproof of conscience. In a word, she has entered the temple of a purer happiness, and become a disciple in a higher school.

Says Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, “I have seen a young and beautiful mother, herself like a brilliant and graceful flower, from whom nothing could divide her infant. It was to her as a twin-soul. She had loved society, for there she had been as an idol. But what was the fleeting delight of adulation to the deep love that took possession of her whole being? She had loved her father's house. There she was ever like a song-bird, the first to welcome the day, and the last

to bless it. Now, she wreathed the same blossoms of the heart around another home, and lulled her little nursling with the same inborn melodies.

"It was sick. She hung over it. She watched it. She comforted it. She sat whole nights with it in her arms. It was to her like the beloved of the King of Israel, 'feeding among the lilies.' Under the pressure of this care, there was in her eye a deep and holy beauty which never gleamed there when she was radiant in the dance, or in the halls of fashion the cynosure. She had been taught to love God and his worship from her youth up; but when health again glowed in the face of her babe, there came from her lip such a prayer of flowing praise as it had never before breathed.

"And when in her beautiful infant there were the first developments of character, and of those preferences and aversions which leave room to doubt whether they are from simplicity or perverseness, and whether they should be repressed or pitied, there burst from her soul a supplication more earnest, more self-abandoning, more prevailing, than she had ever before poured into the ear of the majesty of heaven. So the feeble hand of the babe that she nourished, led her through more profound depths of humility, to higher aspirations of faith."

We have already given a delightfully-tender and pretty picture of baby going to sleep; now let us look at the companion picture of baby awake, by Wm. C. Bennett:

"Cheeks as soft as July peaches,
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches

Poppies' paleness; round, large eyes
Ever greet with new surprise;
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs, and tearful eyes;
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on wind-swept Autumn corn.

• Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion;
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers, straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings;
Hands all wants, and looks all wonder,
At all things the heavens under.

“ Tiny scorns of smiled reproving
That have more of love than lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness, that we prize such sinning;
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table.

“ Silences—small meditations,
Deep as thought of cares for nations,
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing.

“ Pleasure high above all pleasure;
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care, delight in sadness;

Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be;
That's Baby May—that's my baby."

CARE OF INFANTS.

Although it comes not within our province to dwell at any length upon the *care* of infants, yet we cannot forbear offering a few suggestions taken from the experience and life of one of the most intelligent and truest mothers this country has ever produced. She says: "The duty of a mother to her babe begins indeed before its birth. Every irritable feeling should then be restrained, and overflowing joy and hope be the daily aliment of life. Exercise among the beautiful works of nature, the infusion of fresh social feeling, and the contemplation of the most cheerful subjects, should be cherished and practised by those who have the glorious hope of introducing into this world a being never to die; who, already a part of themselves, adds warmth and frequency to their prayers, and whom, 'having not seen, they love!'

"The first months of infancy should be a season of quietness. The unfolding organs require the nursing of silence and of love. The delicate system, like the mimosa, shrinks from every rude touch. Violent motions are uncongenial to the new-born. Loud, sharp sounds, and even glaring colors, should be excluded from the nursery. The visual and auditory nerves, those princely ambassadors to the mind, are still in embryo.

“The first months of infancy are a spot of brightness to a faithful and affectionate mother ; a dream of bliss, from which she wakes to more complicated duties ; a payment for past suffering, a preparation for future toil. I heard a lady, who had brought up a large family, say it was the ‘only period of a mother’s perfect enjoyment.’ At its expiration comes dentition, with a host of physical ills. The character begins to develop ; and sometimes to take on the tinge which occasional pain of body or fretfulness of temper imparts. The little being takes hold upon this life of trial. Soon, its ignorance must be dispelled, its perceptions guided, its waywardness quelled, and its passions held in check. Yet, were I to define the climax of happiness which a mother enjoys with her infant, I should by no means limit it to the first three months. The whole season while it is deriving nutriment from her, is one of peculiar, inexpressible felicity. She has it in her power so immediately to hush its moanings, to soothe its sorrows, to alleviate its sickness, that she is to it as a tutelary spirit.

“Mothers, be not anxious to abridge this halcyon period. Do not willingly deprive yourselves of any portion of the highest pleasure of which woman’s nature is capable. Devote yourselves to the work. Have nothing to do with the fashionable evening party, the crowded hall, the changes of dress that put health in jeopardy. Be temperate in all things. Receive no substance into the stomach that disorders it ; no stimulant that affects the head ; indulge no agitating passions. They change the aliment of the little child. They introduce poison into the veins, or kindle fever in its blood.

“During the first sacred year, trust not your treasure too much to the charge of hirelings. Have it under your superintendence, both night and day. When necessarily engaged in other employments, let it hear your cheering, protecting tone. Keep it ever within the sensible atmosphere of maternal tenderness. Its little heart will soon reach out the slender radicles of love and trust. Nourish them with smiles and caresses, the ‘small dew upon the tender grass.’ When it learns to distinguish you by stretching its arms for your embrace ; when, on its little tottering feet, it essays to run toward you ; above all, when the first effort of its untaught tongue is to form your name, Mother, there is neither speech nor language by which to express your joy ! No, no, the poverty of words will never be so unwise as to attempt it.”



CHILDREN.

"Children are what the mothers are,
No fondest father's proudest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son."

—ROBERT SAVAGE LANDOR.



O love children is the dictate of a nature pure and healthful. When not prompted by kindred blood, it is a spontaneous tribute to their helplessness, their innocence, or their beauty. The total absence of this love induces a suspicion that the heart is not right. "Beware," said Lavater, "of him who hates the laugh of a child." "I love God and every little child," was the simple, yet sublime sentiment of Richter. The man of the world pauses in his absorbing career, and claps his hands to gain an infant's smile. The victim of vice gazes wistfully on the pure, open forehead of childhood, and retraces those blissful years that were free from guile. The man of piety loves that docility and singleness of heart which drew from his Saviour's lips the blessed words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Elliot, the apostle of the Indians, amid his labori-

ous ministry and rude companionship, showed in all places the most marked attention to young children. In extreme age, when his head was white as the Alpine snows, he felt his heart warm at their approach. Many a pastor whom he had assisted to consecrate, bore witness to the pathos of his appeal, the solemnity of his intonation, when he charged them to *feed the lambs*.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.

The love of children in man is a virtue ; in woman an element of nature. " Love children," said Madame de Maintenon in her advice to the young dauphiness of France ; " whether for a prince or a peasant, it is the most amiable accomplishment." Young ladies who are usually so anxious to please, are rarely aware what an attraction this love, when pure and unstudied, imparts to their manners. For no man can see a young girl bestowing true and genuine affection upon a child, without secretly wishing he could honorably transfer it to himself. It was this very trait in the character of Madame that won the heart of Louis the Great. When she was governess of his children, and past the bloom of life, he surprised her one morning in the royal nursery, sustaining with one arm the oldest son, then feeble from the effects of a fever, and rocking with the other hand a cradle in which lay the infant princess, while on her lap reposed a sleeping infant. His tenderness as a father, and his susceptibility as a man, accorded to her that deep admiration which would have been denied to the splendor of dress, the parade of rank, or the blaze of beauty.

When Rome flourished, a Campanian lady, very rich and fond of pomp and show, being on a visit to Cornelia, the illustrious mother of the eloquent Gracchi, displayed her diamonds and jewels somewhat ostentatiously, and inquired after those which belonged to Cornelia. The noble mother turned the conversation to another subject; until the return of her sons from school, when she pointed to them with pride, and said to the lady, "These are my jewels, and the only ornaments I admire." It is told of John Trebonius, the German schoolmaster who instructed Martin Luther, that he always appeared before his boys with uncovered head. "Who can tell," said he, "what kind of a man may yet rise up out of this band of youths?" Even then, although he knew it not, there was among them the "solitary monk who shook the world." "My cousin Mary of Scotland hath a fair son born unto her, and I am but a dead tree," said Queen Elizabeth, while the scowl of discontent darkened her brow.

The simple fact is, that neither men nor women can be developed perfectly who have not had the discipline of bringing up children to maturity of life. You might as well say that a tree is a perfect tree without leaf or blossom, as to say that of a man or a woman who has gone through life without experiencing the influences that come to the heart from bending down and giving one's self up to those who are helpless and little. For those "melting sentiments of kindly care" which seize on parents, possess a wonderfully moulding potency. A home without children is like a lantern without light, a garden without flowers, a vine without grapes, a

brook without water running in its channel. Says
the tender and true-hearted Longfellow :

“Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.
Ye open the eastern windows
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run!

“Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.
Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

“For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?
Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead!”

We are aware that many parents may regard this view of children as a little too poetical to be true to life. We know that the number is not few who look upon children as perfect torments, if not actual nuisances, and feel like echoing the sentiments of Beaumont and Fletcher, who say, in regard to children, that “crying, they creep among us like young

cats, cares and continual crosses keeping with them ;” and again, that “they are like bells rung backward, nothing but noise and giddiness.” But while every experienced parent will readily admit that there is a practical, an unpoetical, and even a disagreeable side to children, yet, at the most, this is only the rough husk of their natures, hiding the golden kernels of value and goodness beneath. Let sickness or infirmity quench the boisterous vigor of their animal vitality for a time, or let death lay his dissolving hand upon their frames, and under the restraining discipline of the sick-room, or before the spirit takes its flight, you will be able to discover the “angels” in their natures, which, the Saviour said, “do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.” And so Mrs. Hale truly declared :

“The history of Paradise
To woman’s faith is clear,
For happy childhood ever brings
The Eden vision near.”

HEARTLESS PARENTS.

There are many heartless parents who say and feel that it’s always a relief to them to get their children out of the way. So a mother once thought who took her little girl from the nursery and bade her elder brother lead her away with him to school. There she sat upon the hard bench, her tiny feet swinging above the floor until the feebly strung muscles were weary, and in pain. She looked upon the ways of naughty children, and imbibed from them more of evil than of good. As she was proceeding

homeward one day, her brother left her for a moment to slide down an ice-covered hill. He charged her to wait for him in the spot where he placed her. But soon she attempted to run to him. A pair of gay horses threw her down, and a loaded sleigh passing over her, literally divided her breast. She was taken up lifeless, a crushed and broken flower. *She was out of the way.*

Another mother in one of our country towns had a large family of daughters. She thought it would be a relief to her, if but one of them were out of the way. So she selected the wildest to be sent to a boarding-school. She had been accustomed to rural sports and employments, and free exercise about her father's grounds. The impure atmosphere of a crowded city in summer, and close stoves in winter, the comparative and enervating stillness of the whole year, induced a change of habits, and a general declension of health. Long sitting at the piano, and the rigid compression of false dressing, disturbed and weakened the powers of life. When she returned home on vacations, the parents exultingly observed how lady-like she had grown, and how much fairer she was than her ruddy sisters. But it was not long before spinal disease set in, and all muscular energy was lost. Debility and confinement cut her off from society, and from the joys of life. *She was out of the way.*

We have already alluded to the baleful practice of some parents in putting their children entirely in the care of hirelings, and confining them within the bounds of the nursery. A young mother once complained that her children were so numerous and so

near of an age, that she had neither repose nor comfort. She found it impossible to nurse them, and her husband also thought it might hurt her form. Accordingly the nursery was placed in the highest story of her lofty house, that she need not be disturbed by its noise. She said she went there "as often as possible, though it was excessively fatiguing to climb those endless stairs." But she always procured an ample number of nurses, without reference to expense, and was satisfied that they had the most excellent care. One day she was informed that her youngest child was sick. She went to it, but thought the nurse was unnecessarily alarmed. She staid with it as long as was in her power, considering she was engaged to a ball that evening. After she was entirely dressed, she took pains to come up again and inquire after it. The nurse told her it was no better. She was sure the nurse was unreasonably timid. It had but a slight cough. Still, she did not remain at the ball as late as usual, or dance with her usual spirit. She said to her husband, that such was her anxiety for the little one, that she should not have gone at all, had she not felt under the strongest obligations to attend the first entertainment of her most particular friend. At her return, she hastened to the nursery. The hopeless stage of croup had seized the agonizing victim. Another also betrayed the same fatal indications. The skill of the physician, and the frantic grief of the mother, were alike vain. With the fearful suddenness which often marks the termination of the diseases of infancy, two beautiful beings soon lay like sculptured marble. *They were out of the way.*

Instead, therefore, of treating the little ones in any such manner, it will be better to follow the spirit and advice of the following poem taken from the *Scottish American Journal*!

“Gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth’s topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

“Fret not that the children’s hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run:
There may come a time in the bye and bye,
When you’ll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun;

“When you’ll long for a repetition sweet
That sounded through each room,
Of ‘Mother,’ ‘Mother,’ the dear love-calls
That will echo long in the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

“There may come a time when you’ll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out,
And pattering overhead.

“When the boys and girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore,
Where youth and age come nevermore,
You will miss them from your side.”

HOW TO BRING UP CHILDREN.

Where and how to bring up children, has been the subject of many a parent’s anxious thought. To all



BOYHOOD'S REVERIE.

TO VIRU
CULTIVAC

who may be still in doubt with regard to the matter, we heartily commend the following suggestions from Dr. J. G. Holland :

A very instructive story is told of the little Duke of Reichstadt, the ill-starred son of the first Napoleon. He was standing at a window of the palace where he was reared, at Vienna, looking out upon a scene which quite absorbed his attention. There had been a shower, which left in a favorable hollow of the street, that marvelous fountain of juvenile enjoyment, a "mud-puddle." At the side of this, squatted a little boy, barefoot and bareheaded, paddling in the water, sailing his little boats, and amusing himself after the manner of small boys. At this moment packages of choice gifts were brought into the room,—gifts from friends of the little duke's imperial father,—and the child's attention was called to them. He regarded them listlessly ; and when his attendants asked him if he did not feel very grateful to those who had so kindly remembered him, he replied that he would rather go out of doors and play in the mud-puddle with the little boy, than to have all the gifts they could send him. That little touch of nature is the best thing that history records concerning Napoleon II. ; and if it is not strictly true, it ought to have been, and might have been. The reply betrayed an unsatisfied hunger of a spirit, and a most unnatural nurture ; and there is not a boy in the world who would fail to understand his feeling, and to sympathize with it.

All children believe in the olden chemistry, and divide matter into four elements,—earth, air, water, and fire. For all these, they have an affection which

time never obliterates, and which only the absorbing pursuits of adult life temporarily suppress. With pure air to breathe, and dirt, water, and fire to play with, their cup of enjoyment is as full as it can be. Every child, as it turns its head from its mother's breast, turns to these elements with an unerring instinct; and while the dangerous charm of fire is prudently removed till judgment gives the power to handle, it is no man's right to deny to the little neophyte, air, dirt, and water.

One of the ordinary events of spring in the country is the sending off to pasturage for the season, droves of young cattle; kept in stalls or cooped up in oozy yards, fed upon husks and hay through the long winter and spring, they are released at last, and on some sweet May morning are driven away in frolicsome herds to the mountain pastures, where, feeding upon the tender grasses, and drinking the hillside water, and roaming and reveling at will, they remain until the autumn frosts drive them home for food and shelter. They go out thin, shaggy, and dirty; they return sleek and plump, and ready either for the knife of the butcher, or for domestic service. It is in the pasture that the cattle and colts grow. They get muscle and health by roaming and feeding and sleeping in the open air.

Now, in one respect, children need to be regarded and treated as young animals. Their particular business is to grow, and to grow healthy and sound. Among the many obligations which a parent owes to the child he has called into existence, not the smallest is that of giving him, to the extent of his ability to do so, a sound and well-developed body.

Without this, wealth is of little worth, or splendid intellectual gifts, or fine accomplishments, or excellent education. Without this, he can be of comparatively little use to the world, and of little comfort to himself. With it, he can be both useful and happy. If, therefore, country air, and country exercise and food are essential to the sound development of the child, he should have them, even at the expense of some of those possessions which parents are so apt to overrate, and so covetous to secure for their offspring. Let the children be taken to pasture, then, as regularly as the calves and the colts, while we tell with some detail, what the process will do for them.

PLAY

The boy left free to play in the fields and woods, will, in a single day, run more miles, and exercise healthfully, more muscles, than could be matched by the "light gymnastics" for a week. This he does in pure sport. Running, climbing, riding, swimming, rowing, tossing, batting, jumping, wrestling, fishing, see-sawing, rolling and tumbling, day after day; there is not a muscle in his little body that he does not bring into play, without a motive that urges from behind, and solely for the gratification of his greed for amusement. Nowhere can he get this free and full exercise, except in the country. It is impossible in the city. A child that undertakes anything more than a walk in the street, gets kicked by a passenger, or run over by a horse; and back yards are largely devoted to rubbish and clothes-lines.

That there is virtue in water, all are ready to ad-

mit ; but all are not so sure that there is virtue in dirt. Nevertheless, if there were more dabbling in dirt, the children would be healthier. A dirty child is not a pleasant object to contemplate, or a pretty thing to kiss and caress, but he quite frequently has that about him which is a good deal more valuable than tidy clothes and a clean person. When we talk of dirty children, we make no distinction between those who are made foul by the excretions of their skins, and those who are made thus by accretions from the chemical mixture which we call dirt. Nothing is cleaner than dirt. Dirt is not filth. It soils linen and discolours the face and hands, but it is essentially as clean as flour, and would not injure the tenderest child if it were rubbed all over with it, which is more than can be said of any of the cosmetics so freely used by the child's mother and his grown-up sisters. The popular theories are all wrong in this matter ; and they are all opposed to the unperverted instincts of the child. If we can only remember that dirt is not filth, but is a perfectly clean and healthy compound, we shall save ourselves much trouble, and do our children great good.

joy.

What untold joy does the young girl have in her first housekeeping in the sand ! What delicious pies are those which she makes of mud, and bakes in the sun ! Brains must be busy ; and how much better is this outworking of the mind in healthful play, than the drinking in of countless stories about impossible children who never did anything wrong, and

always kept their clothes clean, besides doing many other wonderful things, and then dying early.

The health-giving influence of the sunlight is not to be forgotten. It is impossible to know how much of the sickness of children reared in damp cellars and crowded rookeries of houses is attributable to impure air, and how much to the absence of sunlight. It is just as impossible to know the proportionate agency of light and pure air in restoring these children to health in the summer pasturing.

Life in the city is an unnatural life to the child, and is almost certain to generate morbid appetites, especially in the matter of food. A life that is purely artificial in all its surroundings, and unnatural in its restraints and repressions, can hardly fail, in constitutions at all delicate, to induce unhealthy and capricious appetites. Many a city child fails to find the simpler viands of the table at all satisfactory. Bread and butter, bread and milk, and the plain vegetables, have no attractions for him. He craves flesh and sweetmeats, and strong condiments, and delicate morsels; and that he may not go without food, he is tempted with these, and indulged in them, until he becomes as delicate as the food he eats.

There is nothing that will work a reform in this matter, but life and free play in the country air. A child that plays all day long, under pleasant and healthful excitement, has an appetite for the simplest and best food, and is entirely satisfied with it. There is probably not a country-bred man or woman living, who has ever found in the luxuries of later life, anything so sweet and satisfactory as the simple meals with which he satisfied the play-begotten ap-

petite of childhood. How frequently the morbid appetites generated in city living, are the basis of a destructive love of stimulants, may be left to each reader's estimate of probabilities. There are no data at hand for an intelligent decision; but that they have an important influence in this respect, can hardly admit of rational doubt.

EARLY HAPPINESS.

The memory of early happiness is a treasure-house of sweet comforts and consolations. Its pure, simple, earnest joys become wells to draw from whenever we sit down in thirst and weariness by the dusty highway of life. Of this one good, the world can never cheat us. The sunshine of those days reaches across our little stretch of life, and mingles its rays with those which beam from the heaven of our hope. The actual present of the adult life, and the materials which enter into it, are made up, more than we generally suppose, of reminiscence. We ruminate like the kine. We lay up in the receptacles of memory, abundance of undigested material, which we recall and appropriate to our refreshment and nourishment; and this process of reminiscence—of living life over again,—grows upon us as we grow in years, till at last it becomes our all. Exhausted power has no resource but to dwell upon its old plays and its old achievements. How sad is he who can never go back to his childhood without a shudder; who can never recall a period when his life was filled with sweet and simple satisfactions!

HOUSEHOLD VIRTUES.

"Say, what have you brought to our own fireside?
'Twas the mother's voice that spoke;
A common stock is our happiness here,
Each heart must contribute its mite
The bliss to swell, or the pain to cheer;
Son and daughter, and husband dear,
What have you brought to-night?"

—MRS. SIGOURNEY.



E will begin our list of these virtues with family government. In a well-ordered household the parents must establish their will as the law, and do it early, for docility is impaired by delay. It is the truest love to save the little child all those conflicts of feeling which must continue as long as it remains doubtful who is to be its guide.

It is a simple precept in philosophy that obedience should be the most entire and unconditional, where reason is the weakest. Its requisitions should be enforced in proportion to the want of intelligence in the subject. The parent is emphatically a light to those who sit in darkness. The transition from the dreamy existence of infancy, to the earliest activity of childhood, is a period when parental authority is eminently needful to repress evil, and preserve happi-

ness. But it must have been established *before* in order to be in readiness *then*. Without this rudder, the little voyager is liable to be thrown among the eddies of its own passions, and wrecked like the bark canoe.

In saying this, however, we would not be considered as the advocate of austerity. Family government can be overdone as well as neglected. Children can be spoiled just as easily by a constant application of the rod of correction, as by omitting the use of it altogether. But as the substitution of your wisdom in the place of the wayward impulses of your child is the truest kindness, so it is a feature of that kindness to commence it when it may be done with the greatest ease. Gentleness, combined with firmness, will teach it easily to an infant, but wait too long, and it may not be so. Obedience to a mind in its formative state, is like the silken thread by which the plant is drawn toward its prop ; but enforced too late, it is like the lasso with which the wild horse is caught and subdued, requiring dexterity to throw, and severity to manage.

KINDNESS.

Children should early be taught the law of kindness to all creatures about them. Draw back the little hand lifted to strike the unoffending dog or cat. Perhaps they will not understand that they are inflicting pain, but it will be best to cultivate in them an opposite habit. It was Benedict Arnold, the traitor, who, in his boyhood, loved to destroy insects, mutilate toads, steal the eggs of the mourning bird,

and torture quiet domestic animals, that eventually laid waste the shrinking domestic charities, and would have drained the life-blood of his endangered country, had he not been thwarted. "Do you love me well?" the musician Mozart asked in his infancy of all the servants of his father, as one after the other they passed him in their various employments. And if any among them, to tease him, answered "No," he covered his baby-face and wept.

Kind words and affectionate epithets between children of the same family, are important. Though the love of brothers and sisters is planted deep in the heart, and seldom fails to reveal itself in every trying emergency, yet its developments and daily interchange ask the regulation of paternal care. Competitions should be soothed, differences composed, and forbearance required, on the broad principle of fraternal duty. A pleasant story is told of the love of the Emperor Titus, for his brother Domitian. It was the more praiseworthy because there was between them no congeniality of taste. Domitian often spoke unkindly to his brother, and after his elevation to the throne, even attempted to instigate the army to rebellion. But Titus made no change in his treatment. He would not suffer others to mention him with disrespect. He ever spoke of him as his beloved brother, his successor to the empire. Sometimes when they were alone, he earnestly entreated him with tears, to reciprocate that love which he had always borne him, and would continue to bear him to the end of life.

The deportment of the older children of a family is of great importance to the younger members.

Their spirit affects more or less the whole circle. Especially is the position of the eldest daughter one of responsibility. She drank the first draught of the mother's love. She usually enjoys most of her counsel and companionship. In her absence, she is the natural viceroy. Let the mother take double pains to form her on a correct model, to make her amiable, wise, and good.

PARENTAL LOVE.

Filial love should be cherished. It has especially a softening and ennobling effect on the masculine heart. It has been remarked that almost all illustrious men have been distinguished by love for their mother. It is mentioned by Miss Pardoe that a "beautiful feature in the character of the Turks is reverence for the mother. Their wives may advise or reprimand, unheeded, but their mother is an oracle, consulted, confided in, listened to with respect and deference, honored to the latest hour, and remembered with affection and regret, even beyond the grave." "Wives may die," say they, "and we can replace them, children perish, and others may be born to us, but who shall restore the mother when she passes away, and is seen no more?"

A mother who was in the habit of asking her children before they retired at night, what they had done through the day to make others happy, found her young twin daughters silent. The older ones spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions founded on the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Still those little bright faces

were bowed down in serious silence. The question was repeated. "I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother, only one of my schoolmates was happy, because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her, and ran to kiss her, and she said I was good. This is all, dear mother."

The other spoke still more timidly. "A little girl who sat by me on the bench at school, had lost a baby brother. I saw that while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in her book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book, and wept with her. Then she looked up and was comforted, and put her arms around my neck. But I do not know why she said that I had done her good." The mother knew how to prize the first blossoms of sympathy. She said, "Come to my arms, beloved ones; to rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep, is to obey our blessed Redeemer."

HOUSEHOLD ORDER.

"Women were made to give our eyes delight,
A female sloven is an odious sight."

—YOUNG.

The importance of this essential household virtue can best be illustrated by a little home-picture. "Mother, will you please tell me if you have seen my thimble?" "Martha, I thought you had a place for your thimble." "So I have, dear mother, but it does not happen to be *in* the place."

To have a place for things and not keep them in it, is like having wise laws, and paying no regard to

them. A nation will not be the better for its laws, unless it enforces them, nor a child for being told its duty, unless it tries to obey.

Martha's fault was a want of order. Her working materials were scattered about the house. She was obliged to spend much time in searching for them. When the school-bell rang some of her books could not be found. Perhaps her bonnet, or shawl, or gloves, were mislaid. She felt ashamed to be so often inquiring for what she ought to have kept in their own place, so she sometimes went without necessary articles, and was unprepared at school, or looked slovenly in the street.

She was a girl of good disposition. But this fault occasioned her to be much blamed, and instead of being cheerful, with a consciousness of right conduct, she was often disgraced and unhappy. When she grew up, she carried these careless habits into her housekeeping. Though she had a kind heart, disorder and discomfort were in her family. Nothing was in its right place. She was always in a hurry. This is an evil which comes upon those who have not the spirit of order. Her countenance, which used to be pleasant, soon wore a troubled and bewildered expression. Wrinkles came over her forehead before it was time to be old. Her children imitated her, and kept none of their things in the right place. One would complain of a lost hat or cloak, and another of a broken doll or lost playthings. The mother of course fretted loudly at them for faults which grew out of her own careless habits.

Martha had a cousin who lived near her, by the name of Mary. They were of the same age, and

often played together, and sat in the same seat at school. But Mary always took good care of her things. When she had finished sewing, her needle was returned to the case, and her thimble and scissors to the work-basket. Her clothes were folded and laid away in the drawers, or hung up in the closets where they belonged. The same was true of her school-books, pens, ink, and paper. If it had been dark, she could have laid her hand upon all her things,—for she remembered their places, and knew that they were there. She had fewer things than her cousin Martha, because her parents were not so rich. But she had more that were ready for use. Her clothes lasted longer, and looked neater.

When she had a house of her own, every article in it had a place, and all who used it were required to put it back there. One of her first rules to her children when very young was, "A place for everything, and everything in its place." And she obliged them to obey this rule. So her family were in order, and its daily labor went on like clock-work. Her countenance was pleasant and peaceful, like one who does right. And though she was not as handsome as Martha, it was more agreeable to look at her, because she was never in a hurry. Her quietness of mind seemed to proceed from a sense of justice, or of doing her duty, for we owe a duty to every article in our possession, and to every utensil with which we work; the duty of keeping them in order, and in good condition. In fact, there can be no comfort in a household without order, for order is Heaven's first law, and as the perfect type of home is a dwelling-place in the happy mansions above, so the item of

order forms no inconsiderable part of the make-up of a happy and joyous home.

SKETCH OF A HAPPY FAMILY.

Study closely the following sketch of a "happy family," and you will discover that order and industry constituted the two principal ingredients in their cup of blessing. The sketch takes us back to farm-life in the olden time. Says the writer who drew the picture from life: "The whole family rose before the sun. After an early breakfast, every one proceeded to the business of the day. The farmer and his sons went with their workmen to the field. The swift strokes of the churn were then heard, changing the rich cream to the golden-colored butter. Others were watching the progress of the cheese from its first consolidation to its reception in the press, and its daily attention in the dairy.

"Above stairs, the sound of the loom and the flight of the shuttle allured me. There, various fabrics for the comfort of the family were wrought out, from the carpet on which they trod, to the snowy linen that covered their beds, and the firm garments from the fleece of their sheep in which they fearlessly braved the cold of winter. But my delight was especially in the spinning room. There the wheels turned swiftly with merry music. The step of the spinner was light, and the face cheerful, as she drew even threads from the fair white roll, or the blue one that was to furnish stockings for the father and brothers. Masses of yarn assorted according to its various texture and destination, hung upon the wall.

The flying reel told audibly the amount of every spindle, and pronounced when the useful task of the day was done.

“The daughters of the family had blooming and happy countenances. They used their strength freely in domestic toils, and when they went out to any distance, rode well and fearlessly on horseback. They seemed never to have any nervous complaints, or to need a physician. Exercise, the healthful food on which they fed, together with their own happy spirits, constituted their medicines.

“The mother superintended all, and taught them every necessary employment by first taking part in it herself. She sent to market in the best order the surplus of her dairy, poultry yard, and loom. It was her ambition that the finer parts of the wardrobe of herself and family, should be procured without making any demands upon the purse of her husband. When her eldest daughters desired to have some money of their own to buy books and other things with, she gave them a room in which to rear silkworms, and there they tended the curious insect which changes from a little mustard-seed egg, to a cell of silken tapestry, when it gathers up its feet to die.

“Their small skeins of silk tastefully arranged for sale, imitated the colors of the rainbow, and they were delighted to find how soon the wand of industry could convert the mulberry leaf to silk, and the silk to gold. They also aided their younger brothers in a pursuit which interested them,—the care of bees. Rows of hives were ranged in a sunny and genial spot. Beds of flowers and fragrant herbs were planted to accommodate the winged chemists. The

purest honey gave variety to their table, and the surplus with the wax that was made from the comb, were among the most salable articles of their domestic manufacture.

“The long winter evenings in the farmer’s house were delightful. More healthy and happy faces I have never seen. Yet there was perfect order. For the parents, who commanded respect, were always seated among the children. And in the corner, in the warmest place, was the silver-haired grandmother with her clean cap, who was counted as an oracle.

“The father or his sons read aloud such works as mingle entertainment with instruction. The females listened with interest, or made remarks with animation, though their busy hands directed the flight of the needle, or made the stocking grow. The quiet hum of the flax-wheel was held no interruption to the scene, or to the voice of the reader. The neighbor coming in, was greeted with a cordial welcome, and a simple hospitality. Rows of ruddy apples roasted before the fire, and various nuts from their own forest-trees, were an appropriate treat for the social winter evening, where heart opened to heart. Sometimes the smaller children clustered around the grandmother’s chair, when she told them of the days when she was young, and of the changes that her life had known.

“During my visit to this well-regulated family, I was often led to reflect on the peculiar advantages of a farmer’s lot. He is the possessor of true independence. Sheltered from those risks and reverses which in crowded cities await those who make haste to be rich, he feels that patient industry will insure a

competent support for himself and family. His children are a part of his wealth. They are a capital whose value increases every year that they remain with him. If he incurs misfortune, they join and help him out, instead of hanging round his neck like millstones to sink him into deeper waters. The habits which prevail in such a family, the domestic industry, the love of home, the order and simplicity cherished, promote all true excellences of character."

RESPECT FOR THE AGED.

It is the dictate of nature to respect antiquity in anything. We venerate a column which has withstood the ravages of time. We contemplate with reverence the ivy-crowned castle through which the winds of centuries made melancholy music. We gather with care the fragments of the early history of nations which, however moldering or disjointed, have escaped the shipwreck of time. There are some who spare no expense in collecting coins and relics which rust has penetrated, or change of customs rendered valueless, save as they have within them the voice of other years. Why, then, should we regard with indifference the living remnants of a former age, through whose experience we might both be enriched and made better?

The sympathy of a kind heart prompts respect to the aged. Their early and dear friends have departed. They stand alone, with heads whitened, and vigor diminished. They have escaped the deluge that overwhelmed their cotemporaries. But they have not passed unscathed through the water-floods

of time. Tender and marked attentions are due to these weary voyagers. They ought not to be left as the denizens of some solitary isle, which love never visits, and which the gay vessels, newly launched on the sea of life, pass by with flaunting streamers, and regard not. The tribute of reverence which is their due, adds as much to the honor of him who pays, as to the happiness of those who receive it.

Respect for age is best impressed on children by the example of their parents. From a principle of imitation, the child frames his manners on the model which his parents sanction. Their mode of treatment to their own parents is perpetuated in him. The neglect or reverence which their daily conduct exhibits, becomes incorporated with his own habits and character; baleful dispositions reproduce themselves; so that what is counted as a judgment, may be but the spontaneous action of a bitter root bearing its own fruit.

Says a fine writer: "I was acquainted with the father and mother of a large family, who, on the entrance of their own aged parents, rose and received them with every mark of respect. Their children, beholding continually this deference shown to the aged, made it a part of their own conduct. Before they were capable of comprehending the reason on which it was founded, they copied it from the ever-open page of parental example. The beautiful habit grew with their life, and was rewarded by the approbation of all who witnessed it. Especially was it cheering to the hearts of those who received it, and who found the chill and solitude of the vale of years alleviated by the tender love that walked by their side.

"I saw the same children when their own parents became old. This hallowed principle, early incorporated with their character, bore a rich harvest for those who had sown the seed. The honor which, from infancy, they had shown to the hoary head, mingling with the fervor of filial affection, produced a delightful compensation in the influence it had exerted upon their own characters, as well as in the respect shown to them by others."

The universal opinion of those who scrutinize the state of society in this country, is, that in the treatment of the aged, there is a diminution of respect. Even the authority of parents and teachers seems to be borne with uneasiness, and to be early shaken off. Some have supposed this change naturally arises from the spirit and institutions of a republic. Equality of rank destroys many of the barriers of adventitious distinction. But the hoary head, when crowned with goodness and piety, is an order of nobility, and marks a stage of ripened excellence, and should always be treated accordingly.

The Spartans, proudly adverse to every form of delicacy and refinement, paid marked deference to age, especially when combined with wisdom. A fine tribute to their observance of this virtue was rendered them by the old man who, having been refused a seat in a crowded assembly at Athens, saw the rougher Lacædemonians rise in an equally dense throng, and reverently make room for him, and said: "The Athenians *know* what is right, but the Spartans *practice* it." The wandering sons of the American forests, in their better days, showed the deepest respect to years. Beneath each lowly roof, at every

council-fire, the young listened reverently to the voice of the aged. In their most important exigencies, the boldest warriors, the haughtiest chieftains consulted the hoary-headed men, and waited for their words.

Begin, then, with the little ones. Require them to rise and offer a seat when an old person enters the room, never to interrupt them when speaking, but to solicit their advice, and reverence their opinions. You will say that these are simple rules, but the lofty tree ever springs from the diminutive germ. The following picture of age, thus tenderly ministered unto by children, was drawn by the pen of Ralph Hoyt :

“ By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing ;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing—
Poor, unknown !

“ Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat,
Coat as ancient as the form ’twas folding,
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,
Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding,
There he sat !

“ Seemed it piteous he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin gray hair
And the furrows, all so mutely pleading
Age and care.

“ It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads and little maidens,
When the stranger seemed to mark our play,
Some of us were joyous, and some sad-hearted ;

But one sweet spirit broke the silent spell,
And besought him all his griefs to tell
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven)—
Isabel!

“‘Angel,’ said he, sadly, ‘I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Yet why I sit here thou shalt be told.
I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scenes where I disported
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!

“‘In the cottage yonder, I was born;
Long my happy home that humble dwelling;
There were fields of clover, wheat, and corn;
There the spring with limpid water flowing—
Now, forlorn!

“‘There’s the orchard where we used to climb,
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather.
There’s the mill that ground our yellow grain;
Pond and river, still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing—
Mary Jane!

“‘There’s the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable:
But alas! no more the morn shall bring
That dear group around my father’s table—
All have taken wing!

“‘Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life’s changeful story,
So familiar to my dim old eye,

Points me to seven that are now in glory,
There on high!

“Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod,
Sire and sisters, and my little brother—
Gone to God!

“There my Mary blest me with her hand,
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere she hastened to the spirit-land,
With you green turf her prostrate form now pressing,
Leaving a broken band!

“‘Isabel,’ said he, sadly, ‘I am old,
And why I sit here thou hast now been told;
I have come to see her grave once more,
And the happy spot where we both delighted,
And where we worshiped in the days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!’ ”

Reader, it will indeed be a sad day for you and me, if, when we totter thus along life's path, we have no children to love and cherish us, none to gather around and listen to our story, so full of reminiscence, pathos, and tenderness! It were well, then, for us, as parents, to now lay the foundation for such a treatment as will cheer and soothe us in the days when life turns to the “sere and yellow leaf,” and we shall be, as Shakespeare says, “in second childhood and mere oblivion, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.”



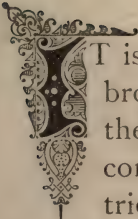


LEARNING TO SEW.

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

“Give me the fair one in country and city
Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,
Who cheerfully warbles some pastoral ditty
While plying the needle with exquisite art.”

—SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

T is a moral and social wrong when girls are brought up to be comparatively helpless in the household life. It is still worse when they come to think it not respectable to be industrious, for then principles, as well as habits, have become perverted. All girls should begin when young to take an interest in the concerns of the family, and daily to do something for its comfort. They should be taught to come promptly and cheerfully to the aid of the mother in her cares. They should know something about the yearly expenses of the household, as well as to keep an accurate account of their own.

Says a sweet and gifted mother, “Be assiduous early to implant domestic tastes in the minds of your daughters. Let your little girl sit by your side with her needle. Do not put her from you when you discharge those employments which are for the comfort of the family. Let her take part in them as far as her feeble hand may be capable. Teach her that this will be her province when she becomes a woman.

Inspire her with a desire to make all around her comfortable and happy. Instruct her in the rudiments of that science whose results are so beautiful. Teach her that not selfish gratification, but the good of a household, the improvement of even the humblest dependent, is the business of her life. When she questions you, repay her curiosity with clear and loving explanations. When you walk out to call on your friends, sometimes take her with you. Especially if you visit the aged or go on errands of mercy to the sick and poor, let her be your companion. Allow her to sit by the side of the sufferer and learn those nursing services which afford relief to pain. Associate her with you. Make her your friend. Purify, and perfect your own example for her sake."

No girl should consider herself properly educated until she has mastered some employment or accomplishment by which she can gain a living, should she be reduced to the necessity of supporting herself. And who can tell how soon this necessity may present itself before her? How many families by unexpected reverses have been lately reduced from affluence to poverty. And how pitiful and contemptible under such circumstances to see strong women helpless, desponding, and embarrassing those whom it is their duty to cheer and aid.

ASSIST YOUR PARENTS.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home. "We can no longer ride in our carriage; we must leave this

large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. What we are to do for a living, I know not. Yesterday, I was a rich man. To-day, there is nothing left that I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the good wife, "we are still rich in each other, and in our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in these active hands, and loving hearts." "Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you get a living." "What can you do, poor things?" said he. "You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight healthy children be poor? We will work, and make you rich again." "I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new frock bought, and I shall sell my great wax doll." The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk in his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

He left his stately house, and the servants were dismissed. Pictures, and plate, and rich carpets, and stylish furniture were all sold, and she who had been the mistress of the mansion, shed no tear. "Pay every debt," said she, "and let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy." The father took a neat cottage and a small piece of ground a few miles from a city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the city market. The wife, who had been nurtured in wealth, became economical in her management of the household, and the daughters soon acquired efficiency under her training. The

eldest ones assisted her in the work of the home, and at the same time instructed the younger children. Besides, they executed various works which readily brought a price in the market. They embroidered with taste, they cultivated flowers and sent them to market with the vegetables, they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needlework. Every one had a post, and was at it, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a beehive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father. "And I was never as happy before," said the mother. "We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees, and I think we make such honey as the heart feeds on."

Economy, as well as industry, was strictly observed. Nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. After a while, the eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress in the family. The little dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and vines and flowering-trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under its woodbine-covered porch in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy drawing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he; "shall we return to the city?" "Ah! no, no!" was the unanimous reply. "Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment." "Father," said the youngest, "all the children hope

you are not going to be rich again. For then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us as happy when we were rich and did not work. So, father, please not be a rich man any more."

Ah! how many glad pæans of thanksgiving would have gone up to heaven from crushed and broken hearts, during the many years of financial depression in the past, if all who had lost property and been compelled to go into bankruptcy, had been blessed with families like this one, to help put them on their feet again! Every woman should have a practical knowledge of housework, whether rich or poor, for if not overtaken by reverses of fortune, disorder in the kitchen department reacts directly upon the parlor, and discomfort in the family deprives the head of it of all power of pleasant or profitable mental application. It is especially necessary to be sufficiently acquainted with the duties which we demand of others, to know whether they are properly discharged, and when the wearied laborer requires repose. Novices in housekeeping often err in these matters. They are deceived by specious appearances, without knowing how their domestics spend their time, or they impose toil at the proper seasons of rest.

TREATMENT OF SERVANTS.

"I have an excellent cook," says a young housekeeper, "but I think I shall have to dismiss her, she

is so cross. I only wanted her to make me some blancmange and custards yesterday, and just because her dinner dishes were out of the way, and her kitchen put up nice for the afternoon, she did nothing but murmur that I had not given her these orders before." When domestics are employed, the dictates of reason and of common humanity require that they be treated as one would wish to be treated if in their place. When they give satisfaction, they should receive their meed of praise, and this will encourage them to continue in a right course.

We should not forget that they have feelings, like ourselves, and that kind, encouraging words, will always accomplish the desired end much better than harsh and ungrateful expressions.

It was not the least among the virtues of the excellent Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that she considered her servants as her friends, and strove to elevate their characters. "She presided over her domestics," said her biographer, "with the disposition of a parent. She not only employed the skill of such artificers as were engaged about her house, to consult the comfort and convenience of her servants, that they might suffer no unnecessary hardship, but also provided for the improvement of their minds, the decency of their behavior, and the propriety of their manners." If a lady so accomplished as to have been designated in the writings of Sir Richard Steele as the "divine Aspasia," the possessor of immense wealth, and a member of the nobility of a royal realm, thus devoted time and tenderness to her servants, why should those who, under a republican government, profess equality, fear to demean them-

selves by similar condescension, if indeed it ought to be called such?

DOMESTIC HABITS.

To every mother we would say, *let young women get their hands in.* Domestic habits will be very useful under all circumstances, and will enable a wife to know how a house ought to be managed, and to see at a glance, in case she may not herself be required to work, whether the servants are discharging their duties in a proper manner. Rough work is not necessarily the companion of rude manners, or a vulgar mind. A woman is not suitable for the wife of a working man or a tradesman who cannot "look well to the ways of her household," or who is not expert in cutting out a shirt, making a pudding, or cooking a meal; and no woman is properly trained for a wife, whose education begins and ends without fitting her for such duties.

"Good looks are no substitute for the lack of good qualities. Unless a woman is acquainted to a certain extent with the sciences of *bake-ology*, *boil-ology*, *make-ology*, *stitch-ology*, and *mend-ology*, it will soon be evident that she is out of her element. What could be expected but misery from the following, selected as a sample from numerous cases: Some few days after a girl had been married, her husband expressed a wish to have a boiled rabbit for dinner; so he called at the shop on his road from breakfast to the factory, and ordered one to be sent. When he arrived home at the usual time for dinner, he was surprised to find no signs of its being ready. Judge

of his astonishment upon going into the kitchen, to hear his wife say, 'Why, John, I've never had such a job in all my life; if I haven't been all the morning plucking the hair off this rabbit, and haven't done it yet. I feel ready to drop.'"

Never was there a greater blunder than to substitute accomplishments for domestic habits. True education should prepare a young woman for her peculiar duties as the companion of man, and the nursing mother of the rising generation; she would then be a real treasure, instead of being, as is too often the case, a burden and a snare. We wish there was a greater disposition on the part of young women to find employment in a well-regulated family, rather than in the factory or in the shop. Domestic service has many advantages over such situations. It is all the while fitting a girl for her ultimate sphere in life; and young men would do well to remember that a neat, well-behaved domestic servant is more likely to make a happy wife, and a happy home, than she who "likes her liberty," and talks about the drudgery of household duties.

Mrs. Stowe, speaking on this subject, gives a capital illustration of how she was answered, when trying to induce a young woman, a fisherman's daughter, to take some lessons in washing and ironing: "My child," she said, "you will need to understand all kinds of housework, if you are going to be married." She tossed her little head and said: "Indeed she wasn't going to trouble herself about that." "But who will do up your husband's shirts?" "Oh, he must put them out. I'm not going to be married to make a slave of myself."

In contrast with this pert young miss, look at the following picture of

A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

Ellen's mother died when she was scarcely thirteen years old. Her only brother died the winter before. Her two sisters were married, and had removed to so great a distance, that she seldom heard from them. She was quite alone with her father. When her mother first died, she felt as if she never could be happy again. But when she saw her father looking so sad, she thought it was her duty to try and comfort him ; and when he came in tired from his work, she would set a chair for him, and get him whatever he wanted, and speak pleasantly to him, as her mother used to do.

She remembered how her mother made bread, and was ambitious to make it in the same way. She took great pains to have it light, and to bake it well, and when she placed on the table the first loaf that she ever made, she could not help weeping for joy to hear her father say "Child, this tastes like your mother's bread."

When the winter evenings came she swept the hearth neatly, and placed the light on the little stand, and sat down by his side with her needle. Her mother had thoroughly instructed her in plain sewing, and while she mended or made garments, her father read aloud to her. He began to be comforted by the goodness of his daughter, and she perceived that the tones of his voice grew more cheerful in the evening prayer, and when he bade her good-night.

Her father worked hard every day. She had often heard her mother say that they were poor, and must economize. So as she grew older, she studied how to save expense. Her mother had been accustomed to sell what butter they could spare to a lady in the neighborhood. Ellen continued to do so, and the lady expressed herself much surprised that so young a girl should make such fine butter, and send it in such neat order. If she ever felt fatigued with her labors, she would recollect her mother's example, and always be pleasant and cheerful when her father came home.

When Ellen grew to be a young woman, she was a favorite with all. The old and thoughtful respected her for her obedience and affection to her old parent, who no longer felt lonely, so comfortable and cheerful had she made his home. She was also quite admired, for she had a good form, a healthful complexion, and the open smile of one who is in the habit of doing right, and feels happy at heart, which is the truest beauty.

She was addressed by a deserving young man who had known her merits from childhood. To this proposal she replied, "My father is growing infirm, and is able to work but little. I feel it my duty to take care of him as long as he lives. It might be a burden to others. It is a pleasure to me."

"Ellen, it will be no burden to me. Let me help you in supporting him. Most gladly will I work for all." She saw that he was sincere, and they were married. Her husband had a small house and a piece of ground on which he labored. She kept everything neat and in order, and was always pleasant

and cheerful. "I have now *two* motives," she said, "to be as good as I can,—a husband and father."

Ellen's little children loved their grandfather. She taught them by her own example how to treat him with respect. The warmest corner was always for him. When they saw her listening to all he said with reverence, they never thought of interrupting him, or disregarding his remarks. As they grew older, they read the Bible to him daily, for his eyesight failed. His explanations were a treasure to them. Especially was he pleased when any of them learned to repeat by heart, some of the Psalms of David. "For these," he said, "have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." Teachers and others who saw the children of Ellen, observed that they had better manners than others of the same age. They acquired them in a great measure from their constant propriety of deportment to their venerable grandfather.

In the father's last sickness, when he was no longer able to raise his head from the pillow, Ellen raised him up and sat behind him, wrapped her arms tenderly around him, and as he leaned his head upon her shoulder for the last time, he gratefully murmured, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and give thee peace."

As it is the inevitable fortune of most girls to get married, sooner or later, we will close this chapter, especially devoted to them, by a few hints upon the choice of a proper husband. Before you link your fortune with any young man, know something about his position, connections, pursuits, habits, and associates. About the most fatal blunder you can commit

is to contract a bad marriage, and yet how commonly is it done ! Before any young man has a chance of making known his intentions, find out whether he is worth having. You can never live happily with a man whose habits you despise. Seek, therefore, one in whom dwelleth good qualities.

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

Beware of transient young men. Recollect that one good farmer's boy or industrious mechanic is worth all the floating fops in the world. The allurements of a dandy Jack, with a gold chain round his neck, a walking-stick in his paw, and a threepenny cigar in his mouth, some honest tailor's coat on his back, and a brainless, though fancy skull, never can make up the loss of a good father's home, and a good mother's counsel, and the society of brothers and sisters ; their affections last, while that of a young man is lost in the wane of the honeymoon.

Don't marry a spendthrift, or a lazy, shiftless young man. And, as a good preservative from mistake, it might be well to select one who has a trade, and one who is also a good workman at his trade. Remember, he will have to keep you, as well as himself, in food, clothes, home, etc.; and to do this properly, he must be able to earn enough to secure the means of living comfortably. Whatever poets may say or sing of the sweets of poverty, it is a painful thing to be poor ; and no man is justified in expecting you to consent to be married, until he gives you fair evidence that he has counted the cost of keeping you, and also of bringing up a family.

Listen to no word of love from a man who swears, gambles, tipples, or associates with bad companions. Don't run the risk of trying to reform a man after marriage; in all probability you will be disappointed if you do. Have nothing to do with a shuffler, or a man who does not say what he means. All kinds of deceit are wrong, and a man who manifests a truckling, dodging spirit, is not the man to feel at home with a pure-minded woman. If an honest man is the noblest work of God, then avoid any man who cannot look you fairly in the face, and speak out boldly the thoughts of his heart and mind.

If he be of an excitable nature, you will do well to bear in mind the old saying, that "when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." "Like" does not "cure like" in tempers, but, on the contrary, contrasts frequently work better together. Let him be a man of sense, and he will soon learn to accommodate himself to your peculiarities, just as you will find it needful to drop into some of his ways. A man without some spirit in him, is not good for much; but a man who lets his spirit control him, instead of controlling his spirit, will be likely to give you some trouble.

Lastly, in the choice of a husband, seek one whom you can most heartily and devotedly *love*. Remember that a true union in life is, and ever must be, a union of hearts. Marriage, rightly understood, is the perfected life of love between two kindred or suitably adapted natures. It never should be a mere mercenary bargain between property owners, or simply a society affair between two exquisite fools. Always marry the man whom you feel and believe will make

you the most happy. Otherwise you may be made unhappy, if not miserable.

“For forced wedlock is but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife;
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth joy,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.”

Again, it is well to know that

“Wedded love is founded on esteem,
Which the real merits of the mind engage;
For these are charms which never can decay.”


“Think not, a husband gained, that is done;
The prize of happiness must yet be won;
For oft the careless find it to their cost,
That lover in a husband may be lost.”



WORDS TO YOUNG MEN.

"The age of youth is the strong reign of
Passion, when vice does ride in triumph
Upon the wheels of vehement desire."

—NEVILLE.

N the first part of this volume, we addressed many words to young men concerning success in business life, and it now remains to point out to them the elements of happiness. The three chief temptations presenting themselves before young men, and which, if yielded to, will surely destroy every vestige of happiness, are a love of ease and idleness, the various forms and kinds of dishonesty, and licentiousness. We shall take these up in the order named.

There are many kinds of idle young men. One can be seen almost any day haunting sunny benches or breezy piazzas. The real business of this fellow is *to see*; his desire, to *be seen*; and no one fails to see him,—so gaudily dressed, his hat sitting aslant upon a wilderness of hair like a bird half startled from its nest, and every thread arranged to provoke attention. He is a man of honor; not that he keeps his word, or shrinks from meanness. He defrauds his laundress, his tailor, and his landlord. He drinks and smokes at other men's expense. He gambles, and

swears, and fights,—when he is too drunk to be afraid ; but still he is a man of honor, for he has whiskers, looks fierce, and wears moustaches.

Another young fellow is rich, has a fine form and manly beauty, and the chief end of his life is to display them. With notable diligence he ransacks the shops for rare and curious fabrics, for costly seals, and chains, and rings. A coat poorly fitted is the unpardonable sin of his creed. He meditates upon cravats, employs a profound discrimination in selecting a hat or a vest, and adopts his conclusions upon the tastefulness of a button or a collar, with the deliberation of a statesman. Thus caparisoned, he saunters in fashionable galleries, or flaunts in stylish equipage, parades the streets with simpering belles, and delights their itching ears with compliments of flattery, or with choicely-culled scandal. He is a reader of fiction, if it be not too substantial ; a writer of cards and billet-doux, and is especially conspicuous in albums. He is as corrupt in imagination as he is refined in manners ; he is as selfish in private as he is generous in public ; and even what he gives to another, is given for his own sake. He worships where fashion worships, to-day at the theater, to-morrow at the church, as either exhibits the whitest hand or the most polished actor. A gaudy, active and indolent butterfly, he flutters without industry from flower to flower, until summer closes, and frosts sting him, and then sinks down and dies unthought of, unremembered, and unspeakably wretched.

Another young man has no ambition, and is constantly idle from an abiding sense of despondency. He moves on from day to day, as if under a spell

from which nothing can arouse him. He sits down quietly and broods over his ill-luck, and so drags out a miserable existence. Still another lives only to be on hand when others engage in sport. He joins every fishing party, and goes out with all the shooting clubs for practice. He attends all the ball-plays and races, when he can get money enough to get inside the inclosure, and when he is unable to do this, he will try to look over the fence or climb some adjoining eminence where he sits perched in content like the stupid owl on some dead limb of a tree.

Now, as against all these different forms of idleness, it should ever be remembered by young men, that while buoyant spirits are an element of happiness, only activity produces them ; for they fly away from sluggishness as fixed air from open wine. Men's spirits are like water which sparkles when it runs, but stagnates in still pools, and is mantled with green, breeding corruption and filth. The applause of conscience, the self-respect of pride, the consciousness of independence, a manly joy of usefulness, the consent of every faculty of the mind to one's occupation and their gratification in it,—these constitute a happiness superior to the fever flashes of vice in its brightest moments. After an experience of ages which has taught nothing different, men should have learned that satisfaction is not the product of excess, or of indolence, or of riches ; but of industry, temperance, and usefulness. Every town or village has instances which ought to teach young men that he who goes aside from the simplicity of nature, and the purity of virtue, to wallow in excesses, carousals, and surfeits, at length misses the errand of his life ; and

sinking with shattered body prematurely to a dishonored grave, mourns that he mistook exhilaration for satisfaction, and abandoned the very home of happiness, when he forsook the labors of useful industry.

INDUSTRY.

Every industrious poor man is happier than an idle rich one, for labor makes the one more manly, and riches unman the other. The slave is often happier than the master who is nearer undone by license, than his vassal by toil. Luxurious couches,—plushy carpets from oriental looms,—pillows of eider-down,—carriages contrived with cushions and springs to make motion imperceptible,—is the indolent master of these, as happy as the slave that wove the carpet, the Indian who hunted the northern flock, or the servant who drives the pampered steeds? Let those who envy the gay revels of city idlers, and pine for their masquerades, their routs and their operas, experience for a week the lassitude of their satiety, the unarousable torpor of their life when not under a fiery stimulus, their desperate *ennui* and restless somnolency, they would gladly flee from their haunts, as from a land of cursed enchantment.

The imagination is closely related to the passions, and fires them with its heat. The day-dreams of indolent youth glow each hour with warmer colors and bolder adventures. The imagination fashions scenes of enchantment in which the passions revel; and it leads them out, in shadows at first, to deeds which soon they will seek in earnest. The brilliant colors of far-away clouds are but the colors of the storm;

the salacious day-dreams of indolent men, rosy at first, and distant, deepen every day, darker and darker, to the color of actual evil. Then follows the blight of every habit. Indolence promises without redeeming the pledge; a mist of forgetfulness rises up and obscures the memory of vows and oaths. The negligence of laziness breeds more falsehoods than the cunning of the sharper. As poverty waits upon the steps of indolence, so upon such poverty, brood equivocations, subterfuges, lying denials. Falsehood becomes the instrument of every plan. Negligence of truth, next occasional falsehood, then wanton mendacity,—these three strides traverse the whole road of lies.

Mere pleasure,—sought outside of usefulness, and existing by itself,—is fraught with poison. When its exhilaration has thoroughly kindled the mind, the passions henceforth refuse simple food; they crave and require an excitement higher than any ordinary occupation can give. After reveling all night in wine-dreams, or amid the fascinations of the dance, or the deceptions of the drama, what has the dull store, or the dirty shop, which can continue the pulse at this fever-heat of delight? The face of pleasure to the youthful imagination is the face of an angel, a paradise of smiles, a home of love; while the rugged face of Industry, embrowned by toil, is dull and repulsive; but at the end it is not so. Those are harlot charms which Pleasure wears. At last, when Industry shall put on her beautiful garments, and rest in the palace which her own hands have built, Pleasure, blotched and diseased with indulgence, shall lie down and die upon the dung-hill.

Surely, despondency is a grievous thing, and a heavy load to bear. To see disaster and wreck in the present, and no light in the future, but only storms, lurid by the contrast of past prosperity, and growing darker as they advance ;—to wear a constant expectation of woe like a girdle ; to see want at the door imperiously knocking, while there is no strength to repel, or courage to bear its tyranny ;—indeed, this is dreadful enough. But there is a thing more dreadful,—it is more dreadful if the *man* is wrecked with his fortune. Can anything be more poignant in anticipation than one's ownself unnerved, cowed down, and slackened to utter pliancy, and helplessly drifting and driven down the troubled sea of life ? Of all things on earth next to his God, a broken man should cling to a courageous industry.

To be pressed down by adversity has nothing in it of disgrace ; but it is disgraceful to lie down under it like a supple dog. Indeed, to stand composedly in the storm amidst its rage and wildest devastations ; to let it beat over you and roar around you, and pass by you, and leave you undismayed,—this is to be a man. The ant will repair his dwelling as often as it is destroyed ; the spider will exhaust life itself, before he will live without a web, the bee can be decoyed from his labor, neither by plenty nor scarcity. Every idle young man should be ashamed to be rebuked in this respect by the spider, the ant, and the bee.

DISHONESTY.

There are at all times many ways by which young men are tempted to be dishonest, and thus ruin their

enjoyment for life. Some find in their bosom from the first a vehement inclination to dishonest ways. Knavish propensities are inherent; born with the child, and transmissible from parent to son. Others are taught the same, by being early encouraged to be sharp in bargains, and vigilant for every advantage. Little is said about honesty, and much about shrewd traffic. A dexterous trick becomes a family anecdote; visitors are regaled with the boy's precocious keenness. Hearing the praise of his exploits, he studies craft, and seeks parental admiration by adroit knaveries. He is taught for his safety that he must not range beyond the law; that would be unprofitable. He calculates his morality thus: *Legal honesty is the best policy*,—dishonesty, then, is a bad bargain, and everything is wrong which is unthrifty. Whatever profit breaks no legal statute,—though it is gained by falsehood, by unfairness, by gloss, or through dishonor, unkindness, and an unscrupulous conscience, he considers fair, and says: *The law allows it*. Men may spend a long life without an indictable action, and without an honest one. No law can reach the insidious ways of subtle craft.

Again, many a young man cheats his business by transferring his means to theaters, race-courses, expensive parties, and to the nameless and numberless projects of pleasure. The enterprise of others is baffled by the extravagance of their family; for few men can make as much in a year as an extravagant woman can carry on her back in one winter. Some are ambitious of fashionable society, and will gratify their vanity at any expense. This disproportion between means and expense soon brings on a crisis.

The victim is straitened for money; without it he must abandon his rank; for fashionable society remorselessly rejects all butterflies that have lost their brilliant colors. Which shall he choose, honesty and mortifying exclusion, or gaiety purchased by dishonesty? The severity of this choice sometimes sobers the intoxicated brain; and a young man shrinks from the gulf, appalled at the darkness of dishonesty. But to excessive vanity, high-life with or without fraud, is paradise, and any other life purgatory. And thus a resort to dishonesty is had without a scruple. It is at this point that public sentiment half sustains dishonesty by scourging the thief of necessity, and pitying the thief of fashion.

Running in debt is another prolific source of dishonesty and misery. A debtor is tempted to elude responsibility; to delay settlements; to prevaricate upon the terms; to resist equity, and devise specious fraud. He disputes true accounts; he studies subterfuges; extorts provocative delays; and harbors in every nook, and corner, and passage of the law's labyrinth. At length the measure is filled up, and the malignant power of debt is known. It has opened in the heart every fountain of iniquity; it has besoiled the conscience; it has tarnished the honor; it has made the man a deliberate student of knavery; a systematic practitioner of fraud; it has dragged him through all the sewers of petty passions,—anger, hate, revenge, malicious folly, or malignant shame. When a debtor is beaten at every point, and the law will put her screws upon him, there is no depth in the gulf of dishonesty into which he will not boldly plunge. Some men put their property in

the flames, assassinate the detested creditor, and end the frantic tragedy by suicide or the gallows. Others, in view of the impending catastrophe, convert all property to cash, and conceal it.

A corrupt public sentiment in which dishonesty is not disgraceful; in which bad men are respectable, are trusted, are exalted,—is a curse to the young, and an enemy to peace. The reigning fever of speculation, the universal derangement of business, and the growing laxness of morals, is, to an alarming extent, introducing such a state of things. Also, the direct handling of money has a terrible influence on the heart. In many cases, here first begins to work the leaven of death. The mind wanders in dreams of gain; it broods over projects of unlawful riches; stealthily at first, and then with less reserve; at last it boldly meditates the possibility of being dishonest and *safe*. When a man can seriously reflect upon dishonesty as a possible and profitable thing, he is already deeply dishonest. To a mind so tainted, will flock stories of consummate craft, of effective knavery, of fraud covered by its brilliant success.

At times the mind shrinks from its own thoughts, and trembles to look down the giddy cliff on whose edge they poise, or over which they fling themselves like sporting seabirds. But these imaginations will not be driven from the heart where they have once nested. They haunt a man's business, visit him in dreams, and vampire-like, fan the slumbers of the victim whom they will destroy. In some feverish hour, vibrating between conscience and avarice, the man staggers to a compromise. To satisfy his conscience, he refuses to *steal*; and to gratify his avarice,

he *borrow*s the funds ;—not openly,—not of owners,—not of men ; but of the till,—the safe,—the vault ! He resolves to restore the money before discovery can ensue, and pocket the profits. Meanwhile, false entries are made, perjured oaths are sworn, forged papers are filed. His expenses grow profuse, and men wonder from what fountain so copious a stream can flow.

Let us stop here to survey his condition. He apparently flourishes, is called prosperous, thinks himself safe. Is he *happy* ? Alas, he has stolen, and embarked the amount upon a sea over which wander perpetual storms ; where wreck is the common fate, and escape the accident ; and now all his chance for the semblance of honesty is staked upon the return of his embezzlements from among the sands, the rocks and currents, the winds and waves, and darkness of tumultuous speculation. At length dawns the day of discovery. His guilty dreams have long foretokened it. As he confronts the disgrace almost face to face, how changed is the hideous aspect of his deed from that fair face of promise with which it tempted him ! Overawed by the prospect of open shame, and his family's disgrace, he shrinks out of life as a suicide, or decamps between two days, or turns about with cool impudence, and defies officers and employers to do their worst.

Scheming speculation demoralizes honesty, and almost necessitates dishonesty. He who puts his own interests to rash ventures, will scarcely do better for others. The speculator regards the weightiest affair as only a splendid game. Indeed, a speculator on exchange, and a gambler at his table follow one voca-

tion, only with different instruments. One employs cards or dice, the other property. The one can no more foresee the result of his schemes than the other what spots will come up on his dice; the calculations of both are only the chances of luck. Both burn with unhealthy excitement; both are avaricious of gains, but careless of what they win; both depend more upon fortune than skill; they have a common distaste for labor; with each, right and wrong are only the accidents of a game; neither would scruple in any hour to set his whole being on the edge of ruin, and going over, pull down if possible, a hundred others with him.

Now, while the power of money is confessedly great, and while it can procure many things for its possessor which make life pleasant, yet money, dishonestly obtained, *can never give happiness*. If wealth is gotten by fraud or avarice, it blights the heart as autumnal fires ravage the prairies! The eye glows with greedy cunning, conscience shrivels, the light of love goes out, and the wretch moves amidst his coin no better, no happier than a loathsome reptile in a mine of gold. A dreary fire of self-love burns in the bosom of the avaricious rich, as a hermit's flame in a ruined temple of the desert. The fire is kindled for no deity, and is odorous with no incense, but only warms the shivering anchorite.

As has been said before, happiness resides primarily within a man; it is an outgrowth of a pure heart. There is no more happiness in a foul heart, than there is health in a pestilent morass. Satisfaction is not made out of such stuff as fighting carousals, obscene revelry, and midnight orgies. An

alligator, gorging or swollen with surfeit, and basking in the sun, has the same happiness which riches bring to the man who eats to gluttony, drinks to drunkenness, and sleeps to stupidity. When God sends wealth to *bless* men, he sends it gradually like a gentle rain. When God sends riches to *punish* men, they come tumultuously, like a roaring torrent, tearing up landmarks, and sweeping all before them in promiscuous ruin. Almost every evil which environs the path to wealth, springs from that criminal haste which substitutes adroitness for industry, and trick for toil.

Greed of money is like fire; the more fuel it has, the hotter it burns. Everything conspires to intensify the heat. Loss excites by desperation, and gain by exhilaration. The sight of houses better than our own, of dress beyond our means, of jewels costlier than we may wear, of stately equipage, and rare curiosities beyond our reach, these hatch the viper brood of covetous thoughts; vexing the poor who would be rich; tormenting the rich who would be richer. The covetous man pines to see pleasure; is sad in the presence of cheerfulness; and the joy of the world is his sorrow, because all the happiness of others is not his. To the covetous man, life is a nightmare, and God lets him wrestle with it as best he may. Mammon might build its palace on such a heart, and pleasure bring all its revelry there, and honor all its garland,—it would be like pleasures in a sepulchre, and garlands on a tomb.

Thorough selfishness destroys or paralyzes enjoyment. A heart made selfish by the contest for wealth, is like a citadel stormed in war. The banner

of victory waves over dilapidated walls, desolate chambers, and magazines riddled with artillery. The infernal canker of selfishness will eat out the whole heart with the fire of hell, or bake it harder than a stone. The heart of avaricious old age stands like a bare rock in a black wilderness, and there is no rod of authority, nor incantation of pleasure, which can draw from it one crystal drop to quench the raging thirst of satisfaction.

VIRTUE.

But if industry and honesty are so essential to happiness, what shall be said of the power of virtue? The influence of pretty, artful, seductive women over young men, is something fearful to contemplate. As moths and tiny insects flutter around the bright blaze which was kindled for no harm, so the foolish young fall down burned and destroyed by the blaze of beauty. As the flame which burns to destroy the insect is consuming itself, and soon sinks into the socket, so beauty, too often draws on itself that ruin which it inflicts upon others. The tongue of the strange woman is like a bended bow which sends the silvery shaft of flattering words. Her eyes shall cheat thee, her dress shall beguile thee, her beauty is a trap, her sighs are baits, her words are lures, her love is poisonous, her flattery is the spider's web spread for thee.

A young man might trust the sea with a tiny boat, trust the fickle wind, trust the changing skies of April, trust the miser's generosity, the tyrant's mercy; but he must not trust himself near the artful

woman armed in her beauty, her cunning raiment, her dimpled smiles, her sighs of sorrow, her look of love, her voice of flattery. There is no vice like licentiousness to delude with the most fascinating proffers of delight, and fulfill the promise with the most loathsome experience. All vices at the beginning are silver-tongued, but none so impassioned as this. All vices in the end cheat their dupes, but none with such overwhelming disaster as this.

The heart of youth is a wide prairie. Over it hang the clouds of heaven to water it, the sun throws its broad sheets of light upon it to wake its life; out of its bosom spring, the long season through, flowers of a hundred names and hues, twining together their lovely forms, wafting to each other a grateful odor, and nodding each to each in the summer breeze. Such would man be, did he hold that purity of heart which God gave him! But a depraved heart is a vast continent; on it are mountain-ranges of power, and dark, deep streams, and pools, and morasses. If once the full and terrible clouds of temptation settle down thickly and fixedly upon it, then the heart shall feel tides and streams of irresistible power, mocking its control, and hurrying fiercely down from steep to steep, with groaning desolation. One's only resource is to avoid the uprising of giant passions.

There is hardly any being in the world more vile and loathsome than the libertine. His errand into this world is to explore every depth of sensuality, and collect upon himself the foulness of every one. He is proud to be vile; his ambition is to be viler than other men. His coarse feelings, stimulated by

gross excitements, are insensible to delicacy. The exquisite bloom, the dew and freshness of the flowers of the heart which delight good men, he gazes upon as a behemoth would gaze enraptured upon a prairie of flowers. It is so much pasture. The forms, the odors, the hues, are only a mouthful for his terrible appetite. Therefore, his breath blights every innocent thing. He sneers at the mention of purity, and leers in the very face of virtue, as though she were herself corrupt, if the truth were known. He assures the credulous disciple that there *is* no purity; that its appearances are only the veils which cover indulgence. Nay, he solicits praise for the very openness of his evil; and tells the listener that *all* act as he acts, but few only are courageous enough to own it.

A young man knows little of life; less of himself. He feels in his bosom the various impulses, wild desires, restless cravings he can hardly tell of what, a somber melancholy when all is gay, a violent exhilaration when others are sober. These wild gushes of feeling peculiar to youth, the sagacious tempter has felt, has studied, has practiced upon, until he can sit before that most capacious organ, the human mind, knowing every stop and all the combinations, and competent to touch any note through the diapason. He begins afar off. He decries the virtue of all men; studies to produce a doubt that any are under self-restraint. He unpacks his filthy stories, plays off the fireworks of his corrupt imagination,—its blue-lights, its red-lights, and green-lights, and sparkle-spitting lights; and edging in upon the yielding youth who begins to wonder at his experience, he boasts his first exploits, and hisses at the purity of

women; he grows yet bolder, tells more wicked deeds, and invents worse even, than he ever performed, though he has performed worse than good men ever thought of.

Again, there is a polished libertine, in manners studiously refined, in taste faultless; his face is mild and engaging; his words drop as pure as newly-made honey. In public society, he would rather attract regard as a model of purity, and suspicion herself could hardly look askance upon him. Under this brilliant exterior, his heart is like a sepulchre, full of all uncleanness. Contrasted with the gross libertine, it would not be supposed that he had a thought in common with him. Professing unbounded admiration of virtue in public, he leaves not in private, a point untransgressed. His reading has culled every glowing picture of amorous poets, every tempting scene of loose dramatists, and looser novelists. Enriched by these, his imagination, like a rank soil, is overgrown with a prodigious luxuriance of poisonous herbs and deadly flowers. Of these two libertines, the most refined is the most dangerous. The one is a rattlesnake which carries its warning with it, the other, hiding his burnished scales in the grass, skulks to perform unsuspected deeds in darkness. The one is the visible fog and miasm of the morass, the other is the serene air of a tropical city, which, though brilliant, is loaded with invisible pestilence.

There are many evils which hold their victims by the force of *habit*; there are others which fasten them by breaking their return to society. Many a person never reforms, because reform would bring no relief. There are other evils which hold men to

them, because they are like the beginning of a fire ; they tend to burn with fiercer and wilder flames, until all fuel is consumed, and go out only when there is nothing to burn. Of this last kind is the sin of licentiousness ; and when the conflagration once breaks out, experience has shown that the chances of reformation are few, indeed.

SELECTING A WIFE.

The richest treasure a man ever gets in this world is a good wife. The poorest investment he ever makes is a poor wife, no matter how much money she has. Marriage is a transaction which should be removed as far as possible from the moneyed value of either party. The happiest homes everywhere, have been bought and paid for by the mutual earnings after marriage. Nothing is truer than that the good wife in the home is as surely a money-earner as the husband who toils with hand or brain. The best motto of every young man or woman is, "Marry for love, and work for riches." It may be an old foggy idea, but millions of homes will bear testimony to its truthfulness.

Some young men act very foolishly in choosing a companion for life ; some marry dimples ; some ears, some noses ; the contest, however, generally lies between the eyes and the hair. The mouth, too, is occasionally married ; the chin not so often. Poor partners, these, you will own. But young men do marry all of these, and many other bits of scraps of a wife, instead of the true thing. Such as the marriage is, such is the after-life. He that would have a

wife, must marry a *true woman*. If he can meet with one of equal social position, like education, similar disposition, kindred sympathies, and habits congenial to his own, let him marry. But let him beware of marrying a curl, or a neck, however swan-like, or a voice, however melodious. The idea of a man in his senses, saying, "I take this straight nose, regular teeth, ringlets, pretty foot, musical skill, money, to be my lawful wedded wife." Good qualities are far beyond all these put together. A woman may be very plain in her personal appearance, but if she have good domestic qualities, she will prove a better treasure than the brainless, heartless beauty.

It will be well in most cases for a young man to pay some attention to the family into which he marries. The saying that a man only marries his wife, and not her relations, is only true to a very limited extent. He becomes one of the family the moment he joins hands with a daughter of it at the altar, and he takes a share in its fortunes and its character. And while there are many worthy girls in lowly and poor families, yet if the family be noted for some characteristics and qualities which will be like a perpetual thorn in your side, you had better not ally yourself with it. For by a wise search you can find other girls equally good without any bad family incumbrance upon them.

WHOM NOT TO MARRY.

Don't marry a girl whose whole aim in life is simply to dress. The world is full of such. They think of nothing else; they dream of it, live for it, flutter

round a drygoods store like butterflies round a gaudy flower, ever on the lookout for the latest style. It is a great stain upon any woman's character when she is disposed to dress extravagantly. Many young women spend all they can get in finery, who, the moment they open their mouth to speak, display a poverty of mind that is positively appalling. Cowper describes this class as

“ Insolent and self-caressed,
By vanity's unwearied finger dressed,
Forget the blush that virgin fears impart
To modest cheeks, and borrow one from art ;
Curled, scented, furbelowed, and flounced around,
With feet too delicate to touch the ground,
They stretch the neck, and roll the wanton eye,
And sigh for every fool that passes by.”

A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

See that you get a good housekeeper, with all the rest. If there is an unlovely sight in the world, it is a listless, dirty, slatternly woman. She would spoil the best furniture and the best house in a short time. If we enter a well-ordered house, the spirit of it prevails over everything, and we feel at once its genial influence. While on the contrary, a disorderly house spreads its evil spirit over all around ; and this as a rule, is all owing to the want of a little method. As one drop of dirty water will pollute a glassful, so one untidy habit will upset the happiness of a whole house. Where there is turmoil, there is always discomfort ; and such untidy people are always in a kind of low fever. Industrious habits have a very

close connection with peace of mind, cheerfulness of spirit, good temper, and bodily health.

On the other hand, there is such a thing as being too nice and particular. Such a wife is well described in the following lines :

"It is just as you say, neighbor Green;
A treasure indeed is my wife:
Such another for bustle and work
I never have found in my life.
But then she keeps every one else
As busy as birds on the wing;
There is never a moment for rest,
She is such a fidgety thing!

"She makes the best bread in the town,
Her pies are a perfect delight,
Her coffee a rich golden brown,
Her custards and puddings just right.
But then while I eat them she tells
Of the care and the worry they bring,
Of the martyr-like toil she endures—
Oh, she's such a fidgety thing!

"My house is as neat as a pin;
You should see how the door-handles shine,
And all of the soft-cushioned chairs,
And nicely swept carpets are mine.
But then she so frets at the dust,
At a fly, at a straw, at a string,
That I stay out of doors all I can,
She is such a fidgety thing!

"She knits all my stockings herself,
My shirts are bleached white as the snow;
My old clothes look better than new,
Yet daily more threadbare they grow;
But then if a morsel of lint

Or dust on my trousers should cling,
I'm sure of one sermon, at least,
She is such a fidgety thing!

“ You have heard of a spirit so meek,
So meek that it never opposes,
Its own it dares never to speak—
Alas! I am meeker than Moses!
But then I am not reconciled
The subordinate always to sing;
I submit, to get rid of a row;
She is such a fidgety thing!”

AN AFFECTIONATE WIFE.

Strive to get a cheerful, affectionate wife. A good word maketh the heart light. Kind words have a magical power in allaying irritations, lightening burdens, sweetening toil, conciliating affection, and diffusing around a serene and bracing air. They are the oil to the machinery of life. Eliza Cook hath truly written :

“ A look of kind truth, and a word of good-will,
Are the magical helps on life's road;
With a mountain to travel they shorten the hill,
With a burden they lighten the load.

“ Wind and thunder have rolled, yet the wheat-ears of gold,
And the red grapes shine, glowing together;
So should spirits unite in the heart's harvest light,
And forget all the past of rough weather.

“ They should balance the glad, with the somber and sad,
Let the voice of good fellowship call;
For while love sings aloud, like a lark in the cloud,
There is beauty and joy for us all.”

A SUNNY DISPOSITION.

“Cheerful looks make every dish a feast.”

—MASSINGER.

“What then remains but well our power to use,
And keep good humor still, whate’er we lose?
And trust me, dear, good humor will prevail
When airs and flights, and screams, and scoldings fail.”

—POPE.



HERE are a few noble natures whose very presence carries sunshine with them wherever they go; a sunshine which means pity for the poor, sympathy for the suffering, help for the unfortunate, and benignity toward all. How such a face enlivens every other face it meets, and carries into every company, vivacity, and joy, and gladness! But the scowl and frown, begotten of a selfish heart, and manifesting itself in daily, almost hourly fretfulness, complaining, fault-finding, angry criticisms, spiteful comments on the motives and actions of others, how they thin the cheek, shrivel the face, sour and sadden the countenance! No joy in the heart, no nobility in the soul, no generosity in the nature, the whole character as cold as an iceberg, as hard as an Alpine rock, and as arid as the wastes of Sahara!



THE SNOW-BIRDS' CHRISTMAS VISIT.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Be cheerful, for it is the only happy life. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud that makes the flower. There is always that before, or around us, which should fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue, ten times, where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be, but so have others. None are free from them, and perhaps it is well that none should be. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can, without and within him, and, above all, he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance rights itself. Men are not made to hang down either head or lips; and those who do, only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam, than in a whole hemisphere of cloud and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate what is warm and genial,—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.

The cheerful are generally the busy, for frogs do not croak in running water. So active, healthy minds are seldom troubled with gloomy forebodings. These come only up from the stagnant depths of a spirit unstirred by generous impulses, or the blessed necessities of honest toil. The industrious bee stops not to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes right on,

selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. So should all workers do in the world's great hive.

Although cheerfulness and a sunny disposition are valuable in all, yet these become most angelic and powerful in women. We somehow expect the fairer sex to be better-natured and more cheerful and lovely than men. Such a woman diffuses the oil of gladness through a whole household. It is easy enough for a housewife to make arrangements for an occasional feast; but amid the weariness and cares of life; the troubles real and imaginary, of a family; the much thought and toil which are requisite to make the family a home of thrift, order, and comfort; the varieties of temper and cross-lines of taste and inclination which are to be found in a large household,—to maintain a heart full of good nature, and a face always bright with cheerfulness,—this is a perpetual festivity.

We do not mean a mere superficial simper, which has no more character in it than the flow of a brook, but that exhaustless patience, and self-control, and kindness and tact which spring from good sense and brave purposes. Neither is it the mere reflection of prosperity, for cheerfulness, then, is no virtue. Its best exhibition is in the dark background of real adversity. Affairs assume a gloomy aspect, poverty is hovering about the door, sickness has already entered, days of hardship and nights of watching go slowly by, and then you see the triumph of which we speak. When the strong man has bowed himself and his brow is knit and creased, you will see how the whole life of the household seems to hang on the frailer form,

which, with solitudes of her own, passing it may be under "the sacred primal sorrow of her sex," has an eye and an ear for every one but herself, suggestive of expedients, hopeful in extremities, helpful in kind words and affectionate smiles, morning, noon, and night, the medicine, the light, the heart of a whole household. God bless that bright, sunny face! says many a reader as he recalls one of mother, wife, sister, daughter, which has been to him all that these words have described.

A quaint old writer hath said: "Every man either is rich, or may be so; though not all in one and the same wealth. Some have abundance, and rejoice in it; some a competency, and are content; some having nothing, have a mind desiring nothing. He that hath most, wants something; he that hath least, is in something supplied; wherein the mind which maketh rich, may well possess him with the thought of store. Who whistles out more content than the low-fortuned plowman, or sings more merrily than the abject cobbler that sits under the stall? Content dwells with those that are out of the eye of the world, whom she hath never trained with her gauds, her toils, her lures. Wealth is like learning, wherein our greater knowledge is only a larger sight of our wants. Desires fulfilled, teach us to desire more; so we that at first were pleased, by removing from that, are now grown insatiable."

Let any person go along the street and see how few people there are whose faces look as though any joy had come down and sung in their souls. We can see lines of thought, and of care, and of fear,—money lines, shrewd, grasping lines,—but how few

happy lines! The rarest feeling that ever lights the human face, is the contentment of a loving soul. There are a hundred successful men where there is one contented man. We can find a score of handsome faces where we can find one happy face. An eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, upon which was painted the following: "I will give this field to any contented man." He soon had an applicant. "Well, sir; are you a contented man?" "Yes sir; very." "Then what do you want of my field?" The applicant did not stop to reply.

Happiness often consists not so much in adding more fuel, as in taking away some fire; not in multiplying wealth, as in subtracting men's desires. Wishes are as prolific as rabbits. One imaginary want, like a stool-pigeon, brings flocks of others, and the mind becomes so overwhelmed, that it loses sight of all the real comforts in possession.

When Alexander saw Diogenes sitting in the warm sun, and asked what he should do for him, he desired no more than that Alexander would stand out of his sunshine, and not take from him what he could not give. A quiet and contented mind is the supreme good; it is the utmost felicity a man is capable of in this world; and the maintaining of such an uninterrupted tranquility of spirit is the very crown and glory of wisdom and joy. Many people who are surrounded by all the substantial comforts of life, become discontented because some wealthier neighbor sports a carriage, and his lady a Brussels carpet and mahogany chairs, entertains parties, and makes more show in the world than they. Like the

monkey, they attempt to imitate all they see that is deemed fashionable ; make a dash at greater contentment ; dash out their comfortable store of wealth ; and sometimes, determined on quiet at last, close the farce with a tragedy.

A cheerful and sunny disposition is equally inspiring, rich, and beneficent. It encourages all things good, great, noble. It whispers liberty to the slave, freedom to the captive, health to the sick, home to the wandering, friends to the forsaken, peace to the troubled, supplies to the needy, bread to the hungry, strength to the weak, rest to the weary, life to the dying. It has sunshine in its eye, encouragement on its tongue, and inspiration in its hand. Rich and glorious is it, and faithfully should it be cultivated. Let its inspiring influence be in the heart of every youth. It will give strength and courage. Let its cheerful words fall ever from his tongue, and its bright smile play ever on his countenance. Entertain well this nymph of goodness. Cultivate well this ever-shining flower of the spirit. It is the evergreen of life, that grows at the eastern gate of the soul's garden.

KINDNESS

A kind word and a pleasant voice, growing out of a cheerful and sunny heart, are gifts easy to give, but they are worth more than money. Kindness makes sunshine wherever it goes ; it finds its way into hidden chambers of the heart, and brings golden treasures ; harshness, on the contrary, seals them up forever. Kindness makes the mother's lullaby

sweeter than the song of the lark, the care-laden brow of the father and man of business less severe in their expression. Kindness is the real law of life, the link that connects earth with heaven, the true philosopher's stone, for all it touches it turns to virgin gold; the true gold wherewith we purchase contentment, peace, and love. Write your name with kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

How sweet are the offices of kindness. How balmy the influence of that regard which dwells around the fireside, where virtue lives for its own sake, and fidelity regulates and restrains the thirst for admiration, often a more potent foe to virtue than the fiercest lust; where distrust and doubt dim not the luster of purity, and where solicitude, except for the preservation of an unshaken confidence, has no place, and the gleam of suspicion or jealousy never disturbs the harmony and tranquility of the scene; where paternal kindness and devoted filial affection blossom in all the freshness of eternal spring!

In all social life it is by the little acts of watchful regard, by words, and tones, and gestures, and looks, that true affection is won and preserved. He who neglects these trifles, yet boasts that, whenever a great sacrifice is called for, he will be ready to make it, will rarely be loved. The likelihood is, he will not make it; and if he does, it will be far rather for his own sake than for his neighbor's. Give no pain. Breathe not a sentiment, say not a word, give not the expression of the countenance that will offend another, or send a thrill of pain to his bosom. We are

surrounded by sensitive hearts which a word or look even, might fill to the brim with sorrow. If you are careless of the opinions of others, remember that they are differently constituted from yourself, and never, by word or sign, cast a shadow on a happy heart, or throw aside the smiles of joy that linger on a pleasant countenance.

Many lose the opportunity of saying a kind thing by waiting to weigh the matter too long. Our best impulses are too delicate to endure much handling. If you fail to give them expression the moment they rise, they effervesce, evaporate, and are gone. If they do not turn sour, they become flat, losing life and sparkle by keeping. Speak promptly when you feel kindly.

Deal gently with a stranger. Remember the severed cord of affection, still bleeding, and beware to wound by a thoughtless act, or a careless word. The stranger, perchance, has lived in an atmosphere of love as warm as that we breathe. Alone and friendless now, he treasures the image of loved ones far away, and when gentle words and warm kisses are exchanged, we know not how his heart thrills, and the teardrops start. Speak gently. The impatient word our *friends* may utter does not wound, so mailed are we in the impenetrable armor of love; but keenly is an unkind remark felt by the lone and friendless one.

Like a clinging vine torn from its support, the stranger's heart begins to twine its tendrils around the first object which is presented to it. Is love so cheap a thing in this world, or have we already so much, that we can lightly cast off the instinctive affections thus

proffered? To some souls an atmosphere of love is as necessary as the vital air to the physical system. A person of such a nature may clothe one in imagination with all the attributes of goodness, and make his heart's sacrifices at the shrine. Let us not cruelly destroy the illusion by unkindness.

Let the name of stranger be ever sacred, whether it is that of an honored guest at our fireside, or the poor servant girl in our kitchen; the gray-haired, or the young; and when we find ourselves far from friends, and the dear associates of home, and so lonely, may some kind, some angel-hearted being, by sympathizing words and acts, cause our hearts to thrill with unspoken gratitude, and thus we will find again the "bread" long "cast upon the waters."

Shun evil-speaking. Deal tenderly with the absent; say nothing to inflict a wound on their reputation. They may be wrong and wicked, yet your knowledge of it does not oblige you to disclose their character, except to save others from injury. Then do it in a way that bespeaks a spirit of kindness for the absent offender. Be not hasty to credit evil reports. They are often the result of misunderstanding, or of evil design, or they proceed from an exaggerated or partial disclosure of facts. Wait and learn the whole story before you decide; then believe just what evidence compels you to, and no more.

Kindness conquers in many a battle when every other resource fails. A rough-looking man once brought his little boy into a school, and gave him over into the care of the teacher with these comments: "I have brought my boy here to see if you can do anything with him. Of all the stubborn boys

I ever knew, he is the worst." As the teacher was going to his desk one day, he put out his hand to lay it kindly on the boy's shoulder, whereupon the little fellow shuddered, and shrank away from his touch. What is the matter? asked the teacher. I thought you were going to strike me, said the boy. Why should I strike you? Because I am so bad, the boy answered. Who says you are bad? Father, mother, and everybody says so. The teacher spoke kindly to the lad, and told him he could be as good as any boy, if he tried. A new idea flashed into the young mind, and a new hope sprang up in the little heart. Can I be a good boy? Then I *will* be a good boy, the little fellow said to himself. From that time a marked change came over his whole life. He made rapid progress in his studies, secured the affection of his playmates, grew up to be a good man, and became Governor of one of our largest States.

Southey, the poet, tells the following story of himself: When I was small, there was a black boy in the neighborhood whom we loved to torment by calling him a negro, blackamoor, and such like offensive epithets. The little fellow appeared excessively grieved, but said nothing. Soon after, I went to borrow his skates. He let me have them with a pleasant word of welcome. When I returned them, I told him I was under great obligations to him for his kindness. He looked up at me as he took his skates, and said mournfully, "Robert, don't ever call me blackamoor again," and then immediately left the room. The words pierced my heart like an arrow; I burst into tears, and resolved never to abuse the poor black again.

Instances like these could be multiplied by the hundred, and they all go to show that it only needs,—

“ Little words of kindness,
Little deeds of love,
To make our world an Eden
Like to that above.”

Therefore, always cherish like an apple of gold, a bright, sunny, cheerful temper and disposition. It will prove under all conditions of life a perennial fountain of happiness.







GIRLHOOD.

FOR "THE IMPERIAL HIGHWAY"

BEAUTY.

"Give me a look, give me a face
 That makes simplicity a grace;
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me
 Than all the adulteries of art
 Which strike the eye, but not the heart."

—BEN JONSON.

"What is beauty? Not the show
 Of shapely limbs and features. No;
 These are but flowers
 That have their stated hours
 To breathe their momentary sweetness, then go.
 'Tis the stainless soul within
 That outshines the fairest skin."



BEAUTY in man or woman, but especially in the latter, is a power and a possession not to be despised. It contributes an important quota to the sum of human happiness. It is a positive blessing, when not abused. If women could but look into the hearts of men they would discover that much of the dissatisfaction with wives, much of the absence from them of husbands, much of the disagreeable in the home, results from indifference to their personal appearance. Many ladies, after the heyday

of youth is passed, seem to make no effort to set off their charms to the best advantage, save as they occasionally spur to some extraordinary display. Often domestic duties, maternity, and its cares,—always a trial to the nerves, strength, and ambition,—exclude them more or less from society until they lose all interest, and become indifferent to its demands. This is followed by inattention to the person. Even dress is neglected, and the deportment loses the queenly grace and gentleness so essential to lady-like bearing.

Others seem to have aimed only to secure a husband. At their wedding receptions, and earlier at their homes, they exhibit rare taste and culture, are exquisite in make-up and brilliant in conversation, but with the wane of the honeymoon they relapse into indifference, indolence, and *ennui*, as if their lives had been strained to such tension in the effort to catch a husband, that the cord was all but ready to snap when they won the prize, and now the inevitable reaction seems to follow. They are nearly always *en negligé* in the presence of their husbands; lose all zest for society, or on the other hand exhaust their energies to appear fascinating in company, reserving nothing better for husband and home than languid indifference.

Others, still, appear to believe personal attractiveness, elaboration in dress, and gracious manners are for those particularly whose future is dependent upon their charms—the young and gay; that polish and feminine graces, like perfumes and gems, must be reserved for the circles of the *beau monde*; that the brush and chisel of time should be allowed to color and hack at pleasure; that the *arts de toilette* are a

vulgar deception, and all attempts to make themselves beautiful at home, are but waste of time.

Beauty in woman must ever be cultivated; by it she endears herself to her husband, and is admired by the world; without it, though she may have been the idol of a husband's love for years, and the mother of his children, she may drive him to seek it elsewhere. It is impossible to make home happy while abandoning all the little amenities that come of culture, ignoring courtesy, dignity and elegance in the family circle, and putting on those refinements with the dress for social occasions; in other words, having two sets of manners, one for home, and one for society.

To a certain degree, it is a laudable ambition in woman to wish to be attractive. As God made her fair and comely in person, so she should seek to preserve her charms as long as is consistent with due attention to higher duties and aims. All the noted beauties of any age have striven hard to preserve their loveliness. Diana of Poitiers devoted herself assiduously all her life to the arts of the toilet and the methods which assisted nature, looking especially to health, and was as charming at sixty as many at thirty. Ninon de l'Enclos was also celebrated for almost fadeless beauty, so preserving her beauty of contour and freshness of complexion to extreme old age that many believed she had discovered the secret of perpetual youth. Mary, Queen of Scots, whose beauty was conspicuous in its effects upon history, never amid the shifting and tumultuous scenes about her, neglected the details that lent the most brilliant effects to her beauty. Margaret of Anjou was no less devoted to the preservation of her personal charms.

Beauty, however, will ever vary according to age, place, taste, and prejudice. We could not expect all to admire the black, sparkling eye, black hair, and dark, rich complexion of Cleopatra; many would like the pale, melancholy blonde. No formula can satisfy all opinions. To do this it would have to meet all the sentiments, passions and instincts that inspire to the worship of beauty. In youth it is the plump damsel, pulsating with budding womanhood, fresh and lovely in her innocence, with waxen complexion, carnation lips shaped like Cupid's bow, laughing eyes, white teeth and shapely arms, that we admire. In after years it is the matured, self-poised woman, quiet in repose, with charms defined and pronounced, majestic in air and carriage, serene and dignified in deportment—a beauty like that which Montalembert ascribes to Elizabeth of Hungary, the most beautiful woman of her time. He says, “Her beauty was regular and perfect, her entire figure left no improvement to be desired in it. Her complexion was dark and clear, her hair black, her figure of unrivaled elegance and grace, her walk full of nobleness and majesty.”

But what constitutes true beauty in man or woman, and how can it best be preserved and increased? The most common method employed is to make a liberal use of brush, powder, pencil, etc. But beauty which is only surface deep is liable to prove as evanescent as the passing cloud. We shall not go, however, into the mysteries of the toilet here, or stop to consider definitely the value of cosmetics and *rouges*. There are some legitimate aids to natural forces in this matter, and these can be sought out and applied

at leisure. But real, *enduring* beauty of face or person must come not from any external applications, but from within. Good health, proper habits, regular exercise, diet and dress, all have more or less to do with it, but the main source of beauty is in the mind.

The intellectual powers, when regularly trained and employed, cut and chisel the features into proportion and grace by removing from them all signs of sensuality and sloth by which they are blunted and deadened, and substituting energy and intensity for vacancy and insipidity (by which alone the faces of many fair women are utterly spoiled and rendered valueless), and by the keenness given to the eye, and the fine moulding and development of the brow.

It has been well said that the highest style of beauty to be found in nature pertains to the human form, as animated and lighted up by the intelligence within. It is the expression of the soul that constitutes this superior beauty. It is that which looks out at the eye, which sits in calm majesty on the brow, lurks on the lips, smiles on the cheek, is set forth in the chiseled lines and features of the countenance, in the general contour of figure and form, in the movement, and gesture, and tone; it is this looking out of the invisible spirit that dwells within, this manifestation of the higher nature, that we admire and love; this constitutes to us the beauty of our species.

Hence it is that certain features, not in themselves particularly attractive, wanting, it may be, in certain regularity of outline, or in certain delicacy and softness, are still invested with a peculiar charm and radiance of beauty from their peculiar expressiveness

and animation. The light of genius, the superior glow of sympathy, and a noble heart, play upon those plain, and it may be, homely features, and light them up with a brilliant and regal beauty. These, as every artist knows, are the most difficult to portray. The expression changes with the instant. Beauty flashes and is gone, or gives place to a still higher beauty, as the light that plays in fitful corruscations along the northern sky, coming and going, but never still.

The same is true of the moral and social feelings of the heart. Love is a great beautifier of the face. The emotions which do most disfigure the countenance are pride, sensuality, fear, cruelty, agitation, enmity, cunning, deceit, anger. While on the other hand the great moral and social beautifiers are self-command, unagitated trust, deep-looking love, faith, and goodness. In fact, all virtues impress fairness upon the features, and exercise an influence upon the whole person. Even movement and gestures, however slight, are different in their modes according to the mind that governs them, and on the gentleness and decision of just feeling there follows a grace of action, and through continuance of this a grace of form, which by no discipline may be taught or attained.

This kind of beauty perishes not. It wreaths the countenance of every doer of good. It adorns every honest face. It shines in the virtuous life. It moulds the hands of charity. It sweetens the voice of sympathy. It sparkles on the brow of wisdom. It flashes in the eye of love. It breathes in the spirit of piety. It is the beauty of the heaven of heavens. It is that which may grow by the hand of culture in every human soul. It is the flower of the spirit which

blossoms on the tree of life. Every soul may plant and nurture it in its own garden. This is the capacity for beauty that God has placed within the reach of all. Though our forms may be uncomely, and our features not the prettiest, our spirits may be beautiful. And this inward beauty always shines through. A beautiful heart will flash out in the eye. A lovely soul will glow in the face. A sweet spirit will tune the voice, and wreath the countenance in charms. There is a power in interior beauty that melts the hardest heart. As N. P. Willis has truly said :

Beauty may stain
The eye with a celestial blue—the cheek
With carmine of the sunset; she may breathe
Grace into every motion, like the play
Of the least visible tissue of a cloud;
She may give all that is within her own
Bright cestus—and one glance of intellect,
Like stronger magic, will outshine it all.

Therefore Mrs. Osgood gives the following pertinent advice :

The blush will fade,
The light grow dim which the blue eyes wear,
The gloss will vanish from curl and braid,
And the sunbeam die in the waving hair.
Turn from the mirror and strive to win
Treasures of loveliness which will last;
Gather earth's glory and bloom within,
That the soul may be young when youth is past.



DECORUM AND DRESS.

Study with care politeness that must teach
 The proper forms of gesture and of speech;
 That moves with easy, though with measured pace,
 And shows no part of study but the grace.

—STILLINGFLEET.

What's a fine person or a beauteous face,
 Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
 Blessed with all other requisites to please,
 We still do need the elegance of ease.

—CHURCHILL.



WHAT beauty is to the person, that decorum or politeness is to the intercourse of social life. And just as a beautiful form and face add attractiveness and convey pleasure to the home circle, or to the social gathering, so elegant manners adorn and make agreeable the whole round of human companionship, whether existing in business, social, or religious life. General amiability, as has been well said, will oil the creaking wheels of life more effectually than any unguents which can be supplied by mere wealth or station.

Chesterfield says: "As learning, honor, and virtue are absolutely necessary to gain you the esteem and

admiration of mankind, politeness and good breeding are equally necessary to make you welcome and agreeable in conversation and common life. Great talents, such as honor, virtue, learning and arts, are above the generality of the world, who neither possess them themselves nor judge them rightly in others. But all people are judges of the lesser talent, such as civility, affability, and an obliging, agreeable address and manner, because they feel the good effects of them as making society easy and pleasing."

As a beautiful picture displays the art of the painter, and inspiring music that of the musician, so deportment is the *art* of the lady or gentleman. Good nature is often vulgar, blunt and offensive, good breeding refines, tones and finishes manner. Deportment, therefore, belongs to culture. Human nature in general is groveling; gentility of deportment is elevating. To act naturally is commendable, if nature be toned by culture; to act naturally without refinement, is to act the boor. To be a true lady or gentleman, therefore, is to curb and mould our natural impulses, encourage our better promptings, associate only with the pure and refined, accustom ourselves to doing everything decently, orderly and elegantly at all times, regarding the feelings of others, respecting ourselves, and allowing nothing to disturb a courteous, dignified behavior. Etiquette is simply decorum or manners systematized and adapted to the various phases of social intercourse, recognized and established by fashionable usage.

In every sense, the subject of manners, says Ralph Waldo Emerson, has a constant interest to thoughtful persons. Who does not delight in fine manners?

Their charm cannot be predicted or overstated. 'Tis perpetual promise of more than can be fulfilled. It is music and sculpture and pictures to many who do not pretend to appreciation of those arts. It is even, true that grace is more beautiful than beauty. Yet how impossible to overcome the obstacle of an unlucky temperament, and acquire good manners, unless by living with the well-bred from the start; and this makes the value of wise forethought to give ourselves and our children as much as possible the habit of cultivated society.

'Tis an inestimable hint that we owe to a few persons of fine manners, that they make behavior the very first sign of force,—behavior, and not performance, or talent, or much less, wealth. While almost everybody has a supplicating eye turned on events and things and other persons, a few natures are central and forever unfold, and these alone charm us. He whose word or deed you cannot predict, who answers you without any supplication in his eye, who draws his determination from within, and draws it instantly,—that man rules.

Manners are stronger than laws. Nature values manners. Who teaches manners of majesty, of frankness, of grace, of humility,—who but the adorning aunts and cousins that surround a young child? The babe meets such courting and flattery as only kings receive when adult; and, trying experiments, and at perfect leisure with these posture masters and flatterers all day, he throws himself into all the attitudes that correspond to theirs. Are they humble? he is composed. Are they eager? he is nonchalant. Are they encroaching? he is dignified and inexorable.

And this scene is daily repeated in hovels as well as in high houses.

AWKWARDNESS.

Nature is the best posture-master. An awkward man is graceful when asleep, or when hard at work, or agreeably amused. The attitudes of children are gentle, persuasive, royal, in their games, and in their house-talk and in the street, before they have learned to cringe. 'Tis impossible but thought will dispose the limbs and the walk. No art can contravene it, or conceal it. Give me a thought, and my hands and legs and voice and face will all go right. And we are awkward for want of thought. The inspiration is scanty, and does not arrive at the extremities.

Manners are the revealers of secrets, the betrayers of any disproportion or want of symmetry in mind and character. It is the law of our constitution that every change in our experience instantly indicates itself on our countenance and carriage, as the lapse of time tells itself on the face of the clock. We may be too obtuse to read it, but the record is there; some men may be too obtuse to read it, but some men are not obtuse, and do read it. Nature made us all cognizant of these signs, for our safety and our happiness. While certain faces are illuminated with intelligence, decorated with invitation, others are marked with warnings; certain voices are hoarse and truculent; sometimes they even bark. There is the same difference between heavy and genial manners as between the perceptions of octogenarians and those of young girls who see everything in the twinkling of an eye.

The world sets large store by the exterior of

people. It cannot always stop to examine into their morals, education, or positive merit; but whatever may be the standard of appreciation, there are very few who can say they do not court the world's good graces. With the wisdom of Solomon, the virtue of Cæsar's wife, the piety of Fenelon, the wealth of a Rothschild, without a knowledge of how to please, we have no fixed place in the popular heart. How to please, then, embodies much. We cannot ignore regulations imposed by polite society, and still expect to please, for polite society rules the world.

First, then, we must question ourselves concerning our natural instincts; are they coarse, selfish, overbearing, unforgiving, dishonest; have we bad tempers; are we suspicious and fault-finding; are we inclined to make ourselves miserable as well as those we meet? It should be our first effort to subdue such qualities, for any exhibition of them is fatal to harmony.

Almost the first requisite to a lady is good common sense. While this admits of piquancy, *naïvete*, and all the charming femininities, as well as dignity, it is also a host arrayed in her favor. Affability, a sweet temper under all circumstances, a manner mild, yet firm, a sensitive and delicate temperament, yet without too evident self consciousness and prudishness of disposition, are admirable qualities. You cannot please without being truly polite, and to this end amiability and good nature are necessary.

True politeness comes from a knowledge of ourselves and respect for others, and constitutes propriety of deportment coupled with good nature and a desire to please. Neither rank, beauty, wealth, talents nor position can dispense with it. It enters into

every feature of social intercourse, and it is here you are measured, weighed, and stamped. It is here that your true culture will assert itself. To avoid this, you must not have two sets of manners, one for home and another for society. The same deference to others, the same graces of deportment and geniality, must at all times characterize you. You cannot eat improperly, or indulge in slang or bad grammar at home without the habit betraying you when you will regret it sorely.

SELF-COMMAND.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. Self-command is the main elegance. "Keep cool, and you command everybody," said St. Just; and the wily old Talleyrand would still say, "Above all, gentlemen, no heat." 'Tis a rule of manners to avoid exaggeration. A lady loses as soon as she admires too easily and too much. In man or woman, the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration. A man makes his inferiors his superiors by heat. Why need you, who are not a gossip, talk as a gossip, and tell eagerly what the neighbors or the journals say? State your opinion without apology. The attitude is the main point, assuring your companion that, come good news or come bad, you remain in good heart and good mind, which is the best news you can possibly communicate. Self-control is the rule. You have in you there a noisy, sensual savage which you are to keep down, and tune all his strength to beauty.

Show a proper respect for the opinions of others,

and be firm, yet modest, in the assertion of your own. Always display that self-consciousness which one should feel, that you are as good as others, and demand equal respect. If you do not respect yourself, others will not respect you. Very many are afflicted with over-sensitiveness, a feeling of inferiority, which is liable, if not overcome, to render one ridiculous at times. More offensive are they who seek to convey the impression that they "know it all." This betrays ignorance, conceit, and immodesty. Never exhibit vulgarity in action or expression. Rude conduct, awkward motions and positions, indicate either a lack of respect for others, or that your associations are low.

Exercise a due regard for all *little* courtesies and elegancies. In your association with the opposite sex, let these never be neglected. Do not hurry. Promptness and due haste are proper, but hurry and bluster tend to confusion and irritation, and things thus done were better not attempted. Remember, your manners are the sign by which your status is fixed; they are ever open to criticism, and always determine your caste. You should take care that the first impressions be favorable. In the drawing room, at table, at the party or ball, on the street, everywhere, you should be impressed with the fact that you are to be respected as a lady or gentleman, and that as such you respect others, and treat them accordingly.

BRILLIANT TALKERS.

Among the most brilliant and serviceable social accomplishments is the art of holding agreeable and

wise conversation. The ability to talk intelligently, wittily and well, is not possessed by all. Society to-day seems sadly wanting in brilliant talkers. We have a few good conversationalists, but only a few. Every lady should cultivate this art, and attain to such excellence in it as she may. To say enough and say it well, upon any subject, to modulate the tones, to be ready with appropriate words, wit and repartee at the right time, uniting the same with a fascinating manner, are social attractions which come quite as much from cultivation as from a natural gift.

Madame de Stael, by the unanimous consent of all who knew her, was the most extraordinary converser that was known in her time, and it was a time full of eminent men and women; she knew all distinguished persons in letters or society, in England, Germany, and Italy, as well as in France, though she said, with characteristic nationality, "Conversation, like talent, exists only in France." Madame de Stael valued nothing but conversation. She said one day, seriously, to M. Mole, "If it were not for respect to human opinions, I would not open my window to see the Bay of Naples for the first time, while I would go five hundred leagues to talk with a man of genius whom I had not seen."

Ste. Beuve tells us of the privileged circle at Coppet, that, after making an excursion one day, the party returned in two coaches from Chambéry to Aix, on the way to Coppet. The first coach had many rueful accidents to relate,—a terrific thunder-storm, shocking roads, and danger and gloom to the whole company. The party in the second coach, on arriving, heard this story with surprise;—of thunder-storm,

of steeps, of mud, of danger, they knew nothing ; no, they had forgotten earth, and breathed a purer air ; such a conversation between Madame de Stael and Madame Recamier and Benjamin Constant and Schlegel, they were all in a state of delight. The intoxication of the conversation had made them insensible to all notice of weather or rough roads. Madame de Tesse said, "If I were queen, I should command Madame de Stael to talk to me every day." Conversation fills all gaps, supplies all deficiencies. What a good trait is that recorded of Madame de Maintenon, that, during dinner, the servant slipped to her side, "Please madame, one anecdote more, for there is no roast to-day."

In conversation, be considerate of the feelings of others. Women are usually quicker at repartee, have more confidence, and not seldom avail themselves of the privileges of their sex to "cut" severely. Men may be brave and strong, may have coarse exteriors and manners, and be unable to cope in conversation with you, but remember they have hearts, and it is no mark of a true lady to hurt the feelings needlessly of any one, however tempting the occasion to appear brilliant. Men are peculiarly sensitive in the presence of women, and the more they admire the less they are able to display what gifts they possess.

Have the courage to ask questions ; courage to expose ignorance. The great gain is, not to shine, not to conquer your companion,—then you show nothing but conceit,—but to find a companion who knows what you do not ; to tilt with him and be overthrown, horse and foot, with utter destruction of all your logic and learning. There is a defeat that is useful.

Shun the negative side. Never worry people with your contritions, nor with dismal views of politics or society. Never name sickness; even if you could trust yourself on that perilous topic, beware of unmuzzling a valetudinarian, who will soon give you your fill of it.

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

The law of the table is a respect to the common taste of all the guests. Everything is unseasonable which is private to two or three, or any portion of the company. Tact never violates for a moment this law; never intrudes the orders of the house, the vices of the absent, or a tariff of expenses, or professional privacies; as we say, we never "talk shop" before company. Lovers abstain from caresses, and haters from insults, while they sit in one parlor with common friends.

Stay at home in your mind. Don't recite other people's opinions. See how it lies there in you; and if there is no counsel, offer none. What we want is not simple activity or interference with your mind, but your ability to be a vehicle of the simple truth. The way to have large occasional views, as in a political or social crisis, is to have large habitual views. When men consult you, it is not that they wish you to stand tiptoe, and pump your brains, but to apply your usual view, your wisdom, to the question in hand without pedantry.

Let conversation be adapted skillfully to the company engaging in it. Some men make a point of talking common-places to all ladies alike, as if a woman could only be a trifler. Others, on the con-

trary, seem to forget in what respects the education of a lady differs from that of a gentleman, and commit the opposite error of conversing on topics with which ladies are seldom acquainted. A woman of sense has as much right to be annoyed by the one, as a lady of ordinary education by the other. You cannot pay a finer compliment to a woman of refinement and *esprit* than by leading the conversation into such a channel as may mark your appreciation of her attainments.

Do not use a classical quotation in the presence of company without apologizing for, or translating it. Even this should only be done when no other phrase would so aptly express your meaning. Whether in the presence of ladies or gentlemen, much display of learning is pedantic, and out of place.

Remember that people take more interest in their own affairs than in anything else which you can name. If you wish your conversation to be thoroughly agreeable, lead a mother to talk of her children, a young lady of her last ball, an author of his forthcoming book, or an artist of his exhibition picture. Having furnished the topic, you need only listen, and you are sure to be thought not only agreeable, but thoroughly sensible and well-informed.

There is a certain distinct but subdued tone of voice which is peculiar only to well-bred persons. A loud voice is both disagreeable and vulgar. It is better to err by the use of too low than too loud a tone. One can always tell a lady by her voice and laugh—neither of which will ever be loud or coarse, but soft, low, and nicely modulated. Shakespere's unfailing taste tells us that

“A low voice is an excellent thing in woman.”

Indeed, the habit of never raising the voice would tend much to the comfort and happiness of many a home ; but as a proof of good breeding, it is unfailing.

SLANG.

Remember that all "slang" is vulgar. It has become of late unfortunately prevalent, and we have known even ladies pride themselves on the saucy ease with which they adopt certain cant phrases of the day. Such habits cannot be too severely reprimanded. They lower the tone of society, and the standard of thought. It is a great mistake to suppose that slang is in any way a substitute for wit.

Long arguments in general company, however entertaining to the disputants, are tiresome to the last degree to all others. You should always endeavor to prevent the conversation from dwelling too long upon one topic.

Those who introduce anecdotes into their conversation are warned that these should invariably be "short, witty, eloquent, new, and not far-fetched." Some persons have an awkward habit of repeating the most striking parts of a story, especially the main point, if it has taken greatly the first time. This is in very bad taste, and always excites disgust. In most cases, the story pleased the first time, only because it was unexpected.

Endeavor to possess the habit of talking well about trifles. Be careful never to make personal remarks to a stranger on any of the guests present ; it is possible, nay probable, that they may be relatives, or at least friends.

Slang sits with poor grace upon the lips of a lady; from her we expect, nay, demand, that correctness of expression which not only serves as a model, but will entitle her to the respect of that sex which looks to find in woman something better than they themselves have. Slang is immodest; therefore, avoid it.

PROFANITY.

A gentleman should never permit any phrase that approaches an oath, to escape his lips. If any man employs a profane expression in the drawing-room, his pretensions to good-breeding are gone forever. The same reason extends to the society of men advanced in life; and he would be singularly defective in good taste, who should swear before old persons, however irreligious their own habits might be.

Listening is not only a point of good-breeding and the best kind of flattery, but it is a method of acquiring information which no man of judgment will neglect. "This is a common vice in conversation," says Montaigne, "that instead of gathering observations from others, we make it our whole business to lay ourselves open to them, and are more concerned how to expose and set out our own commodities, than how to increase our stock by acquiring new. Silence therefore, and modesty, are very advantageous qualities in conversation."

The interjection of such phrases as, "You know," "You see," "Don't you see?" "Do you understand?" and similar ones that stimulate the attention, and demand an answer, ought to be avoided. Make your observations in a calm and sedate way, which your

companion may attend to or not, as he pleases, and let them go for what they are worth.

To avoid wounding the feelings of another, is the key to almost every problem of manners that can be proposed; and he who will always regulate his sayings and doings by that principle, may chance to break some conventional rule, but will rarely violate any of the essentials of good-breeding. Judgment and attention are as necessary to fulfill this precept as the disposition; for by inadvertence or folly as much pain may be given, as by designed malevolence. Those who scatter brilliant jibes without caring whom they wound, are as unwise as they are unkind. Those sharp little sarcasms that bear a sting in their words, rankle long, sometimes forever in the mind, and fester often into a bitter hatred never to be abated.

When a man goes into company, he should leave behind him all peculiarities of mind and manners. That, indeed, constituted Dr. Johnson's notion of a gentleman; and as far as negatives go, the notion was correct. It is in particularly bad taste to employ technical or professional terms in general conversation. Young physicians and lawyers often commit that error. The most eminent members of those occupations are the most free from it; for the reason, that the most eminent have the most sense.

The foregoing rules are not simply intended as good advice. They are strict laws of etiquette, to violate any one of which justly subjects a person to the imputation of being ill-bred. But they should not be studied as mere arbitrary rules. The heart should be cultivated in the right manner until the acts of the individual spontaneously flow in the right channels.

A recent writer remarks on this subject: "Conversation is a reflex of character. The pretentious, the illiterate, the impatient, the curious, will as inevitably betray their idiosyncrasies as the modest, the even-tempered and the generous. Strive as we may, we cannot always be acting. Let us, therefore, cultivate a tone of mind and a habit of life the betrayal of which need not put us to shame in the company of the pure and wise; and the rest will be easy."

DRESS.

Intimately connected with a proper decorum is the matter of *dress*. But on this subject, so extensive in itself and so infinitely complicated, we can only give some general hints. As first impressions are apt to be permanent, it is of great importance that they should be favorable; and the dress of an individual is that circumstance from which you first form your opinion of him. It is even more prominent than manner. It is, indeed, the only thing which is remarked in a casual encounter, or during the first interview.

What style is to our thoughts, dress is to our persons. It may supply the place of more solid qualities, and without it the most solid are of little avail. Numbers have owed their elevation to their attention to the toilet. Place, fortune, marriage, have all been lost by neglecting it.

Dress should always be consistent with age and natural exterior. That which looks ill on one person, will be agreeable on another. Some ladies, perhaps imagining that they are deficient in personal charms,

endeavor to make their clothes the spell of their attraction. With this end in view, they labor by lavish expenditure to supply in expensive adornment what they lack in beauty of form or feature. Unfortunately for their success, elegant dressing does not depend upon expense. A lady might wear the costliest silks that Italy could produce, adorn herself with laces from Brussels which years of patient toil are required to fabricate; she might carry the jewels of an Eastern princess around her neck, and upon her wrists and fingers, yet still, in appearance, be essentially vulgar. These were as nothing without grace, without adaptation, without a harmonious blending of colors, without the exercise of discrimination and good taste.

The most appropriate and becoming dress is that which so harmonizes with the figure as to make the apparel unobserved. When any particular portion of it excites the attention, there is a defect, for the details should not present themselves first, but the result of perfect dressing should be an *elegant whole*, the dress commanding no especial regard. Men are but indifferent judges of the material of a lady's dress; in fact, they care nothing about the matter. A modest countenance and pleasing figure, habited in an inexpensive attire, would win more attention from men, than awkwardness and effrontery clad in the richest satins and the costliest gems.

Chesterfield asserts that a sympathy goes through every action of our lives, and that he could not help conceiving some idea of people's sense and character from the dress in which they appeared when introduced to him. Another writer has remarked that he never

yet met a woman whose general style of dress was chaste, elegant and appropriate, that he did not find her on further acquaintance to be in disposition and mind, an object to admire and love.

Lavater has urged that persons habitually attentive to their attire, display the same regularity in their domestic affairs. He also says: "Young women who neglect their toilet and manifest little concern about dress, indicate a general disregard of order—a mind but ill adapted to the details of housekeeping—a deficiency of taste, and of the qualities that inspire love."

USING PAINT.

The practice of using paint is a habit strongly to be condemned, if for no other reason than that poison lurks beneath every layer, inducing paralysis and premature death. It should be discarded—for it is a disguise which deceives no one, even at a distance; there being a ghastly deathliness in the appearance of the skin after it has been painted, which is far removed from the natural hue of health.

A lady has to consider what colors best suit her complexion. Blue, for instance, never looks well upon those of dark complexion; nor pink upon those of a florid complexion. Yellow is a very trying color, and can only be worn by the rich-toned brunettes. Attention to these particulars is most important.

Longitudinal stripes in a lady's dress make her appear taller than she really is, and are, therefore, appropriate for a person of short stature. Flounces give brevity to the figure, and are therefore only adapted to tall persons.

The dress should always be adapted to the occasion. Nothing is more proper for the morning than a loosely made dress, high in the neck, with sleeves fastened at the wrist with a band, and belt. It looks well, and is convenient. For a walking dress, the skirt should be allowed only to just touch the ground; for while a train looks well in the drawing-room, and is inconspicuous in a carriage or opera-box, it serves a very ignoble purpose in sweeping the street. Ladies' walking shoes should be substantial and solid.

Never dress above your station; it is a grievous mistake, and leads to great evil, besides being the proof of an utter want of taste. Care more for the nice fitting of your dress than for its material. An ill-made silk is not equal in its appearance to the plainest material *well made*. Never appear to be thinking about your dress, but wear the richest clothes and the plainest with equal simplicity. Nothing so destroys a good manner as thinking of what we have on.

The dress for church should be plain and simple. It should be of dark, plain colors for winter, and there should be no superfluous trimmings or jewelry. It should, in fact, be the plainest of promenade-dresses, since church is not the place for the display of elaborate toilets, and no woman of consideration would wish to make her own expensive and showy toilet an excuse to another woman, who could not afford to dress in a similar manner, for not attending church.

It is utterly impossible for a lady to use either paint or powder without endangering her self-respect. In the first place, nearly all such "helps to beauty" are

injurious to the delicate texture of the skin. Then, again, they are detrimental to real beauty, for the whiteness they give the features is too transparent to deceive any one. No one but can see that it is artificial, and the claims that a lady may really possess to admiration, lose their power over the minds of those of the opposite sex, who hate "sham."

RIDING HABIT.

There is no place where a woman appears to better advantage than on horseback. Taking it for granted that our lady reader has acquired the art of riding, she must now be provided with a suitable habit. Her habit should fit perfectly without being tight. The skirt should be full, and long enough to cover the feet, while it is best to omit the extreme length, which subjects the dress to mud-spatterings, and may prove a serious entanglement in case of accident.

Waterproof is the most serviceable for a riding costume. Something lighter may be worn in summer. In the lighter costume a row or two of shot should be stitched in the bottom of the breadths to keep the skirt from blowing up in the wind.

The riding-dress should be made to fit the waist closely, and button nearly to the throat. Coat sleeves should come to the wrist, with linen cuffs beneath them. It is well to have the waist attached to a skirt of usual length, and the long skirt fastened over it, so that if any mishap obliges the lady to dismount she may easily remove the long overskirt, and still be properly dressed.

The shape of the hat will vary with the fashion,

but it should always be plainly trimmed; and if feathers are worn, they must be properly fastened so that the wind cannot possibly blow them over the wearer's eyes.

All ruffling, puffing or bows in the trimming of a riding-dress is out of place. If trimming is used it should be put on in perfectly flat bands, or be of braiding. The hair must be put up compactly; neither curls nor veil should be allowed to stream in the wind. No jewelry except what is absolutely necessary to fasten the dress, and that of the plainest kind, is allowable.

TRAVELING COSTUME.

There is no place where the true lady is more plainly indicated than in traveling. A lady's traveling costume should be neat and pretty, without superfluous ornament of any kind. The first consideration in a traveling-dress is comfort; the second, protection from the dust and stains of travel. For a short journey in summer a linen duster may be put on over the ordinary dress; in winter a waterproof cloak may be used in the same way. But a lady making a long journey will find it more convenient to have a traveling-suit made expressly. Linen is used in summer, as the dust is so easily shaken from it, and it can be readily washed. In winter, a waterproof dress and sacque are the most serviceable.

There are a variety of materials especially adapted for traveling costumes, of soft neutral tints, and smooth surfaces, which do not catch dust. These should be made up plain and short. The underskirts

should be colored woolen in winter, linen in summer. Nothing displays vulgarity and want of breeding so much as a gaudy petticoat in traveling.

Gloves should be of Lisle thread in summer, and cloth in winter. Thick soled boots, stout and durable. The hat or bonnet should be neatly trimmed, and protected by a large veil. Velvet is not fit for a traveling-hat, as it catches and retains the dust. Clean linen collars and cuffs finish the costume. The hair should be put up in the firmest manner possible.

A waterproof and a warm woolen shawl are indispensable in traveling. Also a satchel or basket, in which may be kept a change of collars, cuffs, gloves, handkerchiefs and toilet articles. A traveling-dress should be well supplied with pockets. The waterproof should have large pockets ; so should the sacque. In an underskirt there should be a pocket in which to carry all money not needed for immediate use. The latter may be intrusted to the ordinary pocket, or in the bosom of the dress.

With this topic, we close our treatment of Part II. of this volume. In it the reader will find very few subjects omitted that are germane to its title and aim, and we feel confident that the carrying out of the suggestions contained therein, would increase by a large measure the aggregate amount of happiness to be legitimately found in social and family life.





PART III.

THE HIGHWAY TO ETERNAL LIFE.

And an Highway shall be there, and it shall be called The way of Holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; no lion, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon; but the Redeemed shall walk there.

ISAIAH XXXV: 8, 9.

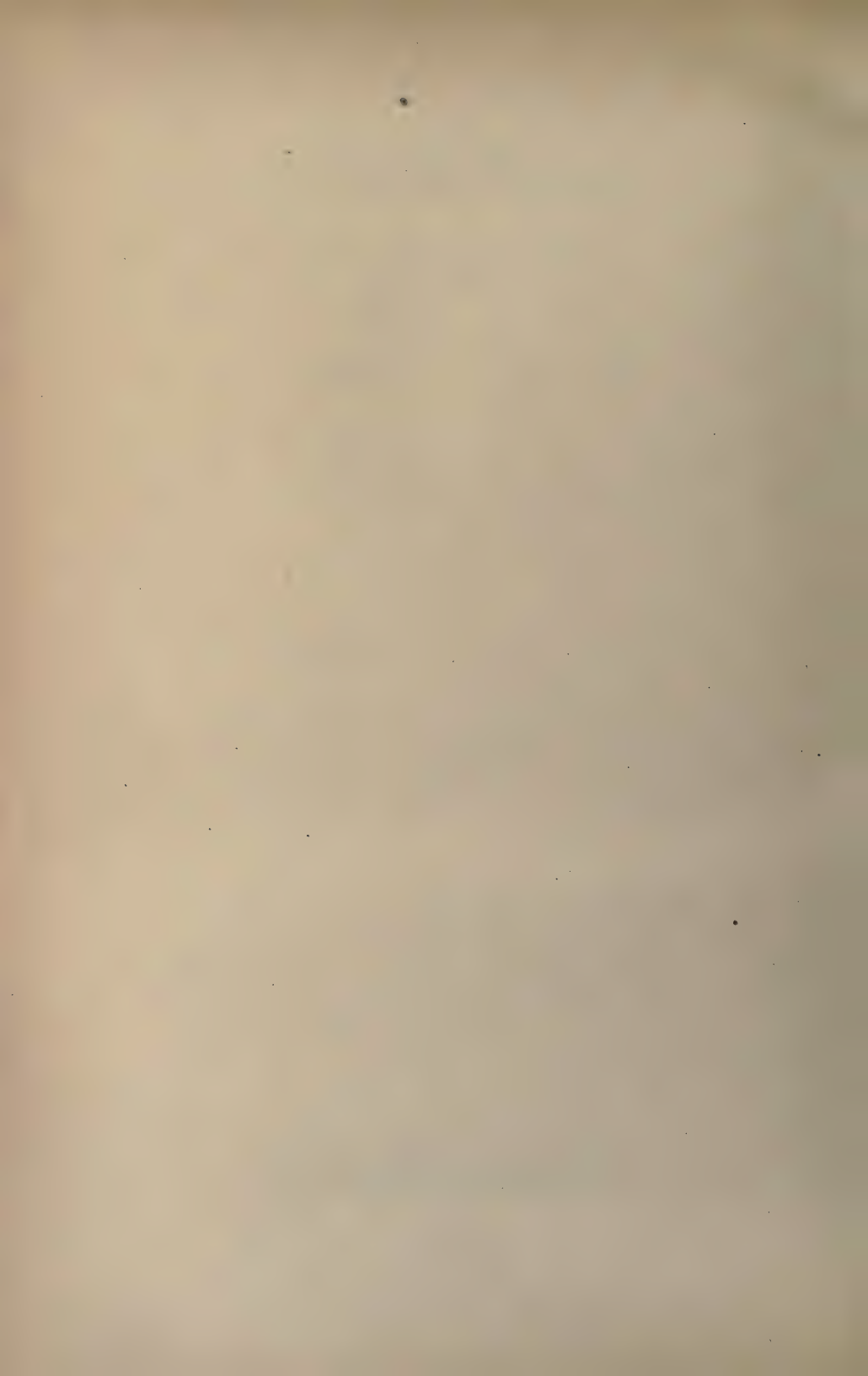
COMPLAINT.

“The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to Heaven’s gate,
Thy child !”

ANSWER.

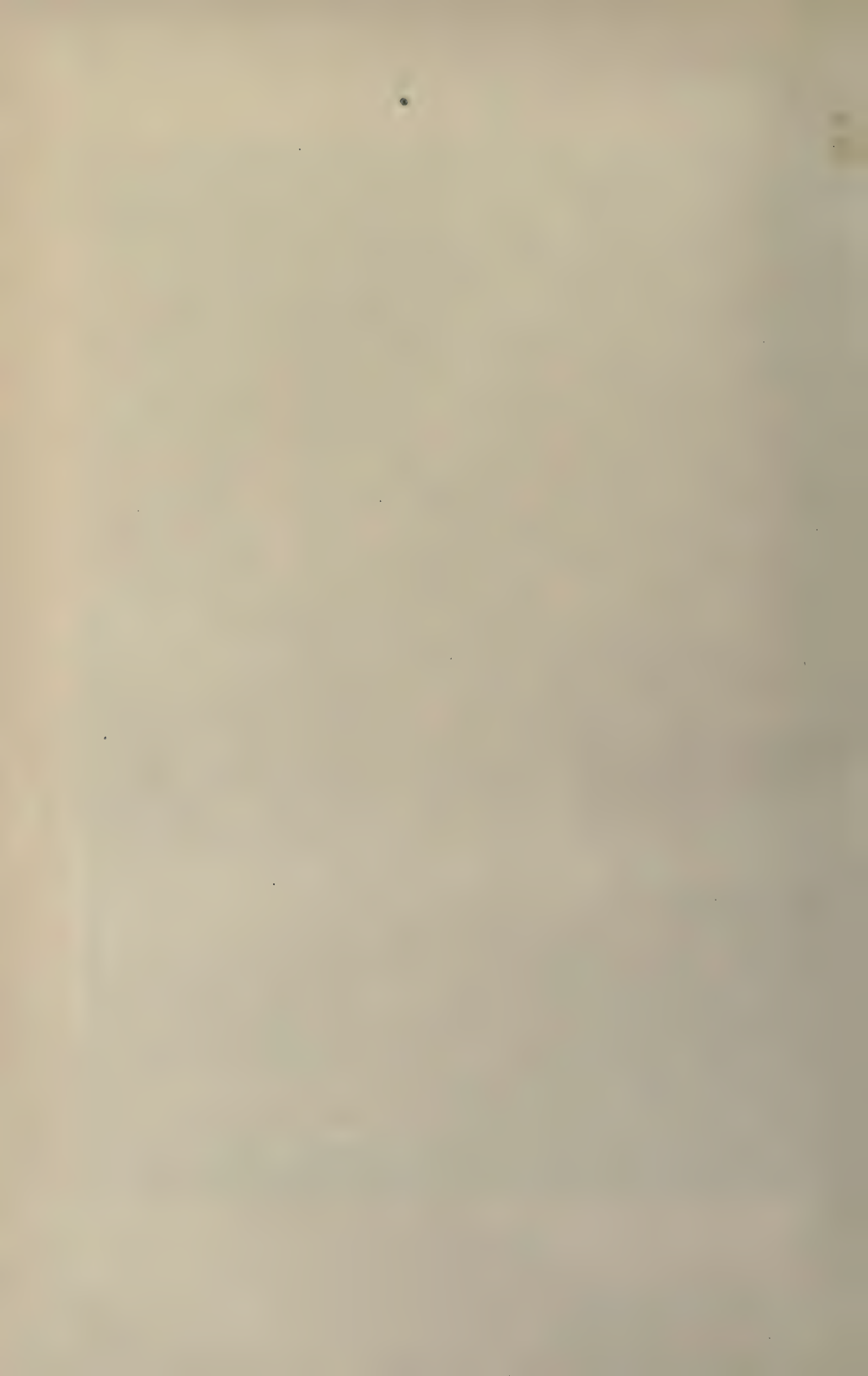
“Is the way long, my child? But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee,
And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Led to Heaven’s gate
My child !”







WATCHING AND WAITING.



RELIGION.

"Divines do say but what themselves believe;
 Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative.
 For were all plain, then all sides must agree,
 And faith itself be lost in certainty."

—DRYDEN.



HERE is some truth in the thought conveyed in these lines. If, on all other subjects, "many men have many minds," the same is doubly true of religious subjects. Even St. Paul acknowledges that "great is the mystery of godliness," and such it surely is. Still, religion in its origin and nature is no more mysterious than a hundred other things with which we have to do in this world, and, therefore, it is not to be shunned or ignored on this account.

Besides, whatever men may say or think, religion is one of the indisputable *facts* of life, and, therefore, is a proper object of study and investigation. As the world in which we live is a fact, so is God, its great Creator; since it is absurd to suppose there could be an effect like this, without an adequate cause.

THE EXISTENCE OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

The existence of the human soul and its immortal nature are facts of which every one is conscious

within his own breast—any amount of so-called scientific supposition or deduction to the contrary, notwithstanding. There is, therefore, a future world, and a future life for the soul in that world, the character of which is dependent upon the life we now possess. There must also be two states of being in that future world corresponding to the popular ideas embodied in the words, heaven and hell. Furthermore, the Christian church is a fact, demonstrated, real, tangible. Worship and prayer are realities, both to the soul and to the eye. Sin and holiness are not only opposite, but determinative and definite quantities in the world. So are faith and love, as well as hate and unbelief. THE BIBLE, too, is a fact, as well as a book.

Here we are, then, surrounded by a vast host of religious facts and spiritual realities which, properly understood and arranged, make up the heavenly highway to eternal life. We propose to deal with these now, just as we have with the facts and realities pertaining to success in business life, and happiness in social and family life. It will be no more necessary to stop and prove the existence of things connected with religious life, than it has been with business or social life. One set of facts is just as common as the other, and just as generally understood and recognized. It is true, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," but this class constitute only a very small and minor portion of the race. The large majority of people on the earth have a God and a religion of some kind. Our chief concern, therefore, will be more to point out the *true* religion, than to waste time and space endeavoring to prove the exist-

ence of one. We shall try to so marshal the facts of religious life that the reader can see before him the path of safety through this world to that brighter and better one above to which we give the name of Heaven.

The writer is aware that there is a great deal in the world, passing under the name of religion, which displeases every sensible person who comes in contact with it; all of which will be very carefully avoided in this volume. We shall cling tenaciously in what we have to say to the shores of common sense, and be guided by admitted facts in human nature, in the outside world, and in the Bible. We shall try to build up no particular creed or sect, nor, on the other hand, shall we be knowingly false to any clearly-revealed truth pertaining to our theme. With these preliminary observations, reader, let us at once set out on the Heavenly Highway.

OUTLINES OF TRUE RELIGION.

“Life’s mystery—deep, restless as the ocean—
Hath surged and wailed for ages to and fro;
Earth’s generations watch its ceaseless motion
As in and out its hollow moanings flow.
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O God! in Thee.”

Although religions of various kinds are as old as the race, and their doctrines and phenomena, long since settled into a positive science, constitute an object of study and investigation; although the gospel of Jesus Christ has been preached for more than eighteen hundred years, and what is known as Chris-

tianity has permeated all departments of business and social, private and public life, and has become as familiar to us as any other earthly experience, yet, if one were to ask a hundred representative persons this precise, definite question: What is true religion? the variation in the answers would be not only a matter of surprise, but calculated to awaken within the mind profound solicitude and anxious thought. These answers would doubtless arouse in the mind such queries as these: Is it possible that the vast majority of mankind are mistaking, after all, the true highway, and are walking in the "broad road" under erroneous convictions or views of truth? Is it possible that all the manifold means of enlightenment respecting the true interpretation of Scripture avail nothing? Is the race, in spite of all efforts put forth to the contrary, inevitably blinded and foredoomed to destruction on account of incorrigible perverseness of nature? It would seem so, verily; and Christ's words faintly foreshadow as much, when He says, mournfully, concerning the true way, "And few there be who find it."

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The causes of this variation in belief are manifold and complex. Prominent among them is the lack of diligent, earnest, protracted study of the New Testament; a study that goes down to the *roots* of words and doctrines, instead of merely skimming the surface. Again, the power of early religious training and association has much to do with it; peculiarities of temperament and disposition; the strength and depth of one's native ability and intellectual culture—

all combine to make up the individual lens through which true religion is regarded.

If a mounted globe, with its surface divisions into islands, seas, and continents, all painted in different colors, were placed in the center of a schoolroom, and each scholar from where he sat, should be called upon to answer this precise, definite question, What is the earth? the variation in the answers would doubtless be fully as great as in the case before instanced, respecting the question, What is religion? And for precisely the same reasons. The scholar's position in the room, his antecedents and advantages, the accuracy and extent of his information, his mental ability, and especially the influence of those who sat near him, all combining, would determine his reply. Now, both the earth and religion are alike, in that both are spherical in their completeness, and therefore many-sided; in that both are practically inexhaustible in extent; yet by proper study and accurate observation both can be so far comprehended that no fatal mistakes shall arise on account of necessary ignorance. Says Dr. Goulburn: "There are several points of view from which Christianity may be surveyed; and although it be one and the same object from whatever point we look, yet eyes placed on different levels will see it grouped in different perspectives."

Inasmuch, then, as upon our right understanding of what religion is, depends our welfare for two worlds; inasmuch as many biases and predispositions are liable to warp and pervert our definition of it, can we do better than examine at the outset a few of the fundamental facts and considerations respecting it

which must be taken into the account before we can ever hope to gain a just and accurate understanding of its nature.

THE CHARACTER OF GOD.

To begin with, in ascertaining the nature of true religion it will be necessary to have a true conception of *the character of God*. All religion starts here; and very much more depends upon this article of faith than is generally supposed. A wrong view of the character of God will thoroughly vitiate a whole system of doctrinal belief. Every false system of doctrine in the world, every erroneous religious belief, every false sect, or denomination, every heretical church, every system of idolatry the world over, among civilized or uncivilized, springs from a false view of the character of God. This may not appear to be the leading defect or error in some cases, but when any system is thoroughly analyzed, and the taint is traced to its true source, it will lead to this fundamental conception; and from this apparently insignificant fountain, this little spring of error, the fatal heresy widens and deepens, as it reaches out into conclusions and results, until the whole system is poisoned.

What, then, let us ask with some degree of earnestness, is the real and true character of God; what the leading and central attribute in His infinite personality; and if we were called upon to describe the character of God in a single word, what would that word be? We answer, God is a Holy Being; holiness being the substratum of his character, the

foundation of all his attributes and perfections, and the leading principle actuating all his dealings with his creatures. This quality may be said to constitute the nucleus of the Godhead; to be the one central characteristic or attribute of His nature to which all the others yield homage, and by which they are measured and modified. Everything bends to this; this determines the nature of God's government over the world; this is the source of all moral law; this furnishes the only complete and consistent explanation of all His arrangements with men.

Turning back to those primeval revelations of his character which God himself made to the world under the Mosaic dispensation, we hear him styling himself "the Holy One;" we hear him saying, "I, the Lord your God, am holy." (Lev. xx: 25 and 26.) The same truth underlies and gives significance to the whole Jewish system of sacrifices; it stamps, as it were, all the surroundings of Deity. Thus his angels, who wait on him, are the Holy Angels; the Scriptures, containing his will, are the Holy Scriptures; the faith he imparts to the soul, is a most holy faith; Christ his Son, is the Holy One and the Just; and the Spirit who proceeds from him to sanctify his children, is the Holy Spirit. Holiness is also set forth as the end of Christian attainment and perfection here on earth. "Be ye holy, for I am holy, saith the Lord." "Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

The importance of love in the Divine character has been widely advocated of late years, because it is the sheet anchor of all those who hope to be saved somehow without that new birth or change of heart

so absolutely indispensable. While allowing its just and true place in the collection and classification of attributes, it can never be placed first and foremost without giving us a distorted view of God's character ; and as we have already seen, such a distorted view will prevent us from ever obtaining a correct answer to our question : What is religion ?

HOLY, JUST, AND GOOD.

In thinking of God, then, we should look upon him as a Being holy, just, and good, and in that order ; as containing within himself all power, wisdom, and love, and in that order ; as Creator of the Universe and God of all grace, and in that order ; as the great omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent Spirit, eternal and immutable, and as exercising both a natural and moral government over the earth. Says the well-known hymn :

Holy and reverend is the name
Of God, our only King,
And holy, holy, holy, cry
The angels when they sing.

The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To His sublime abode.

Just and true are all thy ways,
And great thy works above all praise;
Humbled in the dust, we own,
Thou art holy, thou alone.

How hard it is amid the constant worry and fret of this life, to hold these thoughts as near our hearts as we should; but only by dwelling upon them constantly, thus keeping them in our inward soul, can we realize the majesty, the holiness, and the immeasurable goodness of God, our King and Master.

THE CHARACTER OF MAN.

The *second* pre-requisite in understanding the nature of true religion, is to have a proper view of *the character of man*. Is it like or unlike that of God, just considered? Is holiness or unholiness the distinguishing and predominating trait? By the word holiness, as applied to God, is meant "infinite moral purity seeking purity, and delighting in it." Can the same be said to be the characteristic of man?

The Bible has never been sufficiently valued as containing the most accurate description of human nature ever given to the world, or ever found in any writings, human or divine. There are multitudes who accept readily and cheerfully all that the Bible reveals to us concerning the character of God, who inwardly or openly repudiate much of what is therein found concerning the character of man. But why should this be done? Does not the experience of the world confirm the statements of the Bible? Are not the records of human history corroborative of the records of Scripture? Does not observation tell the same story? And are not the facts of daily life all on one side? That man who denies human guilt and a transmitted, hereditary bias toward sin and wickedness, denies the plain testimony of his senses. What

would any human science be good for that ignored the facts relating to it, or refused to admit the actual state of the case? And how can any one hope to have a true idea of religion if he will not admit the facts concerning the nature of man; or of what value would that religion be which ignored the true state of the case? Side by side, therefore, with a right view of the character of God, must be placed an equally correct view of the nature of man. What is that nature?

MAN IS UNHOLY.

To describe it in a single word, as with the character of God, man is unholy; morally unclean and impure; just the opposite of his Maker. Whatever may have been his original state, or however he may have transferred himself from that state into his present one, man's moral character now, as demonstrated by the facts of daily life, by the records of history, is one of unlikeness to that of God; and this fact must ever stand at the basis of any true system of religion. Not that this is all of man's complex nature; but so far as religion is concerned, this is the deepest and most underlying fact of his being. Not that man is entirely destitute of goodness, as we commonly use the word goodness; for man is still created in the image of God, as before the fall. But whatever may be the amount of his goodness, as estimated by our earthly standards, he has no goodness or holiness which can justify him at the bar of God. Examine any man's life and character, and while there will be many things amiable and noble, as esti-

mated among men ; yet, when the heart is held up to inspection, and the character of its motives is examined, and the secret, all-controlling purpose of its existence exposed, it will be found to be in direct antagonism with those two fundamental canons of moral obligation, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." And on account of this want of conformity to *God's* standard of goodness and holiness, is man pronounced morally unclean ; the opposite of that which he should be and must be, before he can hope to find that heavenly way which leads unto eternal life.

And with this conclusion agree all the poets, and all careful, experienced observers of mankind. Says Shakespeare :

" There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers."

Says Otway :

" Trust not man, who is by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel and inconstant."

Says Dean Swift :

" Vain human kind ! fantastic race,
Thy various follies who can trace ?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide."

Says Thomson :

" What is the mind of man ? A restless scene
Of vanity and weakness ; shifting still,
As shift the lights of his uncertain knowledge,
Or as the various gale of passion breathes."

Says Ralph Waldo Emerson :

“ Man crouches and blushes, absconds and conceals,
He creepeth and peepeth, he palter and steals;
Infirm, melancholy, jealous, glancing around,
An oaf, an accomplice, he poisons the ground.”

Then Young, looking on both sides of human nature, exclaims :

“ How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!”

Having now considered the character of God and man separately, let us look at them *in their mutual relations*.

It is evident that before a holy God and sinful men can ever be brought together, or brought into sympathy with each other, one or the other party must be changed into the moral likeness of the other, so that there can be some basis of union, and some ground for fellowship ; for “ what concord hath light with darkness.” It is still further evident that God cannot change himself to the state of man, without destroying his own nature and the foundations of the moral universe, and upturning all the established laws of right and truth ; and it is also evident, both from the testimony of Scripture and the results of continued experience, that man, without some higher power operating upon him, cannot change himself into the moral likeness of God.

There is now imperatively needed a Being in whom both parties can meet and unite ; and that

being is Christ, the God-man who forms in himself the connecting link between the divine and human, Creator and created. Consequently, there can be no true religion which in any way depreciates, ignores, or perverts the mediatorship of Christ; there can be no such thing as a true view of the nature of religion, where Christ does not at once occupy the central position and throne, and where he is not at once the way to God, the truth of God incarnate, and the very life of God in the soul. A religion without Christ must either be a low, degraded, blind superstition, or at best, a cold, abstract, monotonous contemplation. God and man, in their mutual relations, can meet and be in harmony only in Christ, who embodies both in himself and so mediates, reconciles, satisfies.

POWER TO CHANGE MAN'S NATURE.

Next, there is needed some power to change man's nature and bring it into oneness with God; to create within man's soul, now alienated from God, *a desire* to repent and seek forgiveness; a desire to pray for strength and light from above; and this power is the Holy Spirit sent from God to dwell in man's soul. Accordingly, no religion can be the true one which leaves out the offices of the Spirit. Christ, the mediator, as now situated, is nearer God than man; for we read that "He ever liveth to make intercession at God's right hand in heaven." But when Christ left the earth, he told his disciples he would send unto them the Spirit, who should be even nearer to them than he himself had been while with them, for the

Spirit should be *in* them, and should *dwell* with them, which he himself, of course, could not forever do. And so the Spirit stands in the same relation to man, that Christ does to God ; thus making a communication of power both instant and effective between the heart and the throne. This Spirit changes man's nature by changing the direction of his moral affections, and thus starting him on that course of religious development which brings him nearer to God, the longer it is continued. This Spirit leads man to see himself, enlightens the mind, clarifies the perceptions and understanding, and shows him Christ as the way, the truth, and the life. It also leads him and helps him to pray for assistance from God in the effort to be like him. In a word, there could be no mutual relations established between God and man in a religious sense, without the offices of both of these intercessors ; Christ with the Father, the Holy Spirit in the soul.

THE GUIDE BOOK.

One thing more is requisite, and that is a Guide-Book of instructions. For if man is to be like God, or one with him in nature, he must know what God is, and what he requires ; and this necessitates a revelation of God's will, which is given to man in the Bible. In crossing over that immense moral space between man and God, man would surely be lost but for explicit instructions from the *farther end* of the route ; and these are given to him in the Bible. In entering into mutual relations with God, there must needs be articles of specification, and some

general fundamental principles and laws ; and these are given to man in the Bible. Still more, there must needs be an external, objective test or standard by which to measure and gauge man's inward, spiritual experiences ; and this infallible test-book is the Bible. As Bishop Burgess puts it : " All true religion must be Scripture religion, all worship, Scripture worship, all zeal, Scripture zeal ; so that, let a man have never such sublime knowledge, such burning zeal, yet if it be not according to the law and the testimony, there is no light in him. To say ' It's upon my conscience, it's upon my spirit, I find much comfort and sweetness in such and such things '—is nothing ; for all false religions can and do say as much. But hast thou the Word of God to warrant thee ? Doth that justify thee ? All things else are but an empty shadow." Therefore, we must ever say of the Bible as did Barton :

" Lamp of our feet ! whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray ;
Our guide, our chart ! wherein we learn
Of realms of endless day.

" Childhood's preceptor ! manhood's trust !
Old age's firm ally !
Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
To radiant courts on high."

There are now before us five constituent parts which enter into and compose what must be the true religion, since it takes into account all the *facts* on which such a religion must build. These facts are, as we have seen, a correct view of the nature of God ;

an equally correct view of the nature of man, and a consideration of God and man in their mutual relations as established through the offices of Christ, the Holy Spirit, and the Bible. And these facts are the way-marks of the heavenly highway that leadeth unto life eternal. Such a religion must be the true one because it is reasonable, systematic, consistent, and complete ; making adequate provision for the honor of God, and the welfare of man ; it embraces all the essential ideas of religion, and no single part can be left out, or modified, without destroying the value of all. Indeed, so important are each and all of these different features, that it requires some attention and care on the part of man to give each part its due and proper regard.

PARTLY RIGHT.

There are hosts of people who are *partly* right ; who accept some one or more of these constituent ideas and doctrines of true religion ; who are sometimes in the right way ; but, alas ! they incorporate so much of error into their system, and reject so many of the facts which must be received in order to include the essentials ; and they are so often outside the true way, that their aberrations, their departures, their unlawful excursions into the "broad road," are more numerous than their straightforward steps.

These people imagine that if they are in ever so small a degree right, their lapses and mistakes must be taken as substitutes for the exact rectitude which conscience would decide to be the proper course.

With them, "I meant right," and, "I was nearly right," are terms synonymous with "I *was* right." Alas! for their half-way measures—their lame approaches to right; they shall not avail with upright, conscientious judges. No, they must *be* right, and do right, if they would receive the approval of self, when conscience, that inexorable judge, awakes.

TRUTH AND ERROR IN RELIGION.

Truth and error in religion, as in everything else, are both absolute and relative quantities; that is, they not only exist separately and independently, but in connection and in conjunction with each other. They sometimes run like the two parallel tracks of a railway, side by side, with numerous and open switches between, so that a man can pass from one to the other before he is himself aware of the transition. There is but one path of safety, and a hundred paths of danger. By leaving out, or by explaining away, any one of the five elements mentioned in this chapter, man leaves the heavenly highway and starts off into a wilderness of weary wanderings where paths of all sorts and kind intersect and cross each other in such a bewildering maze, that the only possible ending of his search is to be hopelessly lost. Thousands upon thousands of human beings are now, and have been, wandering about in this wilderness; therefore our great concern, as already stated, is to guide the reader, if possible, into the true path which has but one ending, in life and peace above. Hence we repeat that God, man, Christ, the Holy Spirit, and the Bible, are the five foundation stones on

which the Heavenly Temple is built, and if any one is omitted from the ground-work of your faith, the temple for you will always remain closed.

Does the reader feel inclined to ask, How do we know that this constitutes the true religion? We reply, because it rests upon admitted facts in human nature, in the outside world, and in the Bible; because it is inherently complete and harmonious; and because it is in full accordance with the highest permanent results of the best thinking which the world of mind has yet produced. Millions have accepted these truths and facts, and have been saved, and millions more are now clinging to them as shipwrecked mariners to a rock in the midst of dashing billows. As the pious Faber has sung :

“To angels’ eyes
This Rock its shadow multiplies,
And at this hour in countless places lies.
One Rock, one shade
O’er thousands laid—
Rest in the Shadow of this Rock!

“In the Shadow of this Rock
Abide! Abide!
Ages are laid beneath its shade.

“’Mid skies storm-riven
It gathers shadows out of heaven,
And holds them o’er us all night, cool and even.
Through the charmed air
Dew falls not there—
Rest in the Shadow of this Rock!”

INVISIBILITY OF GOD AND HEAVEN.

"There's a land far away 'mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time,
Where the sweet waters wander through valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime.
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where rivers of pleasure unceasingly roll,
And the way-worn traveler reaches his goal
On the Evergreen Mountains of Life."



MANY years ago, Prof. Austin Phelps of Andover, Mass., in a little work entitled "The Still Hour," wrote: "One of the most impressive mysteries of the condition of man on this earth, is his deprivation of all visible and audible representations of God. Christians seem to be living in a state of seclusion from the rest of the universe, and from that peculiar presence of God in which angels dwell, and in which departed saints serve him day and night. We do not see him in the fire; we do not hear him in the wind; we do not feel him in the darkness."

Now, we think it can be satisfactorily shown that this condition of invisibility with regard to God and heaven is no "impressive mystery" at all, but simply a divinely-ordained *fact* established for the best and

wisest of purposes. Such language as the above is more redolent of the spirit of the Old Testament than of the New. There are many passages in the Old Testament which contain the same idea, but none in the New. Thus David says, speaking of God, "Clouds and darkness are round about him." And the poor, afflicted Patriarch of Uz also exclaims, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat. Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, but I cannot behold him; on the right hand, but I cannot see him. For he is not a man as I am, that we should come together."

Still, nearly all minds have at times without doubt felt the same perplexity.

HEAVENLY THINGS.

There is in human nature a strong craving after the same visibility and tangibility in heavenly things, that exists among the earthly. We are ourselves visible and tangible, and all material objects and interests about us are so, and we naturally desire that the objects of our faith should partake of the same character; forgetting that "the things that are seen are temporal, *while the things that are not seen are eternal*;" forgetting, as the Pharisees did at one time, that the kingdom of God is within and hidden, rather than without and observable.

So far as viewing the upper world is concerned, we are, while in life, imprisoned within material walls. And in our weak, imperfect, unchristian moods we

can easily see how the pathetic and piteous language of Job would become the natural plaint of universal human nature. Especially would this be true, when one was wearied and fainting from incessant battling against spiritual difficulties, or when surrounded by immediate and appalling dangers. For it has been true for 1800 years that the heavens o'erhead, wrapped in unbroken silence, look down with seeming indifference upon the struggling masses beneath, while the earth, in sluggish muteness, gives no sign of sympathy. It is true that from out the clear blue depths above, no glimpse of God or heaven hath ever been vouchsafed to man since Jesus ascended, and John closed up all outward visions at Patmos; neither has any audible voice been heard.

WE ALL WORSHIP A GOD.

It is true, that so far as outward manifestations are concerned, we all worship a God appreciable to us only through his Works, and his Word. But what of it, so long as we have so many better things to take the place of all this?

Sometimes, too, this feeling is liable to be engendered by a continued reading and study of the Old Testament, to the seclusion of the New. There we learn that in former days God, through his messengers and angels, talked with his special chosen ones as a man talketh with his friend; that these messengers often came to earth, and even ate and drank with men; that intercourse with the spirit world was common and general; and that visible manifestations of supernal glory were often given.

We read of Noah and Abraham and Moses and Samuel, all holding some sort of converse with the inhabitants of the unseen realm.

And not only this, but even in the earlier days of the New Dispensation, the same state of things was perpetuated. God was then actually manifest in the flesh, and lived, and ate, and walked with men for the space of thirty-three years, and all could see his person, and hear the gracious words which proceeded from his mouth, and were even privileged to sit at his feet, and learn the ways of truth. And we further see that the twelve Apostles carried about with them the same supernatural power, and at times seemed more like inhabitants of another world, than poor, finite, limited denizens of this. And without doubt the wish has been uttered by thousands that they could have lived in those days, instead of now; but the wish has been idle and vain.

JUDGE OF ALL THE EARTH.

The clouds which closed after Christ's ascending form, closed up also all visible representations of God until the day when those clouds shall again be parted to let through this same Jesus coming in the capacity of the Judge of all the earth; while in the grave of John, the last of the Apostles, was buried the last link of that chain of direct outward communication with the upper world, which had reached back, almost without a break, to the garden of Eden. But what of *this*, if "God has provided some better things for *us*, that they without us, should not be made perfect?"

With right views of the nature of the present

spiritual dispensation, this invisibility, so far from being any hindrance to spiritual life, is on the contrary, a great and positive blessing. The question is: Have we been put *forward* or *backward* by the change from past to present? Are we better off, or worse, than those who lived in former times? We think the former view to be the true one.

Let us draw a contrast between the times of these visible manifestations, and our own time, and see who would be willing to make an exchange. To place ourselves in the steps of those who enjoyed such manifestations, we should be obliged to throw away at the outset all definite knowledge of Christ, as our Redeemer; to be able as we looked back, to see no Bethlehem, no Calvary, no Olivet; but be content with what we call a type or shadow, the significance of which we could at best very imperfectly comprehend. We should have to dispense with all printed Bibles, and in fact, with printed books of all kinds, and content ourselves with a few rolls of parchment, containing some portions of the Old Testament. We should deprive ourselves, to a good degree, of the sustaining power of surrounding Christian example; we should have to blot out from our minds the memory of all the Christian teaching we have ever received from Sabbaths and sanctuaries; from Bible-classes, Sabbath schools, and prayer-meetings; and content ourselves with knowing, or perhaps seeing, that here and there lived one who walked with God, and occasionally received a visit or vision from some heavenly intelligence who would talk with him a few minutes and then disappear, leaving the returning darkness ten-fold more

dense and unbearable than before. We should also be obliged to leave behind us our schools, our educational, eleemosynary, and benevolent institutions of all kinds, yea, our civilization itself ; and content ourselves with semi-barbarous customs and experiences. Who is prepared to trade ?

It is true, this picture is of the days of Enoch and Noah and Abraham, but one would be welcome to all the additional features of interest they could draw from the time of Moses to the birth of Christ, or from the day of Pentecost, which broke up the old system, and ushered in the new. While there would be some ameliorating circumstances discoverable in subsequent ages that were not visible at first, yet there would be no time when the contrast would not be as sharp and clearly-drawn as has already been seen. And who does not feel that no amount of visible and audible representations could possibly compensate for the loss of all which so emphatically constitutes our glory and our crown !

THE SPIRITUAL PAST.

We never shall regard the spiritual Past in its true light until we look upon it as a season of pupilage and tutorship. The race were so ignorant religiously, so crude and undeveloped, that God was obliged to employ a kind of religious object-teaching and pictorial-illustration system in his dealings with them, just as our missionaries now do with rude and semi-barbarous heathen, or as we now do with children. Instruction had to be simple, plain, open, direct, and outward, rather than abstract and ethical.

But when, in the fulness of time, God gave the world not simply the patterns of things in the heavens, but rather the heavenly things themselves, then humanity went up from the primary and intermediate departments of religious teaching, into rooms of a higher grade ; and miracles and audible voices and wonderful events were only continued long enough to set the new system in motion, and then they were quietly withdrawn. And to desire to go backward to those times and things, is to desire to be treated as children rather than as those that are matured, cultured, and ripened in Christian growth and attainments.

THE SPIRITUAL PRESENT.

Another reason why the spiritual present is better than the past, is because of the superiority of a completed Bible over all imperfect and half revelations of truth. It is quite a significant fact that the Bible was completed and the old order of communications closed up, by one and the same man, and at the same time. John the Revelator received the last celestial vision, and also wrote the last page of Scripture ; and this coincidence clearly intimates that thereafter God desired men should read, rather than dream or see. The religious knowledge of those who lived under this dispensation of dreams and visions, was very imperfect as compared with that which is in the possession of every one to-day. Without doubt, to have possessed a copy of our completed Bible, Abraham would gladly have given all his wealth, and all his peculiar privileges, if indeed they can rightly be called such. At the best, the

ancients had but the alphabet, while we have the full treatise. And although there is to us no Urim and Thummim, no Holy of Holies out of which come audible responses ; no supernatural light, or visible mercy-seat ; no pillar of cloud and fire ; yet as a lamp to our feet and a light to our path, we have a Guide and a Book which speak plainer, fuller and better things than were ever before delivered to men by prophet or oracle. And what though the heavens are closed above us, the Bible is open before us ; and what though visible signs and wonders have ceased about us, yet the truth and the life have taken up their abode within us. And in value the last is first, and the first is last.

Still another reason for the superiority of the invisible over the visible is found in the active operations of the Holy Spirit who, as a distinct person, and a distinct power in the world, was hardly so much as known or heard of under the former dispensation. As proof of this we need cite only the express words of Christ to his disciples, " If I go not away, the Spirit will not come ; " intimating most decidedly that the Holy Spirit as a distinct person and power was to take his place on earth and carry on and out his work in the hearts of his people ; thus making the new, in contradistinction from the old, a pre-eminently spiritual dispensation. More than this, these silent, inaudible communications of the Spirit to the heart, were also to take the place of all verbal messages addressed to the ear.

Those messages were adapted to the times in which they were given ; when spiritual messages were necessary to the human understanding ; when men and

women "dreamed dreams, and saw visions." We of to-day, are blessed with that Book of books which takes the place of the actual Presence, and with the Spirit, which is indeed the Comforter.

MODES OF COMMUNICATION.

These two modes of communication, so far as effectiveness is concerned, can best be set forth by a practical illustration. Two men are stationed on distant hill-tops, desiring to talk with each other. The natural voice is unable to span the intervening gulf with a bridge of natural sound, and so recourse is had to large speaking trumpets. The loud, resounding clangor of blasts and words reverberate through the air and down the hill-sides, but the noise nearly or quite drowns the substance of the communication. As a method, it would be best described as slow, difficult, and imperfect. At a later time and in another place, two men are stationed at even a greater distance, and for the same purpose; but instead of employing trumpets, they pass between them an electric wire with batteries at each end, and lo! they can as freely and easily talk as though seated side by side.

And so the writer to the Hebrews says, "For ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, nor unto blackness and darkness and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet and the voice of words; but unto Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to God, the Judge of all, and to an innumerable company of angels and to the Church of the first-born, which are written in heaven." The first method indicated might be

called the Sinaitic; but Christ introduced a method of spiritual communication which may not be inappropriately called telegraphic and heavenly. And shall we say because the first method was more demonstrative and noisy and outwardly impressive, that therefore it was the more effective, and the highest and best method? Does not our experience tell us that the chords of the heart vibrate more quickly and strongly to the pulsations of a spiritual current, than to mere words and sounds addressed to the ear, and unaccompanied by the Spirit?

VERBAL MESSAGES.

In the case of all verbal messages, the message is more or less subordinate to the messenger; but with spiritual communications, the agent being invisible, the message itself has full sway, and is all-powerful. And so it has proved in modern, as contrasted with ancient, spiritual life.

A fourth reason why the invisible is superior to the visible is because it calls into exercise the ennobling power of faith. The maxim of the visible system was, "Obey and live;" but the motto of the new and spiritual is, "Believe and be saved." All visible manifestations, by appealing to the senses, tend to encourage and directly promote unbelief; so that when Christ came, the greatest obstacle he encountered in his work was that very lack of faith which was the natural result of the visible system. Is it any wonder, then, that these audible communications and visible signs and miracles were withdrawn as soon as possible, when their continuance was hindering the

growth of that inward grace by which alone man could draw near to God and God to man, in saving relations? And for this very reason the system has never been revived again, because it would have a direct tendency to ultimately destroy the only power in man's depraved heart that can change it from bad to good in God's sight.

The keynote of all true spiritual progress, as it is the keynote of the spiritual dispensation, is the one golden, transforming, heavenly word, BELIEVE. This gives to Christian character a healthy, robust, manly, vigorous development; and by the exercise of faith we become strong in all good thinking and right acting. We pass from childish bondage to mature freedom; from a thralldom to the outward senses, to the liberty of inward trust and love. Under the former and visible system God led his people as it were by the hand, but it placed them in the position of little children whom we dare not trust alone. It made them weak, fitful, and inconstant; bold indeed to execute when under the eye of their leader, and under the inspiration of an immediate, direct lease of power; but the moment their mission was accomplished, and the work at hand over, they sank back into comparative hesitancy and feebleness.

FREE AGENTS.

On the contrary, God deals with us as with free, responsible agents. He gives us his will in general instructions and laws which are sufficiently explicit to cover the whole ground of duty when carefully and faithfully carried out; but the application of those

principles to details and circumstances, he commits entirely to us. He holds us responsible for a diligent study of the rules, and for the exercise of our highest wisdom and prudence in discharging the obligations they impose; but the liberty given us is that of a son and heir, rather than a servant in bondage to tutors and governors. And as a result, while we may not, perhaps, be so bold and positive and confident as they were *at times*, we can be more uniform and steady, and never so much at a loss.

And when we find it difficult to take hold of spiritual things by the eye and power of faith alone, receiving no help from external signs and symbols; when we feel sometimes like crying out for aid in grasping the intangible and the eternal, yet let us remember this is the very kind of inward warfare which will make us valiant and true soldiers of Jesus Christ, and the very kind which will lead us on to ultimate and glorious victory. A sacrifice in the temple of Solomon might have been more outwardly impressive than a season of spiritual communion in a modern prayer-meeting, but Christ knew that these prayer-meetings would be more conducive to our spiritual progress, and better fitted to qualify us for the life to come.

Job and Paul may stand as fair representatives of the two types of character which the two systems of communication under consideration were fitted and calculated to produce. Had Job lived in Paul's time we should have had a far different book from him than we have now, while to throw back Paul to Job's day would be to deprive the world of one of the grandest and noblest and most inspiring characters

of history, and to take from his writings all that is precious and powerful.

Is it any longer, therefore, an "impressive mystery" why we have been deprived (if deprivation it can be called) of visible signs and audible sounds? When God shut us up to the Bible and to faith, and made us dependent on the Holy Spirit, he immeasurably advanced us in privilege, and conferred upon us His highest favors and blessings. All that is truly valuable in our modern civilization, all that is truly great and noble in individual character, has come directly from this change of the Old to the New.

Still, we are not even now deprived entirely of visible representations of God. Over us to-day hang the same heavens that looked down upon Abraham, and these heavens declare to us, as to David, the glory of God, while the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech to our hearts, as to theirs; while the rolling year is as full of him now, as ever.

NATURAL LAWS.

God is also the same in his providences and judgments, though he has changed somewhat the manner of executing them; now working *through* natural laws, instead of outside them as formerly. In fact, to us as to the Hebrews, "the eternal universe is only a black screen concealing God. All things are full of, yet all distinct from Him. The cloud on the mountain is his covering, the muttering of the thunder is his voice; in the wind which bends the forest or curls the clouds, he is walking; the sun is

still his commanding eye. Whither can we go from his presence or spirit? At every step and in every condition we are God-inclosed, God-filled, God-breathing men, while a spiritual presence lowers or smiles on us from the sky, sounds in the wild tempest, or creeps in panic stillness along the surface of the ground. Then, if we turn within, lo! He is there also, as an eye hung in the central darkness of our hearts."

Then we have his completed Word, containing this sentence which all the ancients never had heard or learned: "God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." We have also the tangible history of the life and teachings of the incarnate and historic Christ, and besides, we have a special and powerful method of communication with the heavenly world, which, if not absolutely new, is at least more general and practical than ever before in the world's history; and this is prayer. "Hitherto," said Christ when on earth, "ye have asked nothing in my name; ask and receive now, that your joy may be full." We are shut up to this, as to the Bible; and the soul that never uses this means of approach unto God, and never receives spiritual blessings from God in answer to prayer, has indeed good reason to complain of its fearful isolation and darkness.

And finally, we have the promise that after walking by faith here on earth, and enduring its conflicts, and maintaining our hold steadfastly upon the things which are unseen, as did Moses, of whom it is written that he "endured as seeing him who is invisible, having respect unto the recompense of the reward,"

we shall go at length where there will be no veil, no shadow, no night, no darkness, no concealment. For if now we are compelled to see through a glass darkly, yet then, face to face; if now we know but in part, yet then we shall know, even as we are known!



GROUNDS OF RELIGIOUS CERTAINTY.

"Tossed with rough winds, and faint with fear,
 Above the tempest, soft and clear,
 What still small accents greet my ear ?
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.

"'Tis I who led thy steps aright,
 'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight,
 'Tis I, thy Lord and Life and Light ;
 Be not afraid."



NOT long since, in the course of some miscellaneous reading, we came upon the following sentence : " Within the dim twilight of revealed spirituality, troubled ones are constantly groping for the heart's-ease that is ever denied the traveler this side of immortality."

This sentence, when analyzed, is found to be as full of meaning as it is of beauty. From the writer's standpoint he makes here three assertions : First, that revelation is a dim twilight ; second, that all troubled or anxious ones are groping here for a foothold ; third, that certainty in spiritual matters is ever denied the traveler this side of immortality, or the future state.

The thought at once springs up in a believing mind : Is there no better posture or state in which

the mind can rest, than the one indicated by this sentence? Or, in other words, are there no sufficient grounds of certainty in religious life? Are we condemned to grope evermore, on this side of eternity, in a dim twilight of doubt? Has not God done better than that for us with regard to Himself and His truth?

In striking contrast with this state of uncertainty are the words which we find coming from the lips of holy men of old. Listen to some of them. Says Job: "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth." Says Jethro, the priest of Midian, to Moses: "Now I *know* that the Lord is greater than all gods." Says David: "Now I *know* that the Lord saveth His anointed." Says Peter: "Now I *know of a surety* that the Lord hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod." Says Paul: "For I *know* whom I have believed." And again: "For we *know* that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And finally, John says: "These things have I written unto you that ye may *know* that ye have eternal life."

Was the confident faith expressed by these writers a reasonable one? Can it be justified on ordinary grounds of evidence? Is Christ a living God and Saviour? Is the Bible true? Is religion a reality? And how may one *know* all this, or what are the grounds of religious certainty?

TESTIMONY OF THE SENSES.

We answer, that one may know the certainty of religious things by *the testimony of the senses*, or that

evidence which comes to the soul through the eye and ear. There exists in the universe an unvarying law, which is called the law of cause and effect, and this law is recognized on all hands as constituting not only an irrefragable species of evidence, but also as constituting one of the very sources of all knowledge and all certainty. This law, stated in plain terms, is this: Every Cause must have an Effect, and every Effect must have an equal or adequate Cause; and the two factors of the proposition must correspond one to the other; *i. e.*, the effect must be like the cause, and the cause must be equal to the effect.

This law forms the basis of all human thinking; it is one of the grooves of the human mind in which all thought-wheels run, when they run at all; it is a primary, a necessary, a universal truth; and by a *necessary* truth we mean a truth the contrary of which is unthinkable. But that no one may still stumble over these terms, cause and effect, we will explain them further. By *Cause*, we mean any power or force that is capable of producing a result; and by *Effect*, we mean simply the result produced. Thus, the sun is the cause of light and heat; and light and heat are the effect of this cause. And so indissolubly associated are these two ideas, that if you should say to a blind man, "There is a sun," he would reply at once, "Then there must be light and heat." But how does he *know* it? Because his mind is incapable of thinking in any other way. It is a necessary law of his thought, that he should at once predicate the existence of light and heat, when he is informed of the existence of the cause of these properties. If a locomotive runs at all, it must run upon the rails; so, if

the mind works at all, it must work according to its laws, and the mental wheels must run in the grooves which God, the Creator, has scooped out for them in the nature and constitution of things.

Again, let a blind man walk forth into the air and feel the effects of light and heat upon his senses, and he knows instantly that there must be a cause for this effect, and that the cause must correspond to the effect, *i e.*, be equal to it, and of the same kind. This kind of knowledge is so organic and inevitable and necessary, that whenever we can be assured through the testimony of the senses of the existence of *either one* of these two factors, the existence of the other follows necessarily, because the laws of thought compel it. There is no alternative, and there can be no change without having a different mind, and a different world. Logic is a science, reason has its rules, and thought its necessary modifications; and every mind in its normal state recognizes and obeys these mental statutes. If it does not, we say that it is diseased or shattered, and instead of thinking sense, it thinks nonsense.

Now, let us apply this law of thought to the determination of our questions: Is Christ a living King and Saviour, is the Bible true, is religion a reality? Or what are the grounds of certainty by which we may *know*, as well as we know anything, that all these questions can be answered in the affirmative?

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

By the testimony of our senses, we know that there exists a very extensive organization called the

Christian Church, embracing the whole body of Christian believers. We see it before us, we hear of its doings, we feel its influence. The existence of the church, therefore, is an effect or result which must have an adequately producing power, or an adequate cause. This cause cannot be human because the effect is not human, there is nothing human which is analogous to the church; it is unique, it stands apart from every other fact in the universe. Its very existence is in itself a marvel; it survives all changes, it endures all trials and persecutions, it overcomes all opposition, it continually spreads and grows; and that, too, without any compulsion or bonds, aside from the voluntary love of its adherents; and this cannot be said of any other existing organization on earth.

Moreover, this Christian church counts and has counted among its followers a considerable share of the very best people of the world, living and dead; the ablest minds, the noblest hearts, the purest lives. The power which the church exerts upon society and upon government is something very salutary and very extensive; nothing can compare with it in this respect. And, in short, looking upon the church in its origin and career, in its organization and structure, in its history and work, the conclusion is inevitable that it is something superhuman or divine. And if it is a divine effect, it must have a divine cause. Or in other words, the existence of the Christian church proves the existence of Christ, the truth of the Bible, and the reality of religion. It is one ground of real certainty by which we may *know* these things as well as we know anything.

The fact is, the existence of the Christian church cannot be accounted for satisfactorily upon any other hypothesis than that furnished by the Bible. If Christ is not a living God and Saviour, and the Bible is not true, and religion is not a reality, then you have before you the greatest anomaly in the world, the greatest wonder of time, the greatest miracle of history; yea, more than this, you have before you an astounding, gigantic effect without any adequate cause; which is an impossibility in itself, and an absurdity in thought. To believe such a thing would at once be an evidence of insanity.

How then can one know that these things are true? We answer, just the same as we know that the Governor of any State lives, although we may never have seen him, or that the President lives, or that the law of gravitation exists, or any other invisible power, or cause; know it by the visible *effects* which are produced. The existence of the Christian church is a real, solid fact, and cannot be set aside or rubbed out; and being a fact, it must be properly and adequately accounted for. Every effect must have an adequate cause; institutions like the Christian church do not spring into existence of themselves; they must have a founder and a foundation; they embody within themselves substantial verities; they exist because there is a living power behind and within them. No human principle accounts for the existence of the Christian church; no human facts would warrant its continuance through a single generation; and yet it lives on through one generation after another, growing stronger, reaching out wider, and becoming more powerful each year. The first

evidence, therefore, by which I know that religious things are real and true, is the plain testimony of my senses, and this is just as much a valid ground of certainty in religion, as in law or business. This single principle alone makes faith in God and Christ and the Bible, a *reasonable* faith.

TESTIMONY OF HISTORY.

A second ground of certainty in religious things is *the clear testimony of history*. Christianity not only exists all around us to-day as an actual fact, but it has existed in substantially its present form for more than 1,800 years. There is no more doubt of this than there is of the ancient existence of the British Empire. It is a plain matter of history, and we know it just as really, and in just the same way, as we know any historical fact. Weighed according to any standard, there is stronger and clearer evidence of the historical existence of Jesus Christ and the Apostles, than there is of the historical existence of Julius Cæsar and his famous generals, or of Alexander the Great and his famous wars.

Inside the church an unbroken line of testimony to the existence of Christianity goes straight back, through Irenæus and Polycarp, to the Apostle John. Outside the church, another line of testimony goes back, through Tacitus, the younger Pliny, and Josephus, to about the same point and date.

And what is true of Christianity and Christ is equally true of the Bible. To a large extent the Christian's faith rests upon a book—a book radically unlike every other, and by common consent superior

to every other as a moral guide. Testimonies to the historical existence of the Bible also go back uninterruptedly to within a very short period of the collection and formation of the New Testament Canon (A. D. 120), while the existence of the Old Testament goes back into the very dawn of all history.

SKEPTICAL CRITICISM.

Any method of skeptical criticism which seeks to invalidate this historical testimony to the genuineness of the Bible, destroys at the same time the value of every historical book in existence, and makes any knowledge of the past impossible. For example, Archbishop Whately, of England, took up the principles and rules by which some modern critics were attempting to prove the Bible false, and by them also proved logically and conclusively that Napoleon Bonaparte never lived; that all records concerning him were legends and myths, and had no true, reliable, historical basis, which of course was a plain absurdity.

In the British Museum there is to-day an original manuscript of a religious document written by Clement of Rome about the year 95, a few years after the death of the Apostle John. This document purports to be an epistle to the Corinthians, somewhat after the manner of Paul's, written to heal some further divisions in that church which had arisen after Paul's death; and not only by the blessed and Christian spirit which it breathes, but by express and valuable testimony, it establishes the historical existence of Christianity and the Bible at that early

period. We mention this not because it stands alone in this respect, but simply as a sample of the undoubted historical basis on which and by which we may know the certainty of what is revealed, and what to believe.

How then can one *know* that the *Bible is genuine and true*? We answer, in just the same way as we know that any history is true; know it just as really and as certainly, and by the same kind of evidence. In every college in the land there are read and translated what are called the books of Livy and Herodotus, the first written in Latin, and the second in Greek. They purport to be early histories of the empires of Greece and Rome. And their statements have been substantially accepted by all scholars as veritable and correct from the beginning of learning until now. But the evidences for the genuineness of the Bible, as every scholar knows, are as ten to one when compared with either Livy or Herodotus, or Xenophon, or, in fact, any of the so-called ancient classics.

Besides this, it is a principle of law, and so acted upon in all legal tribunals (I quote now from two of the highest legal authorities, viz., "Greenleaf and Starkie on Evidence"), that all documents apparently ancient, not bearing on their face the marks of forgery, and *found in proper custody* (mark this), are held in law to be genuine until sufficient evidence is brought forward to the contrary. Now, where were these ancient documents, the Gospels and Epistles, found? We answer, they were found in the custody of the church; of those who believed in them, and regarded them as

sacred ; of those who had to defend them against the persecutions and attacks of enemies ; of those who were willing to die giving testimony to their purity and truth. Any motive for deception here ? Not the slightest.

And what characteristics do these ancient documents bear upon their face as to their own genuineness ? Look at them closely ; study them attentively ; mark the simplicity and directness of statement in them ; the calmness of tone, the precision and comprehensiveness of expression, even upon the most difficult questions ; observe the almost measureless separation of them from all other books and literary productions in all ages ; look at their subject-matter ; see how it rises to the heights and reaches down to the depths of humanity ; how it measures all states and conditions of life ; touches every chord of sympathy, and contains the spiritual biography of every human heart ; suited to every class of society, king and beggar, philosopher and child, and reaching in its declarations not only through the limits of time, but forward into the boundless regions of eternity. Consider all this, and then ask if these documents are forgeries. Why, such a forgery would be a greater miracle than any recorded in the documents themselves. This, then, is the second ground of certainty in religious things—the clear testimony of history.

TESTIMONY OF CONSCIENCE.

Still another is the internal *testimony of consciousness*. And this is undoubtedly the kind of testimony referred to in Paul's declaration, " For I know whom

"I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to his hands."

By this word, *consciousness*, we mean *the soul's knowing in itself* that a thing is true. Consciousness sustains the same relation to the soul that the senses do to the body. It is the certainty of intellectual and moral conviction, or, speaking religiously, the certainty of faith.

Is this kind of testimony good for anything? Will any man say that the firm convictions of so many millions of intelligent and earnest minds, respecting a subject of so much consequence as religion, have no weight as a matter of evidence? To believe or declare that such a vast number of rational and sober and clear-minded beings could all be deceived upon the questions whether Christ was a living Lord, the Bible true, and religion a reality; that this deception could last for eighteen centuries, without any one finding it out; and not only last, but continue to grow stronger, and increase in extent as time rolled on—to say this, is to utterly destroy the value of human testimony upon any and every subject under heaven.

The fact that an organization lives right on amidst the most bitter conflicts within, and the most relentless persecutions without, and continues to increase steadily, is proof positive that such an organization not only embodies within itself substantial facts and verities, but that it meets and supplies the heaven-born wants of the human soul. It is an incontrovertible fact that a lie, a falsehood, an error, a sham, never perpetuates itself. This fact is established by human experience, observation, and history. False

things have no inherent, recuperative energy. As Bryant puts it, "Error, when wounded, writhes in pain, and dies even amidst its worshipers." And this is not simply poetry, but it is fact also, and is so recognized by all.

The millions of souls who have constituted the membership of the Christian Church have not all been fools, neither were they all deranged; but they have simply declared what to them were the words of truth and soberness. And the fact that so many have thus declared these sentiments, and are still declaring them, is a strong presumptive proof that the sentiments themselves are just and true.

POSITIVE PROOF.

Presumptive proof? Yea, more—*positive* proof. You have already been referred to one unvarying law, called the law of Cause and Effect. We point now to another, equally valid, relating to the value of human testimony. It is this: Mankind universally cannot honestly believe a lie. If they could, there would be no such thing as truth, for there would be nobody to determine what was truth. To suppose that universal human intelligence can be outwitted and hoodwinked and deceived by any cunningly-devised fable, is to destroy the value of intelligence itself, and practically to blot it out of existence forever. Where do we go to find out what is truth, but to concurrent human testimony? Why do we submit a case of life and death to the decision of twelve men? Because it is a fundamental dictate of reason and common sense, that a collection of minds, all

earnestly examining the same point, in a majority of cases cannot be deceived. And, if this is true of twelve men, what shall we say of hundreds and thousands and millions, running on through one age after another, and each taking up the subject for himself, and going over it afresh? Is it possible for them *all* to go astray? If it is, then farewell to any and all testimony respecting any subject, for it is not worth a straw. Farewell to all distinctions between right and wrong, truth and error; for no man can tell or determine which is correct; farewell to all knowledge and science and human learning, for one man's opinion is as good as another's; farewell to all courts of justice and legal decisions, for no one can be sure that they are right; farewell to all business and commercial intercourse, for no man's declaration can be relied upon.

It is true that *one* man or a *number* of men are liable to be deceived, but not true that *all* men are. The case, therefore, stands thus: All men believe in the existence of a God; a universal belief cannot be false; therefore, God exists. All men have some kind of religion; all men cannot be deceived; therefore, religion is a reality.

These, then, are the three grounds of religious certainty—the testimony of the senses, the testimony of history, the testimony of consciousness—a three-fold cord, which is not easily broken. The first is a matter of plain, every-day observation; the second, a matter of reason and judgment; the third, a matter of inward conviction and feeling. Can any stronger proofs be brought forward on any subject appealing to human credibility, or asking human acceptance?

No one is compelled to say that he *rather thinks* religion is true; that *possibly* Christ is a living Saviour; that *perhaps* the Bible is the book of God; but, on the contrary, all can say, in the language of Job, Paul, David, Peter, and John: "WE KNOW," because all can know the truth of these things just as firmly and certainly as they know any other well-attested truth or fact, and by the same kind of evidence. Christianity is not a cunningly-devised fable; neither has it been kept hidden in a corner; neither


"Need we any wings
To soar aloft to realms of higher things,
But only feet which walk the paths of peace,
Guided by Him whose voice
Greets every ear, and makes all hearts rejoice."



REPENTANCE.

“Return, return thee to thine only rest,
Lone pilgrim of the world!
Far erring from the fold,
By the dark night and risen storms distressed,
List, weary one, the Shepherd’s anxious voice.

“Return, return, thy fair white fleece is soiled,
And by sharp briers rent;
Thy little strength is spent,
Yet He will pity thee, thou torn and spoiled.”

T is a coincidence not to be overlooked, that both John the Herald and Christ the King began their public ministry by preaching the same subject in the same words, those words being: “Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.” The subject of repentance, then, must be the key-note of the new dispensation, and a door opening into the kingdom of heaven itself. And whether we view it historically or experimentally, repentance *is* the first step toward a new and divine life—a life that God will own and bless here, and abundantly reward hereafter.

Very much of the popular religion of our day addresses men as if by nature they were already fit for heaven, and already ripe for translation. But not

so said Christ ; not so says experience, observation, internal consciousness, good judgment, history ; not so says *everything* to which we can appeal for enlightenment, confirmation, or proof. One of two things, therefore, must be true : Either the Bible makes a great mistake, or such a representation as the above is radically and vitally wrong. Is it not a plain matter of common sense (to go no higher) that if men are already fit for heaven, naturally, there is no need of being born again, or created new within ; no need of any Scriptures, or means of grace ; more than this, no need of a Saviour at all ? Christ's work and life and death were all superfluous, a mere waste of time and effort, an exhibition of useless self-imposed hardship and suffering. God made a very foolish move when he sent his Son into the world to die that man might live, if man could live just as well without him, and die just as well without him, and be saved just as well without him,—if by nature he is already fit and ready for each when it comes. Are we prepared to accept this last conclusion ? Hardly ; and yet we must accept it, or else believe that both John and Christ came preaching repentance as the first step toward a new and higher life, because repentance first of all was necessary ; because without this there could be no such thing as religion at all ; without this, no progress in holiness, or purity of heart and life ; without this, no room or chance for a seat at God's right hand.

What do men do when they wish to irrigate and fertilize a barren piece of land ? What do they do in Egypt, along the banks of the Nile, where the land is

naturally a desert? They cut out canals or channels leading from the river, and take away all natural obstacles, so that the water may flow over the soil, and deposit upon it its fertilizing sediment, thus creating a kind of new soil upon a naturally barren bottom. Now, spiritually, some hearts before God are like the barren desert; he sees no blessed fruitage there; they are destitute of holiness, destitute of moral purity in his sight. They need heavenly irrigation; they need the water of life, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, the influx of Christ's power, to enable them to live a higher and better life. And before they can get all this, there must be cut out a channel in which the water can flow from the river of God on high into and over their souls, and deposit there its spiritual sediment, thus creating a kind of new soil on the basis of the old barren one. And the cutting out of this channel, and the clearing away of all the old sinful rubbish and natural obstacles, such as pride, obstinacy, love of sin, rocks of hardness and indifference, underbrush of sinful habits and practices, tangled thickets of deceit and dishonesty, and general wickedness; the clearing away of all this, and the digging out of a direct source of communication with the river of God above—*this* is the work of repentance.

THE HUMAN HEART.

Spiritually, all human hearts, whatever may be their natural differences or natural qualities—and there is a vast diversity in personal natures, some being much more amiable than others, but yet, empha-

sizing the word—*all* human hearts, whatever their natural state or condition, need and must have more spirituality, more religion in them than they possess naturally, before they can live a true Christian life here, or be saved at last. The Bible rings out its messages of warning to all mankind alike, saying: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." "Unless your righteousness exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees (which was merely formal), ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." The one thing insisted upon is the possession of a pure and holy character, the indwelling of a new and divine life, derived from Christ.

And now, the amount of repentance and faith necessary to secure this, depend upon the quality of one's natural character. As already remarked, there are great differences in people religiously, as well as in every other way. Some hearts are like the desert, naturally barren and sterile, and need a new soil entirely before any religious fruit can grow. Some are like natural trees that bear plenty of fruit of a poor quality; these need grafting with a new and higher life. Some are like marshes and fens, foul and rank with noxious weeds and plants that need killing out or pulling up by the roots, before anything better can have room to grow. Some are like rocks, utterly hard and insensible, and need to be blasted and broken up with great shocks of calamity, or accident, or suffering, before they begin to move or feel at all. Some are like wild vines that are frail, tender, clinging, and loving, and these need to be taught and cultivated and strengthened by the power of faith, and the help which Christ alone can give. Some are like the timid,

retiring wild-flower in the forest, that needs to be brought out into the sunlight of God's reconciled countenance, and be made to grow with new strength and beauty. Some are like gardens that bring forth fruits, flowers and weeds in about equal proportion; these need cleaning, and plowing and replanting. Some are gnarled and twisted like a bush, almost beyond the power of redemption by any ordinary means. Some are already putrid with lust, sin, and crime, like decayed wood or herbage. And others are naturally lovely and amiable, and inclined toward the good and lovely, just as rootlets strike out toward water by an inherent instinct; who are what may be called religiously inclined, but still not spiritual, not holy according to the Scriptures and the requirements of Christ, not Christians in the true sense of the word.

CONVERTED.

But all alike, whatever their natural variations or excellences, need to be converted before they can be saved. With some the process of conversion would be longer and more difficult than with others, but still all alike must be born again before they can enter the kingdom of heaven. "There is none that doeth good," *i. e.* absolutely and perfectly good in the divine sense of the word, "no, not one." For all alike have gone astray upon some points, and in some respects, however right they may be in others; and hence the universal necessity of repentance as the first step toward a new and higher and purer life.

This conclusion is further enforced by the fact that moral and spiritual qualities are not transmissible like

almost every other quality of mind and nature. If a man develops his physical strength and vigor, and toughens his constitution and native hardihood, and makes his stock and blood good and healthy, the law is that, unless some corrupting influence come in to vitiate the blood, his children will naturally inherit somewhat of the parental character in this respect. In this sense, therefore, the results of our life are transmissible to another, the child reaping the rewards and benefits of the father's doings. The same is true, to a limited extent, of mental characteristics, and also of acquired mechanical skill. In some parts of Europe where communities are separated from each other, and all devoted to some particular branch of handiwork, living by themselves, and following the same trade for generations, the result is that the children of these parents not only "take" to that kind of work naturally, as ducks to water, but exhibit a natural aptitude for the work—thus showing that the skill and knowledge acquired by the parents are in a measure transmitted to the children. But while this law holds good mentally, and socially, and physically, it utterly fails morally. However good and holy or religious the parents may be in character and life, every child is born a sinner. Nothing religious is transmitted. It is one of the sad consequences of the fall, but it is real. This matter of religion becomes thus, intensely and exclusively, a personal matter; every soul has to go over the ground by itself, and alone, deriving very little help from others. The piety of parents does not avail for the children; every one must repent and believe for himself or herself, or be lost. Each child must make his choice

for himself—no one can be saved for another. If you choose to become good, or to make the effort, your endeavors will bear their fruit. The prayers and influence of a pious parent will help you into the right path—they will not save you without personal effort.

A NEW CREATION.

It is thus seen that religion is not simply a quality of nature, as some would have us believe. It is not something inhering in the disposition and character, needing only to be developed and brought out by Christian nurture and culture. It is, rather, a new creation in the soul, wrought there by the combined power of God's truth and spirit. It is a power that *comes into* the soul from Christ, not a power *evoked from* the soul itself, by proper appliances. This is a great and important distinction.

Nor is this all. While holiness is *not* transmissible, sin *is*. This law which works so uniformly and beneficently in all other departments of life, has been completely perverted and reversed in relation to morals. While the parents cannot house up holiness for their children, they can and do accumulate the terrific consequences of transgression and wickedness. Evil tendencies and proclivities are inherited far more readily and surely than good ones. We each bear about with us not only our personal sins, but also a greater or less load of sin which comes down to us from the past. Hence repentance is *doubly* necessary. We must be saved from the consequences and power of our own sins, and also saved from the power of evil inherited.

It is no wonder, then, that both John and Christ began their public ministry by preaching the same subject, in the same words; both of them saying to all around, "Repent, repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Both of them saw that this was the first step to be taken, and until this had been taken, no further steps were possible.

But what is repentance in itself, what is its fundamental and underlying idea? The original word means literally an *afterthought*, or a change of mind, a change of view. Now to think after, or take a second thought, is often to think differently, and to think more justly and truly; hence, to repent of the first thought. The idea pre-supposes that the mind has received some new and better light with regard to life and its duties, and its relations to God and man; which new light within, makes a *change* inevitable, a change of thought, and purpose, and intention.

And this without doubt is the beginning of repentance. The soul is convicted of sin by the combined power of God's truth and spirit. It sees now that its former views of life were wrong, and of course that its actions have all been wrong. This afterthought or change of mind makes one not only resolve to turn over a new leaf in the book of life, but also to strive to get rid of the disastrous consequences of the old manner of life. It thus looks forward, backward, and upward, at the same time. It looks backward at its old course of sinful living, sees its enormity and wickedness, and is led to abhor it and turn from it, and to ask God to forgive it. It looks up to an outraged and indignant Judge, and is led to implore pardon and peace. It looks forward to the

remainder of life, and also forward to the great bar of God where its actions are to be weighed and judged, and calls upon God for strength to live a new, a holy, and an upright life.

PRIMARY ELEMENTS.

The primary elements of repentance, then, are three. First, a change of mind and intention caused by new and better light or knowledge which enables the soul to see itself and God, and the world, in higher and truer aspects. Secondly, a change of conduct corresponding to this change of mind. As thought precedes action naturally, and action follows correct thought inevitably, so these two elements will be in harmonious proportion, necessarily. And thirdly, this change of thought and conduct will be accompanied by sorrow for the past, and strong crying to God for help to reform. The absence of either of these three ingredients vitiates the whole work. If a ship have three leaks and two be stopped, the third will surely sink the ship. So repentance that is not followed by a change of conduct, is not worth anything; neither is a change of conduct that is not produced by a complete and radical change of mind, of any value. This change of mind is so fundamental in true repentance that in the Scriptures it is likened to a creation, a new birth; to old things passing away, and all things becoming new. The soul sees itself and the world around differently, the Bible is a new book, the Church becomes more precious, and God holds a direct and immediate connection with all. Life instead of being an end in itself, is but

a preparatory stage of existence for the life which is to come.

Of course, the strength and degree of this change and these new views will vary with different minds, but there can be no genuine Biblical repentance in which no change appears. Neither is that repentance genuine which does not include sorrow for sin, and strong crying to God for mercy. There are a great many who will say, "I wish I had done differently; I might have done better. I am sorry I did not." But they do not follow this confession by asking God to forgive them. Now, repentance is designed to lead to this point, precisely, and if it does not lead there, then no good results come therefrom. Repentance without amendment is like pumping water from a ship and not stopping the leaks. We all have afterthoughts and second thoughts which are better than the first ones; we all naturally gain a little new light by experience, day by day. But this is very different from the light imparted by God's truth and spirit which leads to conviction of sin, and broken-heartedness and deep contrition before Him, and makes the soul cry out like blind Bartimeus, "Oh, Lord, have mercy on me, have mercy on me."

EARNESTNESS.

There is very little danger of one's being too much in earnest about repentance, or too thorough in reform. Most souls fail in religious life because they are not earnest and thorough enough. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Genuine humility before God, and broken-heartedness and contri-

tion of soul constitute the only soil out of which the plant of repentance will grow. Says the sainted Rutherford, "I pray you dig deep. Christ's palace-work and his new dwelling laid upon hell felt and feared, is most firm ; and heaven grounded and laid upon such a fear is sure work which will not wash away with wintry storms."

Does any one ask, How shall I secure this frame of mind? We answer, by asking God in prayer to show you all things in their true light and true relations. Perhaps no other direction is necessary than this one, simply pray for light and knowledge ; "Ask and ye shall receive ; seek and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened to you." Not simply ask once, but continually, until you feel that God has heard and answered your cries and entreaties.

CONSEQUENCES.

And what are the consequences or *results* of such repentance? It brings pardon or forgiveness of sins. In fact, this is the object of it. A long, dark catalogue of past transgressions must be washed away by the blood of the atonement, else they will rise up in the judgment and confront us like so many specters and ghosts. We must feel, before we are saved, that God for Christ's sake (not for ours) has said to us, "Thy sins which are many, are all forgiven ; go in peace, and sin no more." And this is a distinct and peculiar consciousness which the soul cannot feel until it has actually received the pardon. When Bunyan's Pilgrim started from the city of Destruction to seek the heavenly land, he felt weighed down by a

great burden of guilt which he carried along with him, and which he could not get rid of by his own efforts. And so he is pictured as carrying a great burden on his back. But by and by he came to the hill Difficulty, at the top of which stood the Cross. He began slowly to ascend. Foes were without, and fears within. He was downcast and despondent. The air all about him was full of evil spirits whispering in his ear, or tormenting him with doubts. But still he pressed on. At length, after many groanings and strugglings, he reached the top and threw himself down exhausted at the foot of the cross. At that moment his burden of sin and guilt was loosened, and rolled away down the hill, and the poor pilgrim never saw it any more.

Now, this is a picture or allegory of what takes place in the soul as one of the consequences or results of repentance. Repentance is seeking forgiveness at the foot of the cross, and pardon is the sense of release within. It may not be as vivid as this in every case, very likely it will not be ; but something analogous to it, it must be. All must and will feel that God has pardoned the past, through the atonement provided by his Son.

PEACE TO THE SOUL.

Furthermore, repentance brings a sense of peace to the soul ; peace of conscience, peace of mind. Being created in God's image, a part of that image consists in the power of conscience to approve or condemn. God has not only written out his law and placed it before us, but he has also written it out

within us, and we carry it about with us wherever we go. The voice of conscience within, as far as it goes, is the same as the voice of God without and above. And this conscience, until it becomes dead and seared, and wholly inoperative within, tells us, like a holy and upright judge, when we do right and when we do wrong. It says with an authority that cannot be questioned, "Thou shalt, and thou shalt not." And whenever we disobey its mandates then it reproves, and stings, and punishes. And of all the torments which one can feel, nothing is so fearful to bear as the stings of an angry conscience. It is the next thing to an angry God. It is likened in the Scriptures to the gnawings of a worm that never dies, and the torment of a fire that is never quenched.

But proper repentance brings us a peace of conscience ; not a deadness, but a sense of rest and approval. When we lie down at night instead of going to sleep with an aching pain of heart, the soul feels that its peace is made with God, and that if it dies before the morning light shall dawn, God will receive it to a better home above. When we go out or come in, instead of feeling a constant dread of disaster, there is a consciousness that God is over all, and will do nothing amiss. And at last, repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ will wash and cleanse the soul from every stain here, and prepare it for that everlasting fullness of rest and joy found only at God's right hand above. As, says a noted preacher : "When a man undertakes to repent toward his fellow-men, it is like repenting straight up a precipice ; when he repents toward law, it is like repenting into a crocodile's jaws ; when he repents

toward public sentiment, it is throwing himself into a thicket of brambles and thorns ; but when he repents toward God, he repents toward all love and delicacy. God receives the soul as the sea a bather, and returns it again purer, whiter, and happier than he took it."



SIN AND PARDON.

“I need thee, mighty Saviour!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
I need a cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee—
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner’s perfect plea.”



WHAT is sin? The Bible answers, Sin is a transgression of the Law. What is crime? The statute-book answers in the same words, Crime is a transgression of the law. What, then, is the difference between sin and crime? In essence, in spirit, none at all. Sin is crime, and crime is sin. Crime is a word usually applied to *civil* offences, and sin to *moral* offences, but in both cases the moving principle is the same. One is an offence against man, the other against God, but both are transgressions of law which make the transgressor guilty, and subject him to penalty and punishment according to the nature of the offence. Consequently, every man who has ever broken one of God’s laws, is a criminal in God’s sight. He is looked upon as such, treated as such, and unless pardoned through Christ, will and must be punished as such, at the last.

Outside of the Bible, sin is very generally regarded as simply a weakness, a fault, a failing, or an infirmity; something that all men are exposed to, and which therefore ought to be passed over lightly. You say to any man that he is a sinner, and he will readily admit the fact, sometimes with a smile, even, and by looks and actions, if not by words, reply: "That is nothing strange or unusual. There is nothing remarkable or serious about that."

Yes, there is something *very* serious about that. Is it a light thing to be a criminal in the eyes of the civil law? To go about feeling that you are unsafe anywhere; that you are liable to be arrested any moment, and made to suffer the penalty of your crime? Undoubtedly the most unhappy being on earth is a guilty criminal. By his transgression of the law, he has broken off his friendly relations with everything around and within him. He has broken off friendly relations with himself; he has disturbed the peace of his own mind and conscience and heart, and all the powers of his being rise up to condemn him. He is out of friendly relations with society, and with the State in which he lives. Yea, more, the very elements seem to combine against him; he is afraid of the whistling wind; he trembles at the rustling of a leaf. He is afraid to see his own neighbors; afraid of death; afraid of man, afraid of God. And why? Because he is a criminal; he has transgressed the law.

HUMAN LAW.

Now, which is greater, human law or divine law, the law of the State, or the law of Heaven?

Which is most binding and obligatory, the mandates of men or the mandates of God? All laws are binding and powerful to the degree that they are inherently just and right. A bad human law is sometimes more honored in the breach than in the observance, but when a law appeals to every sentiment of right and righteousness within the breast, then the law enforces itself, and all men unite in saying it must and shall be honored and obeyed. But what human law can be compared in the matter of justness, holiness and rightness with the holy and perfect law of God? Therefore, if human laws are binding and powerful because they are good, the laws of God are indeed a hundred times more so.

Again, a law is powerful and binding in proportion to the weight of authority that stands behind it. Thus, the laws of a state or a nation are felt and feared more than those of a single society or district, and a state criminal is regarded as tinged with a deeper dye of guilt than the mere offender against some purely local enactment. Then, what solemnity and power there is in a trial before the Supreme Court of the nation, where the whole national power sits enthroned in state, and stands ready to descend in a crushing blow upon the life, or person, or property of the offender. But what human court can compare for a moment with the court of the Supreme Ruler above, who is the author of our lives, and the Maker of the world?—that court which sits in eternal session around the great white throne, where the books are ever opened, and the officers of justice stand ever ready to discharge their duty?

Verily, then, if it is a terrible thing to be a criminal

in the eyes of men, how much more terrible to stand condemned as a sinner before God? All earthly penalties are not to be named beside the penalties of moral law. As Christ said, "Fear not those who can kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do, but I will forewarn you whom ye should fear. Fear him who hath power to cast both soul and body into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear him."

Law, under all circumstances, is something not to be trifled with; is something that cannot be broken with impunity. Properly defined, law is a rule of action prescribed by the supreme power of a state or nation for the government of its subjects; a rule to which all rational beings are bound to yield obedience, or be exposed to punishment. This is human law, applying only to conduct, or external life.

DIVINE LAW.

But what is Divine Law? It is not only a rule of action relating to conduct, but also a rule of action relating to thought, motives, and feelings. While human law can only reach the outside, the divine law takes hold of the *heart*, as well as the life; regulates both the internal and external. Consequently, it is far easier to transgress divine law than human, because we sin in thought and feeling much more frequently than in deed, and the results are far more disastrous. This divine law was summed up by the Great Lawgiver himself in these two commandments: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." All other moral

statutes, he said, grew out of these two ; and he that offended in one point was guilty of all.

By referring back for a moment to the definition first given, it will be noticed that Law is an enactment by the *supreme power* in every case ; consequently, it is the last and final utterance of that power, and from it there can be no appeal. We cannot go behind the law *power* to something stronger and higher, if we can behind the statute itself. While this is true of civil enactments, it is pre-eminently true of the laws of God. They are the embodiment of his own nature, and in them are found the eternal principles which govern his own action ; consequently, there is nothing behind or beyond God's power as embodied in his holy law.

It is his last and final utterance upon the subjects contained therein. There is no appeal from them, no repeal of them. God himself could not change his own law, without changing his own nature and being ; for his law is a reflex of that nature and being.

JUSTICE AND PROVIDENCE.

It follows now that if God's laws are broken, there is no escape for the transgressor. Man cannot change the law ; neither can God, without proper satisfaction ; and, when once broken, penalty and punishment must follow. The great wheels of Justice and Providence, impelled by the force that made and upholds the universe, go rolling on and over all those who willfully place themselves in their track, and there is nothing that can stop them but the satisfied holiness of Him who made them.

But is not God's law set aside by the atonement of Christ? Not in the slightest degree. When Christ took man's place before the law, God treated him just as he will treat all sinners, if they expose themselves to the fury of his vengeance. If the Law *could* have been set aside or passed over, is it to be supposed Christ would have suffered as he did on the cross? Not at all; there would have been no need of such suffering. Of himself he did nothing amiss; he was sinless in character; he led an entirely sinless life; but he suffered on the cross and in the garden the penalty and punishment due to your sins and mine, reader. See him in that Garden! See him on the Cross! Behold the blackened sky, the rending rocks, the opening ground! Hark! hear the sufferer moan in the darkness. Hear him cry out in an anguish of soul that can never be known by us: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" What does all this mean? What is it for? *Christ is enduring the penalty of God's broken law.* There could be no alleviation, no diminution of rigor in treatment, even though the victim was God's own Son. Having assumed man's obligations, he must pay the last farthing of the debt. And he did. We repeat it, therefore, no power can change, or repeal, or set aside moral law. Once broken, death must follow, unless help is obtained from Him who died that man might live.

JUSTIFIED, OR PARDONED.

But the Bible speaks of being justified, or pardoned, by faith. How is this brought about? To

justify is a legal term, meaning to clear, or absolve from guilt. It calls to mind a prisoner at the bar. He has broken the law of the land, and is arraigned for trial, found guilty, and sentenced to death. He is a young man. His father steps up and offers to die in his stead; the government accepts the transfer, and the prisoner is released. The law cannot harm him now, for he is taken out of its grasp. So in religious substitution. By acts of sinful nature, all men are prisoners at God's bar of justice, and under sentence of eternal death. But Christ, in infinite love, volunteers to take man's, and the government of Heaven accepts the transfer. The sufferings and death of Christ are thus declared to be an equivalent for the death of the whole world; and hence all those who believe in Jesus are released from the law's penalties as far as they relate to sins that are past. They are thereupon declared guiltless, and stand justified before the law, and before God.

Here, then, we see the nature of gospel pardon. It is far better than any earthly release can be. For example, a father might take his son's place in enduring the punishment allotted him, but he could not cleanse the son's *heart* from guilt. The son, having actually committed a crime, has stained his soul with guilt, as well as his name and character. The father might release him from the court, and the prison, and the scaffold, but as the son went out again into the world, he would go as a guilty man still. Before he could be perfectly free or pure, the crimson stains of sin and crime must be washed from *his heart*, as well as from his public name and record. And this no earthly power could do.

But when sinners are saved, and pardoned before God by faith in Christ, not only are they released from the hold of the law ; not only declared guiltless, and so released from eternal death and banishment ; but at the same time they are made pure in heart. Cleansed outwardly, and cleansed inwardly ; justified legally, and made white and holy actually. What a great salvation is this ! The Cross of Jesus satisfies God, and also changes the heart of man. Here is the two-fold action of redemption—one part relating to the law, and one to the soul.

The guilty son referred to in the illustration, when he saw himself free and pardoned, would doubtless feel a momentary sense of peace and joy within ; but if he were actually guilty, the old wound of remorse would soon re-open. The remembrance of his crime, the actual presence of guilt in his soul, would be a constant source of torment to him, even if released from punishment and death. But in the case of the Christian believer, who is justified before the law, and so released from death, there goes along with it an actual change of heart ; so that his peace is not momentary, but constant and abiding. As the Scriptures declare, it is like a river—broad, deep, and full, never drying up, never flowing backward.

Again, the son would also have his life embittered constantly by the thought that, although he had escaped destruction himself, yet he had forever put out the life of his father. But in the Christian plan of salvation, the substitute not only dies, but rises again, and ever lives at God's right hand ; so that the sorrow for having caused Christ's death is speedily turned into rejoicing, by reflecting that the Saviour

burst the bonds of death, after paying the penalty, and ascended up on high, where he now waits to bless and receive his own.

Nothing could be more complete or perfect than such a pardon. By the sufferings and death of Christ in man's behalf, the believer's past sins are expunged from the Book of Life above, and at the same time washed away within, leaving him pure, clean, and guiltless, both legally and actually. Of course, he can go on and rush into sin again, and so become stained anew; but with regard to the past, God says: "As far as the east is from the west, so far have I removed thy transgressions from thee." And again: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as wool; though red like crimson, they shall be as snow."

FAITH OF THE HEART.

What is the price or condition of this pardon? Simply faith in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. But this faith must be a true, inward, saving faith. The justification is a gospel justification, and it can only be enjoyed by a gospel faith on the part of the recipient. And what is this? It is a faith of *the heart*. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." Ordinary faith is nothing more than a mere mental apprehension, an assent or nod of the mind; it can be held without affecting the heart or life at all. It is held by men in general, one way and another; by the business-man toward his debtors, where it is called commercial faith. It is held by the scholar toward the statements he finds in books, and this

is mere intellectual faith. It is held by the world in general toward the Bible and its contents, and this is simply historical faith. But the faith here mentioned which justifies and releases the soul from sin, is something *more* than all these, although it includes all these. It is a faith of the heart, which works by love. Its chief and distinguishing characteristic is, that it leads to a complete surrender of the will and mind to the control of another. Before any soul savingly believes on Christ, it first surrenders all *to* him, gives up all *for* him, loves him, and obeys him, and then it has gospel faith. This is believing with the heart. Henceforth the soul is not its own, but belongs to Christ.

To illustrate: A man traveling comes to the bank of a wide, perilous stream. He must cross it in order to gain the opposite shore where his treasure lies. The other shore is hidden by a veil of mist. He looks forward and can see only a few feet from where he stands. The sky is threatening overhead, and there strikes on his ear the roar of the waters in front. At the shore he sees a man with a small boat—only large enough in fact, for two—one and the pilot. The traveler begins to question: "Can you take me across the river safely?" I can. "Do you warrant the passage?" I do. "How long have you been here?" Very many years—a long, long time. "Have you carried many across?" Yes, there is a large city full whom you will meet on the other side. "Is there any other way of getting across?" No safe way. Farther up the stream is the remnant of an old bridge which promises well at the start, but it does not reach to the opposite bank; and although

thousands upon thousands have tried it, not one among them all ever gained the other shore in safety. Very many come along here every day and inquire for the bridge, and go forward ; but, as I said before, the bridge is old, and full of rottenness and pitfalls, and the lifeless corpses of these travelers come floating past every day. I see them every time I cross. "But do you not warn them of the danger?" Constantly, but they take no heed of what I say ; they suppose I want them to patronize me. "What is your price for crossing?" Nothing at all ; the government of the city on the other side furnishes the passage free to all who desire it. "But is not your boat small?" Yes, and purposely so ; it was only intended for one at a time besides myself. The way across the stream is straight and narrow, and those who go must leave behind all their goods and companions for the time being, and intrust themselves, soul and body, with all their interests for time and eternity, entirely into my hands. They must obey me perfectly while crossing. In short, I take the whole charge of them, and they commit themselves wholly to my guidance. "Must I lose my goods and companions forever?" Your goods you will not need, and your companions can follow, one by one, if they will. And now, have you faith in what I say? If so, step in.

The traveler hesitates, looks forward and backward, and on either side, and then slowly repeats to himself, "I can but perish if I go, I am resolved to try ; for if I stay behind, *I know* I shall forever die." And so, with fear and trembling he steps down into the boat, commits himself entirely to his Pilot, and is

landed safely upon the farther shore. Now, this Pilot is Christ, the river is the River of Life, the city is the New Jerusalem, and committing ourselves wholly to the boat, leaving goods and companions behind for the time being, is gospel, or saving faith; is believing with the heart unto righteousness. This faith is an act of the whole being; the act of self-surrender.

As faith without works is dead, being alone, so *saving faith is invariably preceded by repentance, accompanied with confession, and followed by obedient action*; and this distinguishes it forever from all kinds of common or general faith. If Christ frees us, he is to have control of us from that time forward and forever. We are no longer our own, but his; soul, body and all.

THE RESULTS ATTAINED.

A word more in regard to the *results* of this pardon of sin. Being justified by faith, we have *peace* with God. This peace is a permanent state rather than a transient feeling, although it includes both. When the act of faith is accomplished, and the sentence of justification pronounced, this changes the attitude and relationship between God and our souls immediately, inasmuch as pardon is instantaneous in its effects. One hour we are rebels against God's government, the next, friends, and peaceful subjects. One hour we are exposed to death and wrath, the next, free, pardoned, and happy. One hour, liable to feel the penalty of a broken law, the next released from its grasp forever, unless we voluntarily put ourselves back again. One hour, in the Book of Life

above there is a long, dark catalogue of sins charged against us, the next, the page is expunged, and not a single blot or line remains. One hour, the soul is stained with crimson guilt, the next, the ruling power of sin is broken up, and the gradual process of whitening and cleansing is begun. One hour we stand out against God, defiant and stout-hearted, the next we are made humble and submissive. One hour we are unpardoned sinners, the next God's children, and heirs with Christ. One hour we are lost, the next, saved. So great is this transformation wrought by justification through faith in Christ! We enter into a state of peace with God after a sinful war; peace within, and peace above; peace of conscience and of mind; peace, springing from forgiveness, and leading on to purity and holiness.

Is it any wonder that God is angry with those who despise and reject such a blessing? The wonder is that his wrath does not burn against such like an oven, and consume them utterly. And this it will do at the last. We must take either the law or the gospel and then carry it with us to the other world. Which will we have? Before we can be saved, we must be justified by faith, and feel this peace with God. Have we all exercised saving faith in Christ? Are we ready to do it? Will we begin at once—to-day—now?



THE NATURE AND POWER OF FAITH.

“The child leans on its parent’s breast,
 Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
 The bird sits singing by its nest,
 And tells aloud
 Its trust in God, and so is blest,
 ’Neath every cloud.

“The heart that trusts forever sings,
 And feels as light as it had wings—
 A well of peace within it springs;
 Come good or ill,
 Whate’er to-day or morrow brings,
 It is His will.”



HE Bible declares: “Without faith, it is impossible to please God.” What a sweeping, absolute assertion! Good works, zeal, energy, benevolence, uprightness of life, sweetness of disposition, kindness, faithfulness, steadiness; in short, everything within man is incomplete in God’s sight, until it springs from faith in the soul.

There are three processes by which we arrive at knowledge, or come to conclusions. The first is by the testimony or evidence of the senses, which we call *sight*. Take up a book, and both eye and finger tell the soul within that a material object is before it.

It possesses all the known properties of matter—hardness or density, extension or size, form, impenetrability, etc.—and if asked how we would *know* there was a book in the hand, we should at once confidently reply, because we can both *see* and *feel* it. This is one process of gaining knowledge—the most simple and obvious one of all, as well as the one most commonly and generally used.

The second process is through mental exercise or logical deduction, which we call *reason*. This takes us into the region of the intangible, and includes all that knowledge which comes to us from thought, and study, and reflection. By this kind of evidence we become convinced of the truths of science and philosophy, such as that the moon reflects the light of the sun, instead of its own light. This is a matter that we cannot determine by the first process, nor can we know it through the testimony of the senses; but we know it from argument, analogy, and experiment. It is a matter that we reason out, and so arrive at certainty. We observe all the facts, put them together, and then draw a conclusion, and say *we know*. And this process is just as legitimate, regular, and valid as the first.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF FAITH.

The third process is through the operation of the faith-faculty of the soul, by which we take hold of the unseen world around and above, and become convinced of the reality of the invisible. These three processes are like three successive steps in the scale of knowledge-getting; each higher than the last, and

all culminating in faith. The first deals with matter exclusively ; the second with mind, science, philosophy, and art ; the third with the invisible and the unseen—with God, religion, and the soul. And each of these three is just as essential to complete life and action as the other two ; each has its own ordained sphere of activity, which the others cannot supply nor invade. Accordingly, faith *supplies to us that which takes the place of actual demonstration* ; and when a man has true faith, he just as really believes a thing as though he saw it with his own eye, or reasoned it out with his own mind.

HOPE.

It will thus be seen that faith often transcends both sight and reason, and sometimes contradicts them. As an opponent of sight, it very closely resembles the action of its twin-sister, hope ; for “ Hope that is seen is not hope, for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for ? ” Hope, properly, is the mingled expectation and desire of future good, while faith is stronger, and goes deeper ; being an inward conviction and assurance of the same good. But as the complement of sight, faith begins where sight leaves off, and carries the soul farther onward or upward. Again, faith and sight may, and often do travel together, although they always reach a point, sooner or later, when sight, becoming dimmed and fearful, retires, and then Faith has the field all to herself and shows her full strength and power and glory. We cannot better set forth the comparative work of these two powers, than by using an allegory.

A human soul looked out of its windows one day, and after gazing long and steadily above, exclaimed in impatient disquietude, "I am not satisfied with my present surroundings and portion; there must be some higher good attainable somewhere, and I am determined to seek it. The earth is good, but I sicken of its food alone; I feel that I want something richer and purer and nobler." No sooner had she ceased speaking, than two of her attendants came to her side, saying, "We will show you an abundance of treasures better than are found in any material mines; and if you will but follow us, we will lead you where those wants you speak of can be fully met." "Most gladly will I go," the soul replied, and thereupon the three set out to find the Land of Fruition. Their route lay through the flowery fields and kingdoms of science, philosophy, art, and song, until they finally reached the utmost limits of human thought. At each stage of progress made, the soul, after receiving and enjoying all that her guides brought her from the different fields, made ever the same sad plaint: "The good you promised has not come; my want is unmet; is there nothing beyond?"

Her guides began to be in despair; but at last they said, "One thing more we can bring to thee, and then our limit is reached. In the kingdom of literature there is a Book in which, 'tis said, are disclosed treasures superior to all the earth can yield. They are not visible to us, but there is another attendant spirit that can be summoned, who holds the key to unlock all this hidden wealth, and even to reveal still greater and richer stores beyond." They brought the soul the Bible, and then disappeared.

In the midst of desolation and sorrow, and not knowing what else to do, the soul opened the Bible and read : " Ask, and it shall be given ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened." " For he that asketh, receiveth, and he that seeketh, findeth." " Spirit of God," it cried, " come to my relief, and show me the Way, and the Truth, and the Life." And quickly a brighter light began to shine around, and another guide came to her side, saying, " Oh, soul, thy companions were not able to give thee the good thou didst crave, nor were they able to lead thee to the Land of Fruition, because they are of the earth ; their names are Sight and Reason ; they have no power to scale the walls of the material and the actual. But I come from the land of light and rest above ; ' from the land of our God, and the home of the soul, where rivers of pleasure unceasingly roll, and the way-worn pilgrim reaches his goal on the evergreen mountains of life.' Give me a place on the throne of your affections, and put thy hand in mine, never withdrawing it, and I can lead you safely within the crystal walls." With tears of joy and gratitude the soul surrendered itself to faith, and was saved.

But faith is not mere imagining ; on the contrary, it always rests upon a basis of either moral or tangible evidence. And here we must distinguish again between several varieties or kinds of faith which exist in life. First, and most simple of all, is the faith of little children in their parents ; a genuine, unsuspecting, hearty, and beautiful faith, and the type of Christian faith ; a faith resting on both moral and tangible evidence ; a faith that will remain strong un-

til the evidence is taken away, and then it will speedily die, giving place to fear and dread. In other words, when the parent ceases to give evidence to the child of the sincerity of its love, then the child at once loses its faith. This evidence on which the child's faith rests, appeals to his *eye* and *heart*; it is seen in the parent's look, and tone, and words, and felt in the child's soul.

A second kind may be called business faith, but always, as in the first case, resting on evidence, and ceasing the moment that evidence is destroyed. One firm trusts another only, and simply, because the second convinces the first of its financial integrity and ability. And this kind of faith is so necessary and important, that it lies at the bottom of nearly all the transactions of business life.

A third kind may be termed historic faith; that which is exercised in regard to all books and records that come down to us from the past; but here, as heretofore, the books are valueless in our eyes, so far as they contain facts and documents, until they are well authenticated. This kind of faith many exercise with regard to Christ and the Scriptures, and suppose it to be all that is necessary to salvation; but they make a fatal mistake.

Again, distinctively Christian or Scriptural faith is no exception to this law. No man can exercise true faith in the Bible as the Word of God; or in Christ, as the Son of God and the Saviour of mankind, until the Bible and Christ come home to his soul as the most central and vital of all realities, and real things. The evidence for faith to rest on here, is partly moral, appealing to the soul rather than to

the eye, and partly historic, satisfying the mind. In other words, there is external data sufficient to establish the existence of Christ, and the authenticity and credibility of the Gospel narratives, and this is supplemented by the strong internal response of our moral natures, telling us in a manner not to be set aside, that this is *the truth*, and the *truth of God*.

A faith which is purely blind and unreasoning, that rests on no sort of evidence whatever, we rightly denominate superstition ; because it is a mere figment of an uncultured imagination. This kind is found principally among the degraded and ignorant heathen, bowing down to gods of wood and stone, and worshiping fire and water, beasts and serpents. A lack of evidence marks just the distinction between blind superstition, and true faith.

But faith, to be distinctively Christian or saving in its nature, must come from the heart, and work by love. And herein Christian faith differs from all other kinds. The faith of the heathen is made up of fear and dread, and leads only to outward ceremonies and forms. The business man's faith is wholly mental in its nature, and can be held or not without affecting the life ; so is that of the student in regard to books. The faith of the child comes nearest to that of the Christian ; but in this, the appeal to the eye is, and must be always stronger than to the heart ; whereas, in distinction from this, stands out the declaration of inspired Christian experience that "with the heart alone man believeth unto righteousness."

We have often tried to sketch, mentally, the process of believing unto life, and this would be an

outline of it. God first comes to the soul either through the printed page or through the living voice. Truth knocks at the gate of the mind and seeks admission. But the mind is pre-occupied, and says, "I cannot attend to you." Truth knocks again and again, and finally secures an entrance. It then exhibits before the bar of the mind its credentials; or in other words, submits its evidences; and after examination these are accepted and pronounced sufficiently valid and convincing.

Conversion however, has not taken place yet—very far from it. This is only intellectual or historic faith; the main part of the work is yet to come. The mind sends down word to the heart or moral nature that Divine truth is present, and is earnestly claiming its loyalty, its obedience, and its affection. The heart can now take one of two courses. It can hesitate and refuse this obedience and love; it can take the will, which is the bolt of its door, and snap it into its fastenings, and thus bar the truth out, saying, "The throne of my affections is already occupied by my own selfish interests, and I don't want to be disturbed; I have no room for another King;" or, it can throw back the bolt of will and open the door, and give the truth audience, and listen to its claims; and, discovering them to be of paramount and supreme importance, it can say: "I yield. Cast down Self that has so long occupied a throne of power, and do thou reign in and rule over my heart, my interests, my life. I do now give myself up in unreserved consecration to thee, and will henceforth live for thy glory, as I should have done long ago." Truth then comes in, occupies the throne of love, the intellect

yields its obedience, and thereafter Christ is King of Kings, and Lord of Lords ; and thus the soul truly and savingly believes and passes from death unto life.

POWER OF FAITH.

Having thus glanced at the *nature* of faith, let us now consider the second main thought proposed, viz.: The *power* of faith. This world and the next are almost always represented in the Scripture as opponents, each claiming dominion over life, over time, and action. And faith is held up as the agent by which this world is overcome, and a victory gained for the other and better world. Or, stating it in other phraseology, this world stands as the representative of finite and created good, and the other, of infinite and eternal good ; the one of things seen, the other of things unseen.

Every one knows by experience that the eye takes in evil by seeing it, and opens the soul to all the attractions and pleasures of this world, to the serious detriment and disadvantage of those interests which pertain to the next. We all know, too, that the soul is ever ready to follow the eye ; that desires are enkindled by sight ; and that the connection between the soul and the outward world, is not only intimate and close, through the bodily senses, but also most dangerous to its spiritual life and welfare. And hence the need of some power or principle in the soul by which the *inordinate* influence of this world upon one's spiritual well-being, can be at least partly counteracted.

And just this power of principle, God in his rich

goodness and mercy has given us in the power of Christian faith; the power of taking hold of the unseen; the power which can bring down eternal realities into our souls, and make them even more vivid to us than the scenes of ordinary life; the power which can envelope us in a spiritual atmosphere; the power that can make us regard every action here, as the starting of a wave of influence which stops not in its course until it strikes against the shores of eternity.

Now, if any one asks *how* faith brings about this most desirable result, we answer: In the same way that the morning sun puts out the stars, by eclipsing them; by overcoming them with superior light and glory, by extinguishing them in brilliancy of a higher and stronger order. God does not act so unwisely as to command us to crucify our love for this world, and then give us nothing to take the place of it. On the contrary, by this divine and miraculous power of faith, he enables us to so connect ourselves with the future and eternal world, that *its superior attraction* shall overcome and render harmless the seductive evils and pleasures of this.

WHAT FAITH BRINGS TO VIEW.

Thus, to take the place of the splendor and pleasures of earthly cities, Faith brings to view the city of the New Jerusalem, whose builder and maker is God, whose walls are jasper, and whose gates are pearl, and whose foundations are eternal; and Faith enables the soul to live within those gates, and to walk those streets, and to sit down beneath that tree of life. In

the place of these earthly treasure-houses, Faith summons us to deposit enduring riches in heavenly vaults where no casualty can befall them, and where no burglar ever penetrates. To keep us from loving our homes with all their conveniences and luxuries too fondly, Faith points to a heavenly mansion in our Father's home above. To enable the soul to release itself from a thralldom to social folly and the gay vortex of pride, and vanity, and display, Faith lifts it up into communion and companionship with the holy and pure society of heaven, and bids it slake its thirst at fountains whose waters inspire, but never degrade or intoxicate. For robes of earthly beauty, Faith speaks of garments of glory that wax not old, and of a robe of righteousness in which all-perfect heavenly dress, our souls may forever shine. And while we are necessarily engaged in earthly traffic and commercial pursuits, Faith invites us to carry on holy trade and barter with the land that is filled with heavenly spices and provisions for immortal wants. And thus, at every point, Faith provides the soul with that which will offset and counteract the influence and deadly fascination of a life in the flesh.

THE VICTORY THAT OVERCOMETH.

The victory that overcometh the world is only secured by this power of a living faith; by being so persuaded of the truth of God's Word, and so filled with its light, and so surrounded by higher and better realities, and so impregnated with love for spiritual things and spiritual communion, that earthly objects and attractions shall lose their hold upon us, and

cease to withdraw our feet from the heavenly highway to a truer and better life.

Does any one say that all these blessed results and consequences can never be realized in an earthly life? Then turn to the Bible and read of Abel, and Noah, and Abraham, and Sarah, and Jacob, and Moses, and David, and Samuel, and then ask, Were these men and women more favorably situated than are the favored dwellers of this nineteenth century? Did they have more light than we, or more spiritual advantages and privileges? Were they not of like passions with us, just as faulty and full of sin and the love of the world? And the answer to these questions will shame such a thought out of any candid mind.

Said Sir Humphrey Davy: "I envy not quality of mind or intellect in others, neither genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be the most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious faith to every other blessing. For it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all other hopes vanish; throws over the decay and destruction of existence the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; calls up the most delightful visions of plains and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, and the security of everlasting joys. And where the Christian believer sees and enjoys all this, the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair."

The fact is, faith as a power in life is even stronger

than sight, for by constant sight, as J. B. Walker has remarked, "The effect of objects seen, grows less, whereas by constant faith the effect of objects believed in, grows greater. Personal observation does not admit of the influence of the imagination in impressing a fact; while unseen objects, realized by faith, have the auxiliary aid of the imagination, not to exaggerate them, but to clothe them with living colors and impress them upon the heart. And so the fact is true, that the more frequently we see, the less we feel the power of an object, while the more frequently we dwell upon an object of faith, the more we feel its power."

FAITH, THE GIFT OF GOD.

To the inquiry, How shall I gain this wondrous power? We reply: Faith is the gift of God, and a fruit of the Holy Spirit within the soul. Jesus is set forth as its author and finisher, and through his intercession, the Spirit is given in answer to prayer. By diligent reading and study of the Scriptures, and hearing of the Word; by fervent, earnest prayer for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit; by devout meditation on heavenly truths; by discipline and trial, at length, the filmy mists of earth will break away, and the brighter glories of the upper realm begin to unfold. But think not to acquire this power of faith in all its fullness, suddenly; imagine not that God will pour it into your souls, as oil is poured into a lamp; but expect it only as the result of persevering prayer and protracted Christian experience. Faith, like every Christian grace, commences feebly, but groweth

brighter and brighter until it culminates in an open vision that shall be forever undimmed and uninterrupted above.


And in the pursuit of this primal Christian grace, Christ will be to us our best example. For he most emphatically was *in* the world, and not *of* it; he mingled with men, but was separate from sinners; he walked the earth, but his soul was ever in the skies with his Father. "And like some column whose base is enveloped in an atmosphere of pollution, but on whose summit there streams perpetual sunshine, so Christ walked the earth below, but his soul was ever above, and in the light of that other world he viewed the concerns of this, and conducted all his ministrations to men." So must all live who would be his disciples and followers. And when, like some way-worn traveler who is fainting beneath a burning sun, but gathers new vigor by thinking of his home and loved ones at the journey's end, we grow faint from fatigue and are embarrassed by a thousand cares, and are half heart-broken with grief, we must gather fresh inspiration and vigor by calling into exercise this faith-faculty of the soul, and through it viewing the King in his beauty, and the supernal glories of the land toward which we hasten.

"We need no change of sphere
To view the heavenly sights, or hear
The songs which angels sing. The hand
Which gently pressed the sightless orbs erewhile,
Giving them light, a world of beauty, and the friendly
smile,
Can cause our eyes to see the better land."

REGENERATION, OR THE NEW BIRTH.

“Poor, wandering soul! I know that thou art seeking
Some easier way, as all have sought before,
To silence the reproachful inward speaking—
Some landward path unto an island shore.

“For poverty and self-renunciation,
The Lord yields back a thousand fold;
In the calm stillness of regeneration
Comes joy we never knew of old.”

MONG the many notable chapters in John's gospel, is that one detailing the interview and conversation of Christ and Nicodemus. It forms, as it were, the impassable boundary-line between truth and error in regard to the “new man” in Christ Jesus, and the new life which Christianity introduces. One is inclined to feel that had not John written this gospel to supplement the three that already existed, and had not this conversation with Nicodemus been recorded, the system of Christianity, as a whole, would have been left incomplete.

Let us glance for a moment at the striking features of this interview. It occurred in the night, and probably late in the night, when no other visitors would be present, and when there would be no fear of detection. It was an earnest, confidential inter-

view; not one of mere courtesy. Very few, if any, hollow, conventional words and set phrases were uttered on either side. It was a fair, undisguised contact of two spirits, one human, the other divine-human; one eager to learn, the other anxious to teach; the subject matter before them being the most vital and profound that could possibly engage either divine or human thought.

In a limited and modified sense, the two *persons* then confronting each other were representatives of two dispensations; of two great epochs of time; two marked stages of development in God's redemptive plan. On the one side was Nicodemus, a favorable specimen of the better, more intelligent, more inquiring class of the Jews. He was a ruler; had authority; possessed wealth and titles; was looked up to as a guiding mind. He was a teacher of the law; disposed to examine matters and inquire into principles, although blinded, as were all the Jews; he was evidently dissatisfied with the existing religious condition of his nation; was looking forward to a change for the better; had evidently kept his eye for some time upon the Prophet of Nazareth; had marked his life; had weighed his words; had closely studied his miracles. He was in a state of doubt and anxiety. "I will go to him," he thought, "and learn from his own lips." And so, when darkness had shrouded the city, and the streets had become still and deserted, he sought Christ's temporary dwelling-place. Over against him sat the Lord Jesus Christ, who alike baffles and needs no description.

Nicodemus had made his confession, and stated the condition of his thoughts. "And now, master,"

he doubtless said, "tell me what is the fundamental principle of the system you propose to introduce." Jesus answered and said unto him, "Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born from above (as the words may read) he cannot see the kingdom of God." Nicodemus stumbled at the words, as thousands have since; asked an explanation, which was given; and, more perplexed than when he came, departed to his home. But the all-important declaration had been made, "Ye must be born again," and it never could be lost, nor never changed. There it has stood upon the page of Scripture, and ever will stand, as the fundamental principle of Christianity, the standard of a true faith, the touchstone of saving truth.

Out from this declaration of Christ, and this conversation with Nicodemus, there can come but one subject or doctrine, and that is, *the new birth*. This is the one specific idea which Nicodemus failed to grasp, and which thousands since his day, have also failed to grasp. What is it, therefore, to be born again, or born from above? What particular part of man is included in this expression? Where is the seat and source of the change?

The expression itself is figurative; still, it is a wonderfully apt and forcible figure. None other than unerring wisdom could have made so just and so happy a selection of terminology. Of course there is no literal, outward, physical birth. The mistake of Nicodemus was that he apprehended these words literally, and asked Christ, with profound amazement, how a man could be born when he was old. It is not strange, however, that Nicodemus made this

blunder ; the Jews as a nation, with rare exceptions, constantly perverted Christ's teachings, until the spirit of truth was sent to them to open the eyes of their understandings. But *we* must not imitate Nicodemus in this respect. The "outward man" as such, including size, shape, features, proportions, general outline, and contour, are just the same before as after this new birth. The strength of physical passions and appetites is the same ; bodily wants the same. Nothing is changed in man physically ; no organs given, none taken away. The only effect of the new birth upon the body is to turn its activities into a nobler channel, and subdue and restrain its ungovernable lusts ; in a sense, sanctifying its life by connecting it with higher purposes and spiritual aims.

And what is true of the organs and functions of the body is equally true of the intellect of man. Nothing is given here in structure, or taken away, by the new birth. The faculties of the intellect are just the same before, as after the change ; no more, no less. The direction and moral character of intellectual activity is affected greatly by the birth, yea, affected vitally and radically, but not the powers that produce the activity. Reason, memory, imagination, perception, all remain intact. Argument as strong, wit as keen, penetration as profound, insight as sharp, logic as good, are produced by minds unregenerate, as regenerate. Some of the greatest master-pieces of human thought and composition have been produced by such minds ; although it is only fair to add, that no account is taken in this statement of that unconscious, indirect influence of Christianity on such minds, which reached them through the civilization

by which they were nurtured, and from which in great measure they derived their culture and power.

There remains yet undescribed the deepest and the controlling part of man's nature; that part which governs his action, determines the moral character of his thoughts, directs his will; in a word, the ruling power in man. *This is the love of his heart.* Every man pursues that end and object of life which not only commends itself to his mind, but which he really and in his heart *loves*; and whenever there is antagonism between the decisions of reason and the love of the soul, as all know by experience, the love in the end triumphs and carries the man captive. Indeed, this love so subjugates the intellect, that very speedily a man comes to *believe* just that which he loves; while the will of man is only the executive power that carries out the heart's desires. A man can no more go contrary to this ruling love of his moral nature, than a rivulet could reverse its progress and flow up a mountain-side, instead of down. The heart is the throne, and Love the king that sits upon it.

But right here we touch not only the center of human personality, but also the center and seat and source of evil in man. This ruling love in the soul, being a sinful love, not only controls but contaminates the man throughout. Partly by a transmitted, hereditary bias toward sin, and partly by his own voluntary choice, every man by nature loves things earthly, more than things heavenly; loves sensuous and material good, more than higher, spiritual good; loves his own way better than God's way; loves his own projects and plans, his own ideas and notions

better than God's revealed plans of life, better than God's revealed truth; loves himself, the creature, more than God, the Creator; loves this world, as an end of being, better than that which is to come.

BORN AGAIN.

Now, being "born again," or born from above, is to have this ruling, sinful love of the heart turned away from self and the world, to God and truth. Here is the precise, definite spot that religion touches and occupies in man; here is its fountain-head; here is its throne. When a man experiences religion, this love of his heart is turned about, as to the direction of its activities, from sin which is opposition to God, to fellowship and sympathy with, and belief upon Christ, as God manifest in the flesh, and as in himself constituting "the way, the truth, and the life." The new birth then, is *a new love in the soul*; a love of spiritual good and of divine truth; a love of God as supreme, and of man as created in God's image; a love of Christ as God and man united, and so the great reconciler and mediator; a love of the Bible, as the word of God; a love of Christianity, as the product of Christ's teachings and sufferings in man's behalf.

By this change of heart, or, more accurately, this change of love *in* the heart, man's life, which was perverted by sin and turned against his own highest welfare, is restored to its true normal state, and flows on according to divine directions in the channel which leads to ultimate and perfected glory at God's right hand. Christ becomes to such an one the

second Adam; the second progenitor of the race; the Author and Giver of a new, true, higher and spiritual life; and as by the lapse of the first Adam, he became a slave to sin, and the love of his heart was toward, and for sin, by the life and death and resurrection of the second Adam, as applied to his soul by the Spirit through faith, he becomes liberated from this bondage to sin, and is made free to serve righteousness; in other words, he is born of the Spirit, or born from above. Before this change in the direction of his love, he could indeed do as he pleased, but could only please to do wrong; for the sinful current of his heart held him fast. And he could no more of himself change that current than a man could lift himself from the ground with his own hands.

But why is this change or conversion of one's moral affections called a *new birth*? Birth includes life, and being, and organism; and the phraseology would indicate that one was, by this birth, created anew throughout. It *seems* indeed a little thing to change simply the direction of the love of a human heart, and then say the man is born again; but the change in the direction of this love *insures* a gradual change in the man throughout; because this love is the ruling power.

You drop a watch and twist the mainspring by the fall, so that, instead of keeping true time, it runs on by a standard of measurement wholly its own, and very far one side of the acknowledged standard. You take the watch to a jeweler, and he turns the mainspring back into its former place, and so establishes the true, normal movement of the works throughout.

What has he done? He has set the watch right, by setting the ruling, governing part of it right. In properly adjusting that, he affected it throughout. Somewhat like this is the change in the direction and nature of the love of man's heart by the power of God's spirit at conversion.

Take another illustration. When an insurrectionist with his followers rises up in rebellion against a government, and he, as the leader of the party, is captured, or gives in his submission to the regular constituted authority, does not that one act in itself lead inevitably to the dispersion or surrender of all his adherents and retainers? Even so it is in the nature of man; when Love, as king and leader of all personal forces, submits to the authority of Christ, all the bodily and mental faculties follow in time the leading of the heart. And hence it is written, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart."

Christ himself explained this process by the parable of the mustard-seed, to which he likened the kingdom of heaven. This seed, he said, was indeed the least of all seeds, but, *when it is grown*, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree. So this change of one's moral affections from sin to holiness, is, indeed, so far as outward appearance goes, the least of all changes, but *when it is completed* it is the greatest of all transformations, and becometh a new existence.

For the birth of this Christ-ward affection in the soul produces of necessity a new purpose and aim in life; new motives and desires; new views and thoughts; new choices and deeds. And when all these are changed, is not the man "born again"?

Is he not, indeed, as a new creature—with all his evil ways and wrong desires put behind him—to be kept there, by the grace of the Spirit, which thus maketh him “*born anew*”?

A NEW CREATURE.

Is he not a “new creature” in Christ, “old things having passed away, and all things becoming new”? As birth produces life, and life produces thought, feeling, willing, choosing, acting, so all these lead to development and expansion, which culminate in the perfectly redeemed state enjoyed by those who shall sit down at last with Christ on his heavenly throne.

Such, imperfectly delineated, is this fundamental doctrine of regeneration as set forth in the Bible under the figure of a new birth. Such is the precise and definite change which it contemplates in man’s nature, and such are the consequences to which it leads. It is no wonder that Nicodemus failed to understand the import of Christ’s words. He was a Jew, and a teacher of the law; he had been trained in outward religious ceremonies exclusively; he knew but little, if anything, of inward religious life and power. And as he sat there confronting Christ, the omniscient eye of the Master looked beneath the questioner’s garb and outward seeming, and read easily and accurately the state of his heart. He knew well that before Nicodemus could break away from his strong Jewish prejudices, the force of his early education and religious training, the influence of his position in the nation, and the example of associates; before he could conquer the proclivities and biases of

his mental and moral nature ; before he could become a follower of the persecuted Prophet whose instructions he was then secretly seeking, a power must come upon him like the power of the spirit of truth, and must change this ruling love of his soul. And hence, in answer to the ruler's questioning look and words, Christ said, " Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again."

But yet, Nicodemus was as favorably circumstanced, outwardly, for becoming a Christian, as any one can be, consequently, what was indispensable to him, is equally so to all. These words of Christ to Nicodemus should come home to every soul with the power and pungency of a direct personal application; because they *have* such an application. Said the herald of Christ to the Jews, " And now the axe is laid at the root of the tree." Old Testament symbol-worship, and temple-worship, and all merely outward formalism was to close with the advent of Him who came " to thoroughly purge his floor, that he might gather the wheat into his garner, and burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." " The time cometh and now is," said Christ to the woman of Samaria, " when the true worshipers must worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

All outward forms in religion are only valuable in God's sight as they give utterance to an inward life. God being infinitely holy, and possessing infinite penetration and insight into character and motives, it is repugnant to all right conceptions of him to suppose for a moment that he could be imposed upon by a hollow semblance, a mere form of righteousness, when the ruling love of one's being was still un-

changed. And yet, owing to the predominance of man's sensuous nature, the inevitable tendency of religious life in all ages is toward a soulless formalism. A certain amount of outward religious observance is apt to become the mere habit of respectable life, and habits of all kinds grow more and more thoughtless the longer they are continued.

Says Gotthold: "A wild stock has all its branches pruned away, and is hewn down to a span's length. It is then split, has foreign shoots inserted into it, and is afterward bound up. Then it not only adopts the strange shoots, and nourishes them with its sap and vigor, but even permits them to gain the mastery so far as to make it forget its wildness, and bear beautiful and delicious fruit. In like manner, if you take a branch of the wild olive and engraft it upon a good olive, it becomes like a new creation. That which was useless or worse, imbibes the virtuous qualities of the good olive, and produces its fruit. So in regeneration. The sinner can never bring forth the fruits of grace till he is engrafted into Christ, and becomes a tree of the Lord's planting."



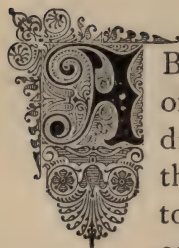
BELIEVING ON CHRIST.

“Oh, Christ! thou art the Way!

All ways are thorny mazes without Thee,
When hearts are pierced and thoughts all aimless stray,
In thee the heart stands firm, the life moves free:
Thou art the Way!

“Thou art the Light!

Earth beyond earth no faintest ray can give;
Heaven's shadeless noontide blinds our mortal sight;
In thee we look on God, and love and live:
Thou art our Light!”



BELIEF in Christ as the manifestation of God in the flesh, is the one and only distinctive Christian belief. A belief in the general existence of God may be said to be a universal religious sentiment. Not only do all tribes and nations of men recognize the Divine Existence, but this belief is also common among the devils in hell, who are explicitly declared to believe and tremble. This belief is an ineradicable instinct of man's religious nature; one of those truths that find their way into the mind and heart of man through every avenue of information incorporated in the structure and functions of his moral being. More than this, the whole universe proclaims this truth; the heavens above, the earth

beneath, each flower and leaf upon the earth, each bird and insect that lives and moves, proclaim it. The sea roars it, the winds whisper it, the storm thunders it. Man's own moral nature responds to this truth ; reason demands and accepts it, conscience announces and enforces it. Given a rational immortal soul, made in God's image, and a world around filled with clear evidences of Divine power and skill, and a belief in God's existence is inevitable. And this accounts for that ancient testimony of Plutarch's, given about the commencement of the Christian era, viz : "Go over the earth and you can find cities without walls, without temples of art, without culture, but a city without gods and sacrifices, no man ever saw."

It would indeed be strange, God having created the world and left the imprints of his workmanship upon it, and having created man in his own likeness and image, with rational and moral powers, if man, God's creature, living in a world of God's creation, should not be able to detect the evidences of his Creator's existence, and read the handwriting of his power, and wisdom, and glory.

GENERAL BELIEF.

There is nothing, therefore, really or distinctively Christian in a mere intellectual recognition of the existence of God, or in believing on God in a general, indefinite way. There is nothing praiseworthy or meritorious about it, for after a man believes on God in this way, he has done nothing more than is done by the most ignorant and degraded tribes of earth, nothing more than is done by the devils in hell.

In believing on God in this general way, he has simply allowed his reason and conscience to work naturally and normally, and he believes because his corrupt heart and desires have not been able to crush the belief out.

Neither is there anything specially praiseworthy in a general belief in the historical existence of Jesus Christ, as recorded in the four gospels. These four gospels come down to us bearing more evidences of truthfulness, both externally and internally, than any other writings of equal antiquity. No man whose mind is open to evidence of any kind can help believing that there lived in Palestine, over 1800 years ago, a most wonderful and extraordinary being whose name was Jesus. And to believe this is no more praiseworthy or meritorious than to believe in the historical existence of Cæsar, Socrates, or Hannibal. And yet a great many suppose that if they accept intellectually the mere facts of Christ's life and death, they are really and savingly believing on him in the gospel sense. Whereas, the truth is that every man who believes in history at all, is obliged to believe in the existence of Christ, whether he wishes to or not. There is no escaping it, except by a universal historical skepticism. He who accepts the histories of Greece and Rome as valid and authentic, must also accept the four histories of the life of Jesus, as recorded by the evangelists, unless he be a man destitute of all candor and impartiality of thought. And only the most incorrigible now have the hardihood to question this point. And even they who have the effrontery to doubt the sacred teachings upon this subject, can give no valid and logical reason why

they doubt. They are in the position of a man who pulls down your house over your head because it does not agree with his architectural ideas, and yet gives you no shelter in its place.

CHRISTIAN BELIEF.

All through the New Testament it is constantly reiterated that a real, whole-hearted acceptance of Christ, as God manifest in the flesh, constitutes, as we have already said, the only Christian belief; and that without such a belief, which includes not only intellectual recognition and acceptance of, but personal, unreserved surrender to Christ, no man is or can be a Christian. A general and even devout reverence for God will not save any. The demand is specifically that we believe in, accept of, and surrender to Christ, as the Son of God, and as God manifest in the flesh, reconciling the world unto himself. Listen to such declarations as these: "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." Here it is plainly taught that however much a man might try to reverence, and love, and worship God as the invisible Father, all such attempts would only incense the Father and make him more angry, if there were not united with these attempts an equal recognition of the Son with the Father; yea more, unless the belief in the Son was prominent and pre-eminent, more near and vital than the belief in the invisible God could be, if separated from Christ. And again we

read, "That all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father which hath sent him."

God, as to the nature of his being, is unknown and unknowable to man, except through Christ. The heavens over our heads indeed declare God's glory, but they declare nothing more, nothing further. The universe is packed full of the evidences of his existence, but they tell us nothing of what *kind* of a being he is, or what are his moral attributes. Even the Old Testament dispensation was imperfect in this respect. Christ told the Jews at one time, as they were boasting of their intercourse with God, that they had neither heard his voice nor seen his shape at any time. We are also assured, and the statement justifies itself fully to our reason, that no man can see God and live.

GOD REVEALED THROUGH CHRIST.

The work of specially revealing God to men was emphatically and pre-eminently the work of Christ. There is hardly a moral attribute of God, now familiar to men, which is not thrown back upon him from the manifestation of it in Christ. We have taken the attributes of Christ which he personally manifested, have taken the revelations of God which Christ communicated unto men by his teachings, and transferred them to the Father; so that all, or nearly all, of our present knowledge of God has come to us through this source. Christ said to men, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." The heathen philosophers and sages of antiquity could demonstrate

the *existence* of God, but they could tell nothing *what kind* of a being he was. That altar which Paul found at Athens tells the whole story; it bore the inscription, "To the Unknown God." The wise men of Athens knew and felt that there must be, and that there was such a being, but they could find out nothing more. Likewise, the knowledge which the Jews possessed of God was very imperfect and very incomplete. And it has been only since the time of Christ that men could speak confidently and understandingly of the moral nature and attributes of God.

But Christ as the God-man is a being whom we can at least partially comprehend. He wears the semblance and exhibits in all points the very nature of man. We can attach some definite form and shape to him. We know what he did, and what he said. We have his teachings and his commandments. We know the manner of his life. He is a living, real, breathing personage to us. He is not human alone, not Divine alone, but Divine-human. We can reverence him and worship him, and we can approach him. He knows our frames, our joys and sorrows, our griefs and temptations. He is God, and therefore strong enough to deliver; he is man, and therefore approachable.

Now, it is just because God by the very infinitude of his being is so necessarily *removed* from man, and because Christ by his Divine-human personality can come so *near* to man, that makes just the difference between a belief in one and the other. The one belief is necessarily abstract, the other, concrete; one is liable to be merely general and indefinite, the other must, if it is anything, be close, personal, and vital.

Christ is too real, too near to us, to be believed on in a general, indefinite way. Every man is, and must be, either for, or against him.

TRUE CONVERSION.

Hence, in every true and real conversion, the soul is brought by faith into new, and distinct, and conscious relations with Christ, as its Redeemer and Saviour. Before this gracious change, Christ is practically nothing to the soul ; afterward, he is all in all. Before, he stands simply as a historical personage whose life is found in the gospels, and who is said to have something to do with the matter of salvation, but just what, the soul neither knows definitely, nor cares. Afterward, Christ is both Lord and King, the Author of life and salvation, the end of the law, a personal Leader and Captain, a perfect Pattern and Model. By this gracious change, the soul feels a new and distinct life within, which it is sure it derives directly from Christ, through the Holy Spirit. And the movings and workings of this new life produce what is called Christian experience.

The importance of thoroughly recognizing and preserving this distinction in our thoughts cannot be over-estimated. Not that there is any essential difference of nature between God and Christ, because in the deepest and truest sense, God is Christ and Christ is God. But in the economy of redemption, in the working of the plan of salvation, God has been pleased to reveal himself to man under a three-fold form, or as three persons, constituting the indissoluble and holy Trinity. And the *center* of this holy

and sacred three, be it ever remembered by us, is Christ the Son.

Conversion does not change a man's essential relations with God the Father. He is as much a creature of God's power, and as dependent upon him before, as after belief; he is as much a subject, and under the sway and dominion of God's government before, as after. The only change produced by conversion is in reference to the *attitude* which the soul occupies toward God, and God toward the soul. Before conversion, God is angry with us, and afterward he is reconciled; and this is all the difference there is between men in their relations to God at different times. But more than this takes place at conversion with reference to Christ. Before believing, the soul knows little and cares less about Christ in any way. He is to such an one as a root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness, and possessing no beauty that it should desire him. Before believing, the soul feels under no obligations to Christ; it does not recognize him except in the slightest and most inconsequential manner. Before believing, conscience within does not naturally convict of sin as committed against Christ, but rather as against God, the lawgiver and ruler. Christ to an unbeliever is practically a superfluity in the universe; there is no special need of him, no special work for him to do. He figures conspicuously in the Bible, it is true, but nowhere else; and to such a soul the Bible is a dead letter; therefore Christ is the same as a nonentity—simply a being on paper.

But how great the change produced in that soul who lovingly believes! Belief brings Christ at once

into the foreground ; he is the main actor, the chief personage. As God's anger is removed, and his frown disappears, and the law is satisfied, he seems to retire, and Christ comes to the throne. The Father crowns him, angels worship him, the soul receives, leans upon, adores, and loves him. Christ now becomes the soul's Lord, Redeemer, Saviour, King, and Leader. The soul enlists under his banner, and he becomes commander-in-chief. His will is law, his word final, his example the model for imitation. Or, changing the figure, the soul by faith is grafted into Christ, and henceforth feels Christ's life and love pouring into itself, and constituting at once its strength, and hope, and joy. It only lives spiritually by connection with him, as the branch only lives when joined to the vine. Christ becomes the literal source of spiritual life to such a soul. As from Adam it drew natural life with depravity, so from Christ, the second Adam, and the new head of the race, it draws spiritual life with power to obey and love, and so to acquire, gradually, a real holiness of character. All this is included in coming into new and conscious relations with Christ, through a whole-hearted belief upon, and surrender to him.

CHRISTIAN CONSCIOUSNESS.

We can now see that this distinct and new Christian consciousness, born of faith, constitutes the best and highest evidence of discipleship. This term, Christian consciousness, may be formidable to some, but it means simply *the mind knowing in itself*. We become conscious of an external object when we see

it before us ; we become conscious of an internal state *when we feel its power*. And by Christian consciousness we mean the mind's knowing within itself that it bears these new relations to Christ. The question is not, do we believe in the existence of God ; we can't help believing it. The question is not, do we believe that Jesus of Nazareth lived in Palestine eighteen hundred years ago ; we can't help believing that, if we believe any history. But do we accept him as God manifest in the flesh, and have we unreservedly surrendered to him as *our personal Lord and Redeemer*, and are we daily following his example and obeying his words as the law and guide of our life ? These questions will settle the matter of our belief at once. No one need be in doubt for a single moment. If Christ is to us all that has been stated, then we are Christ's indeed ; if he is not, then he is saying to us, as he said to his disciples of old, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me."

Not many years ago there arose a school of critics in Germany known by the name of Rationalists. Professing to discard all belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures, and having constructed and laid down their own canons and rules of critical testing, they proceeded deliberately to demolish the Bible, as they thought, by picking flaws in its statements and exhibiting what they were pleased to term its contradictions and inconsistencies. Being possessed of some mental caliber, and occupying prominent positions in the world of letters, they had, and are still having, considerable influence over the minds of the timid and hesitating.

But after a while a good and great man arose by

the name of Schliermacher, who said to these critics, "You can't destroy Christ in this way, for the real heart and root of the matter is beyond your reach altogether. While you are quibbling about the Bible records, *the active Christian consciousness* of every believing soul goes on steadily increasing and developing, and is an evidence by itself which overcomes the weight of your objections faster than you can produce them. This Christian consciousness which Christians have, must be an evidence of Christian life, and Christian life must come from personal faith-union with Christ himself, and you can't account for its existence in any other way. And so, if you should sweep away the Scriptures entirely, which of course you cannot do, there remains within this Christian consciousness undisturbed and untouched, and which bears its own independent and powerful testimony to the truth of all which you deny." Ten-nyson put the same thought in the following form :

"If e'er, when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, 'Believe no more,'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;
A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answered, '*I have felt.*'"

Men saw the force of this reasoning, were reassured and strengthened, and Rationalism ever since has been comparatively harmless, except to those who inwardly and strongly desire to embrace it.

How broad and well founded, therefore, the

proposition announced at the outset of this chapter, viz: A belief in Christ, as God manifest in the flesh for the sake of the soul's personal redemption, is the real, and we may add, the only distinctive Christian belief; and that unless the soul exercises this gospel faith in Christ, which includes acceptance of, and surrender to him, as its leader and Lord, it is not, and cannot be converted in the true sense of that word.

But, on the contrary, if one has thus believed, to him applies the soothing and assuring words: "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." Though the heavens were removed, and the earth should fail, and all other supports give way, on Christ the everlasting Rock, the soul can find a sure and safe foundation. To such an one

"Christ and his love will be his blessed all
Forevermore!
Christ and his light will shine on all his ways
Forevermore!
Christ and his peace will keep his troubled soul
Forevermore!"



CHRISTIAN LOVE.

“ I love thee, oh my God, but not
For what I hope thereby,
Nor yet because who love thee not
Must die eternally.
Not with the hope of earning aught,
Nor seeking a reward;
But fully, freely, as thyself
Hast loved me, O Lord.”



AT the outset of this chapter, we must distinguish sharply between love as exhibited in the Bible, and all other forms of its manifestation. Commencing at the bottom of the scale, the lowest form of love is simply animal passion, commonly called sensuality. Closely akin to this in nature, is the love of food, and drink, and dress. One step higher, comes the love of that which contributes to mental pleasure and profit, such as love of books, scenery, intellectual association, etc. Still higher comes the love of parents for children, the love of home and family, and natural brotherly love. Still higher yet, because purer and less selfish, is the love of country, or patriotism. And highest of all, is the love of God, or Christian love.

All the lower forms of love mentioned are merely transient passions or feelings, now strong, then ab-

sent altogether. The next grade is very largely the result of mental habits and acquisitions ; something that can and ought to be cultivated by all. The next higher, parental love, is an unselfish instinct, not the result of cultivation wholly, but partly native, and common to animals as well as human beings. Pure patriotism, or love of liberty, and law, and right, as such, not simply for self, but for all, high and low, rich and poor, is probably the highest and purest natural affection of which fallen human nature is capable ; because it is farthest removed from mere animal desire, and takes hold of the deepest and noblest qualities of the soul.

ITS ORIGIN.

But Christian love is *supernatural in its origin*. It is begotten in the soul by the Holy Spirit, and is one of his fruits. No man can know or feel Christian love unless his soul is open to receive heavenly communications, unless he is in immediate contact of spirit with God. For John says specifically and pointedly, " Love is of God, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

It follows, therefore, that if Christian love comes from God, it must be godlike in character and characteristics. There will always be certain marks by which it can be known. What are some of these? First, Christian love, like God, will be no respecter of persons, as such ; will not be affected by any earthly and factitious distinctions, such as eminence of birth, the possession of wealth, power, beauty, fame, etc. ; but on the contrary, will regard highly

those excellencies of character which are of great value in themselves and in the sight of God, such as faith, humility, benevolence, Christian zeal—in a word, spirituality. Love of persons, as such, is simply a natural love, and not at all Christian or divine in its nature. Love of persons may be proper and may be sinful—that depends entirely upon circumstances; but this and Christian love are never to be confounded, for they are just as distinct and separate in character as is the natural man and the spiritual man. One is earthly, the other heavenly. One takes note of the outside and external, the other of the internal and spiritual.

This natural love and a spiritual love, however, may coalesce, may exist together in the same mind and heart, and at the same time and place, but still their existing together does not make them one and the same. It is common for all to love persons, as such; to love them for what they can do for us, or for what they *have* done for us; love them for their beauty and excellence, for their natural traits of character or disposition. There may be and often is a sort of flavor or relish about a person's conduct, and appearance, and words, that suits our taste exactly, and we love such persons in spite of ourselves. And on the other hand, there are those whose presence is distasteful and repugnant to our feelings. But there is nothing Christian about all this, unless deeper than form, or feature, or words, or looks, we discern the lineaments of a soul for which Christ died, and which is to live forever in happiness or misery.

True Christian love exists in its purest form, perhaps, when in exercise toward those who may be per-

sonally repulsive to us. Just as Christ when on earth mingled more freely with the despised outcasts, than with the chief priests and scribes, and walked and talked more with those whose characters stood at the farthest remove from his own, than with the outwardly high and moral, just so Christian love seeks especially to do good to those who are personally degraded, or unlovely and uncongenial. True Christian love will be just as strongly moved to labor with those whose personal presence is anything but pleasant or agreeable, as with the cultured and favored ones. It will visit homes where to remain over night would be the greatest cross imaginable. It will not shun hovel or mansion, palace or cottage. In short, it will lead one to do just as Christ the Master did; not to be affected or governed by person or position, but always having high regard for character, moral worth, and earnest need and want. Its objective point will always be the soul's spiritual condition rather than the bodily advantage, or earthly, physical life of humanity.

This personal element in Christian love has been the cause of very much mischief, both in Christian life and church life. The church is viewed by a large portion of its supporters as simply a social institution; a place where one can go on the Sabbath and have their religious sensibilities moved upon a trifle, where they can nod and bow to those whom they wish to recognize, and pass the rest by, and where they can form themselves into little clans or cliques for mutual admiration and attention. The idea of working for the good of souls as Christ worked, hardly enters their thoughts; and if it does it comes as an un-

welcome guest, and is not entertained. It may, or may not do harm for Christians to love each other as persons, provided this personal affection or dislike does not break up the exercise of the divine, spiritual love which lies underneath. But when personal considerations alone govern Christian or church life, the results are disastrous and lamentable in the extreme. One reason why many churches are not more homogeneous and united as solid, compact, working bodies, is because there is so little Christian love in them, and so much strong personal regard and dislike. As spirituality declines, so Christian love declines, for no one can dwell in love without first dwelling in God, and God in him; hence the way to regain a love for souls, as such, without regard to person, is first to love Christ and his cause and truth more deeply and warmly, and this union with Christ will inevitably bring about a union with one another.

LIKE A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Again, Christian love is *pure*, or in other words, first pure, then peaceable, and full of all good fruits. It is pure as opposed to selfish. It has often been asserted that Christian or divine love was more analogous to a mother's love than to any other known symbol; but when we come to examine the comparison closely, it utterly fails. Parental love is nothing more than an instinct primarily, although it often develops into something higher; and an instinct, moreover, that is common to animals as well as human beings. The bear will fight for her cubs and protect them and care for them to an extent that

often surpasses any human affection. She will even die for their sakes more readily than many human parents. We all know of persons in whom this instinct is sadly deficient, and who do not seemingly care for their offspring half as tenderly as do the lower orders of life beneath them. Therefore, we say there is nothing inherently divine or supernatural in parental love. It can be called an unselfish instinct only because all instincts dominate over reason, and act spontaneously. Every mother's love, when disconnected from the higher influences with which it often unites, has in it a very large amount of personal pride and selfishness, and is therefore not a type of true Christian love; for, besides being wholly personal in character, it is always born of the flesh and not of the spirit.

This, however, is not saying that a mother's love *cannot be made* a type of Christian love, for it often rises into that, and then it displays a strong, almost heavenly character, which has made it the theme of song in all ages. But parental love, divested of its personal element, ceases to be merely parental love, but passes over into Christian love, and takes on a higher and supernatural character. It is now parental love exalted, or rather sublimated into spiritual and Christian love; and in this form it might be a true symbol of the fruit of the Holy Spirit in the soul, but not in its natural state. The nearest approach to true Christian love in the natural realm of life would be seen in pure patriotism, or love of country, and love of right and justice and truth, wholly irrespective of personal or selfish considerations. This patriotism, like Christian love, is love of man, as

such, without regard to distinctions of birth, or color, or external condition, it is love of right and liberty, regulated by law; it is love of truth and justice; it is a love of human welfare and human prosperity; of all that contributes to the genuine advancement of the individual in the scale of being. But here the comparison ends; for patriotism does not aim to affect the souls and spiritual welfare of men only through their civil and social relations; but Christian love, while taking in all this, is principally concerned with the welfare of the soul when this brief life is over. It considers the spiritual side of man's being as first and foremost in importance, and aims as did Christ while on earth, to bring that out, and lead it forward in holiness and purity.

UNSELFISH IN CHARACTER.

True Christian love does not work for reward, or think about reflex influences and personal returns. For the moment these ideas predominate, it ceases to be Christian love. As Christ said, "If you love those that love you, what thank have ye? Do not even the Publicans the same? If ye do good to friends only, what do ye more than others?" True Christian love leads one to imitate God, who sendeth his rain upon the just and the unjust, expecting no return; in the words of Paul, "It suffereth long and is kind; it envieth not; it vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up; it seeketh not its own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; hopeth all things and endureth all things," that God may be honored, and souls benefited and saved.

But as Christian love is supernatural in its origin, and derives both its name and characteristics from Christ, so the best delineation of it which can be given is an enumeration of the characteristics of the love which Christ exhibited. This love of Christ was, first of all, a *tender, patient love*. Its tenderness and patience were displayed perhaps most conspicuously in his continuous treatment of the chosen twelve. Christ had many difficulties to contend with, but none greater than with his own disciples. How he bore with their faults and errors, their weaknesses and shortcomings! How kindly and tenderly he nursed their weak faith! How gently he corrected their mistakes, being always careful not to break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax of genuine piety, never refusing to instruct them over and over again.

Look for example at the disciples in a boat crossing the sea of Galilee in a storm. Notwithstanding they had seen so many displays of Christ's power before, had seen him cure the sick, raise the dead, feed the multitude miraculously, yet now when the wind blew a little too strongly, and the waves rolled uncomfortably, and they were getting wet, and there was more water in the bottom of the boat than there ought to be, and affairs looked threatening generally, they go to him in mingled alarm and terror, almost rebuke him with words of remonstrance, and ask him to save them. Notice his reply. He readily complied with their wishes, rebuked the sea and the winds, instead of the disciples who deserved it, and then turned around to them and simply said with plaintive accent, "Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith?"—and dropped the subject.

Take the case of doubting Thomas, who refused to believe in the reality of Christ's resurrection until he could demonstrate the fact by the touch of his hands. The proofs of his resurrection were ample, and they all appeared to be convinced, but Thomas remained incredulous. Mere human love would have felt hurt at such an exhibition of unbelief, and would doubtless have said, "Well, if he wishes to be so obstinate, let him become convinced the best he may," and then left him. But Christ did not so. He saw that here was a soul in real difficulty; for the incredulity of Thomas was not a matter of obstinacy—if it had been, Christ might have left him—but rather of temperament and disposition. Thomas was slow in his mental processes, lacking the natural gift of faith; he was a man who came to his conclusions laboriously, and then held them firmly and tenaciously. And Christ knew that to leave Thomas as he was, with his turn of mind, was perhaps to throw him off forever; and so he appeared to Thomas, and accommodated himself to his mental and spiritual demands, in the presence of them all. It was an amazing act of tender, patient love on the part of Christ; and see what wonders it wrought in that disciple's views and feelings. It brought out that noble confession of divinity, the strongest but one in the whole gospel history, "My Lord and my God," and also fastened the soul of that disciple to the ways of truth forever. Looked at in one light, the demand of Thomas was unreasonable, but Christ saw it was the great turning-point of his spiritual history, and so his tender, patient love let itself down to the required examination.

But the greatest exhibition of tenderness and patience in Christ's love was seen on the Cross. In those last hours of Christ's life you see his character intensified and concentrated. What appears as good in his ordinary life is brought out in far clearer light by the scenes of the Crucifixion. As Christ hung there nailed to the wood, he was suffering intensely, unjustly, and innocently; and if there is anything that will make the human spirit irritable, it is to suffer unjustly. Yet, looking down upon his cruel and stony-hearted executioners, instead of upbraiding them, he tenderly prays for them, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Then, looking round again he sees his mother and John standing there, and although his mother had frequently tried to hinder him in his work; had betrayed a spirit of non-appreciation, not to say hostility, with regard to his public course and life, yet mark how tenderly and patiently he loves her still! Instead of leaving her to her fate, he says to John, "Son, behold thy mother," and to her, "Woman," which was a title of respect, "behold thy son." And from that hour John took her unto his own home.

AN IMPARTIAL LOVE.

This love of Christ was also an *impartial* love. In his spiritual ministrations, Christ recognized no class distinctions. Although he knew they existed all around him, yet he expressly said that in religious life there was neither Jew nor Greek, male nor female, bond nor free. And accordingly we find Christ now in the house of the rich Pharisee, and again with

the poor and outcast by the wayside. If he paid attention to any one class more than another, it was the despised and oppressed. It was thrown at him as a taunt that he was a friend of Publicans and sinners, and kept their company. And it was true; not that their company was preferable to that of others, but he came to seek and save those who were lost, and in the fulfillment of that mission he passed by none.

On one occasion a certain wealthy Pharisee invited him to dine at his house, and Christ went in and sat down to meat. While there, a woman of the street came in, stole softly up to his couch, and began to break upon his feet an alabaster box of ointment, and to wipe them with her hair. Christ spurned her not, neither encouraged her, but continued his meal. Looking across the table, he perceived a fierce conflict going on in his host's mind. Says Simon to himself, "What kind of a man is this, who will allow such a woman to stand there and anoint him? If he was a prophet, as he claims, he would read her character, and send her away." Now here was a critical case, requiring wise and impartial treatment. Simon's prejudices were to be rebuked and answered, the penitent soul at his feet must be saved, and still no approval of her sin must be given. Not appearing to heed Simon's indignation and abhorrence, Christ opens the case, by saying: "Simon, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee." He replied, "Master, say on." "A certain creditor had two debtors; one owed him 500 pence, the other 50. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Which, think you, will love him most?" Oh, how

evenly and impartially the scales have been held here!—500 and 50; Simon and the woman both debtors, but with this difference in character. Then he went on: "Seest thou this woman? I entered thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet, no kiss, but this woman hath not ceased to kiss my feet, and to wash them with her tears. Therefore her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much."

STRONG AND ENDURING.

Moreover, this love of Christ was a *strong and enduring* love. It never faltered or failed. It carried him through one painful experience after another, it carried him on to the painful close of his life. Human love, even when existing in purity, is soon exhausted; vigorous when in prosperity, feeble in adversity. It is so easily turned aside from its object; so weak, unstable, fickle! But in Christ no fires of persecution could consume, no waters of sorrow drown his love. "Having loved his own, he loved them *unto the end*." Notwithstanding at his trial his disciples all forsook him and fled, yet he met them after his resurrection just as affectionately as ever. Their bad conduct seemed to make no impression upon his spirit, or feelings.

And in that terrific Gethsemane experience, when the love of his heart and the greatness of the curse he must bear were contending for the mastery, his love was strong enough to endure the strain, and come out victorious. Who but Christ could have looked such a horrible death full in the face, and still

have pressed on toward the cross? Such love is "high as heaven, broad as the earth, and deep as the sea."

But best of all, this love of Christ was pre-eminently *self-sacrificing love*. Perhaps this was its most distinguishing trait. *We* love for the sake of being loved again; and unless the return love is prompt and satisfactory, our love soon ceases, or is very liable to grow cold. It is thus pre-eminently a selfish affection; but Christ's love was self-sacrificing all the way through. It *originated* in self-sacrifice.

No one in this world can ever realize what a sacrifice it was for Christ to leave heaven and come to earth at all. What a difference in the two places! What a difference in society and surroundings, difference in enjoyment and employment, difference in treatment and usage. What a stoop from the Infinite to the Finite; from the companionship of God to the companionship of guilty, hardened, persecuting sinners! Take a person of rare, delicate, refined susceptibilities, brought up in affluence, screened from contact with evil, and transfer him from that home of plenty, and peace, and honor, and compel him to become a homeless, penniless wanderer among those who not only did not understand or appreciate his worth, but who constantly hunted for his life, and you have only a faint analogy of the sacrifice of Christ in coming from the court of Heaven into that manger at Bethlehem—a very faint analogy indeed. But yet his love was equal to the descent, equal to the transfer, equal to the humiliation. But what an amazing act of condescension, what a stoop unparalleled when the Prince of Glory left his throne and allied himself with his guilty subjects!

Again, look at the poverty-stricken experiences of his boyhood and manhood ; see what a contrast between being in heaven and working at a carpenter's bench on earth. And then, worst of all, to have no real companionship or sympathy while doing this work. As far as his earthly relations went, Christ lived a solitary, lonesome, home-sick life. No one understood him, no one entered fully into his spirit and plans. He walked the earth essentially and really alone. All the intercourse which strengthened or sustained him was carried on with his home above. Between him and every human being there was a natural and moral gulf, which could not be bridged. He was sinless, all others were sinful ; and this in itself separated him forever from all earthly companionship or equality. He could not be on a level with others, nor could others with him ; for while they were of the earth wholly, he came from above. And so not only his birth, but his whole life was *one continued act* of self-sacrificing love. And how strong that love must have been, to have kept him up through it all !

But the greatest is not yet told. If his birth and life were acts of self-sacrificing love, what shall be said of his trial and crucifixion ? It were humiliation enough if he had died easy and peaceful, surrounded by loving and loyal hearts ; but to be insulted, jeered at, mocked, falsely accused, tortured, spiked to the cross like a brute, treated as a vile malefactor, oh, this was cruel to the last degree. And yet that love of his never gave way ! It carried him through not only his outward sufferings, but through the darkest valley of all, viz.: The hiding of his Father's face.

This last was all the comfort he had enjoyed from the beginning ; on this he had leaned all the way through ; and now to have this last solace removed, it is no wonder that he bowed his head, and gave up his spirit in wild and utter dismay. Medical men say that Christ died literally of a broken heart ; that his grief was such as to force blood and water into the heart in such quantities as to cause a literal rupture, and so to produce death instantly.

Lastly, this love of Christ was a *burning, indignant* love. Burning in the sense of consuming and destroying ; indignant in the sense of avenging. This God who so loves us is not imbecile, or weak, or foolish, but rather a perfect being, and as such is capable of wrath and anger. The connection between love and hate is more intimate than many realize. One writer hath said that hate is only love turned over, as though love and hate formed the two sides of one and the same affection. And without doubt, this is substantially true. All those books which profess to give the workings of a human heart that has been abused and betrayed, have a basis of terrible fact lying underneath them. Nothing can exceed the fierceness of that avenging spirit which is roused up in strong, tender, loving natures, when suffering wrongfully. Take two hearts that have loved strongly and purely, and let that love be turned to hate by any wrong, wicked act, and how awfully bitter that hate becomes ! There is nothing on earth which can be more cruel !

Now it follows that if love and hate are so closely connected, psychologically, the stronger the love, the more terrible the anger. And so it comes about that

the most dreadful maledictions, the hardest and harshest words of denunciation, the most fearful curses that ever fell from human lips, came from this gentle, tender, patient, suffering, loving Christ. Read his words to those false-hearted moralists, the Pharisees; see him when he drove the buyers and sellers from the holy temple; hear him upbraid the cities which repented not at his coming; mark his words to Judas who betrayed him; and from all these examples learn that he who loves as no one ever loved before, can also have enkindled within him a fire of wrath that will burn to the lowest hell.

Now Christ asks of those who would be his followers, not a love that equals his, but that which resembles it; not love of the same strength, but of the same kind. A pearl of dew will not hold the sun, but it can hold a spark of its light. A child by the sea trying to catch the crystal spray cannot hold the ocean in its tiny shell, but he can hold a drop of the ocean water. So with true Christian love as compared with Christ's love. It must be a genuine drop from His infinite sea.



THE HOLY SPIRIT.

“Holy Ghost dispel our blindness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great Distributor of grace!”



HOW and what is the Holy Spirit, and what are his offices in the Church and in the world, are questions second in importance to none that can be viewed by a Christian mind. Christ said at one time that unless he should go away (that is go back to the right hand of God above) the Spirit would not descend upon his people, and consequently the work in them and through them which the Spirit has since performed, would never have been accomplished.

There will always be more or less of mystery connected with these utterances of our Lord. Why the Holy Spirit could not operate when Christ was personally on earth, and why he did not operate more powerfully during the three years of Christ's personal ministry, are matters that can never be fully understood by us, until we understand all the relations which exist between the three persons that compose

the Triune Deity. The simple scriptural facts are, that the Spirit did *not* operate as powerfully as afterward, until Christ went away and sent him down ; and that, after he was sent, the work accomplished by him exceeded all that had been done before.

How many disciples Christ himself made when on earth we have no means of definitely ascertaining. Great multitudes followed him, and were healed by him, and fed by him, and a great many believed on him in different parts of the country, but how many were spiritually regenerated, as they have been since the advent of the Spirit, we cannot say. Christ's life and ministry on earth were not a failure by any means, neither did they accomplish all that we would naturally think ought to have been accomplished, considering who the teacher and preacher was that labored.

Three things, without doubt, combined to make this difference. Christ had not yet died for our sins, according to the Scriptures. He had not yet risen again for our justification, and ascended up on high as our Intercessor and Advocate. The Holy Spirit had not yet taken his *full place* in the scheme of redemption. But at Pentecost, the sacrifice had been offered, and the resurrection and ascension were facts testified to by friends and enemies ; then, last of all, the keystone of the spiritual arch, that which completed and held together, and made effective all that had been done before, was dropped into its place, when " There came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing, mighty wind, filling the house where the disciples (120 in number) were gathered, and appearing as cloven tongues of fire, sitting upon each of

them, and causing them all to be filled with the Holy Ghost, and to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

And as far as the Scriptures represent, had not this last work been performed, the arch would not have been complete, neither could it have stood firm. The scheme of redemption would have been defective, and the gospel shorn of its sin-subduing and heart-conquering power. The Church would not have been born as a propagating agency, and the millions who have believed would never have enjoyed, as they have since, the blessings of spiritual power. Glorious day for man when the communication between heaven and earth was fully established; when an invisible cable-wire extended from every believing heart straight up to the eternal throne on which messages could be dispatched both ways, and by which God's light and love and power and blessing could be received and felt in human hearts and homes. A day hardly inferior to that in which the babe of Bethlehem was born, or that in which the heavens were shrouded in blackness, or that in which the great stone was rolled away from Christ's tomb.

A COMFORTER.

The word *Comforter* in the Bible is not an adequate representation of the original term. In fact, there is no one English word that does represent it fully. It is found only five times in the New Testament; four times in two chapters of John's gospel which were spoken by Christ at one time just before his arrest, and once in the first letter of John (ii: 2,) where it is

translated *Advocate*, and applied to Christ himself : " If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." *Paracletos* signifies primarily a helper, an assistant, a representative, as well as a comforter and an advocate, thus showing how many are the offices which the Holy Spirit performs in the work of salvation and sanctification, and how full of power and blessing he can be made to man's soul. It is significant also that Christ chose this word at a time when he wished to instruct his disciples fully concerning their future life and work, and also to take their minds off from himself and transfer them to this *other helper* which he was about to send them.

While reference is made to the Holy Spirit and his work some 300 times in the New Testament, yet he is called the Paraclete only five times. Why is this? We reply, it is to set forth the relation of the Holy Spirit to the triune Godhead, and also set forth the very important relation which he was henceforth to sustain to Christians and the world. Said Christ in the 14th chapter of John, " If ye love me, keep my commandments, and I will pray the Father and he shall give you another comforter (or helper) that he may abide with you forever." Notice here that Christ places the Holy Spirit on a level with himself, thus making him God. *Another* comforter, another helper, another representative like myself. And he shall be to you more than I have been. Therefore, " it is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away he cannot come." This person whom Christ was to send was to come from the Father, even as he had come, thus indicating equality of origin and

equality in nature and power. As he had been God on earth, so henceforth the Holy Spirit was to be God in the human heart ; only he himself had been visible, but the Spirit should be invisible. This other representative of God should in one sense take his place on earth, while he himself went back to the right hand of the throne to act as Mediator and Intercessor.


And thus the matter stands to-day and evermore. In the absolute and impenetrable depths of his own infinitude, dwelling in light that no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen or can see and live, is God the Father, the Self-existent, the Eternal, the Changeless One. At his right hand, standing between the throne and the earth is God the Son, our Saviour and Mediator. But both of these are in heaven, and away from us. We can pray unto them, but we cannot come near them. Have we, then, no God on earth ? Are we bereft of the divine presence and power entirely ? Ah, no ; Christ made provision for this need when he sent into the world after his departure this *other* representative of God, the Holy Spirit, that he might abide with us forever. " Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him ; " but Christians know him, because they have been born again by his power, and he dwelleth with them, and is in them.

But we must indicate a few of the Spirit's special offices. When he comes to a soul he finds it spiritually insensible, paralyzed, blind. The Scriptures use concerning it, the phraseology, " dead in trespasses and in sins," thus making it without spiritual life or motion ; physically, and intellectually, and emotionally

active, but destitute of spiritual life and power. The soul can hear about the gospel, but cannot spiritually understand it, and has no desire to accept it. Sometimes the soul knows what it ought to do, but, like a man paralyzed, it cannot do what it wants to. As Paul says, "To will is present with me, *i. e.* I have power to will, my will operates freely, but how to perform, I find not," *i. e.* I cannot carry it out ; I cannot do what I know I ought to do, and what I sometimes wish to do.

The Holy Spirit first accompanies some word of truth to the insensible mind. New views of self, of life, and of God, now begin to crowd the mind, and to produce deep agitation. Instead of being insensible, the soul begins to be awakened, begins to see, and feel, and desire. The Spirit continues to press all these new considerations upon it until its past sins loom up like overhanging mountains and threaten to crush it forever. It then begins to be in agony and cries out to God for mercy, and for the first time is led to pray.

Then, having shown the soul its own lost state and led it to realize its sinful thralldom, the Spirit next turns the soul's attention to the remedy, and begins to talk of the things of Christ, and show them to the soul. This at first only aggravates the distress, because it adds a new accusing thought, viz: The thought of rejecting so long the means of salvation which God has provided. Finally, the Holy Spirit begins to give the soul power to believe, and it then surrenders itself entirely to him who says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life, and he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." The



soul now passes from a state of condemnation to one of justification, from insensibility to life, from blindness to sight, from paralysis to vigor.

Up to this point the Holy Spirit has applied the word of truth and set in motion a course of religious thought, and reflection, and meditation. Before the Spirit operated, the soul was careless, indifferent, proud, and self-complacent. It rejected as an insult what the Scriptures said concerning its essential and natural depravity. But the Spirit continues to use his sword, which is the Word of God, so vigorously that by and by the heart is all cut to pieces and broken up by sharp strokes and rapid blows, and is glad to avail itself of any method of escape. Then the Spirit applies the blood of cleansing. This expression of course is figurative, but very truthful, nevertheless. The real work is to get the soul to surrender itself to Christ, utterly and entirely, and then make it feel that Christ has received and pardoned it, and that henceforth Christ's merit is imputed to it. And then follow peace, and pardon, and joy, expressed in song, and praise, and prayer.

A SANCTIFIER.

The Christian life has now commenced in the soul, but the Spirit's work is not yet done. Now, he is to enable the soul to grow in grace and in knowledge, to help it resist temptation and overcome sin, within and without; to help it pray the effectual fervent prayer that availeth much before God; to enable it to understand the Scriptures and feed upon them, and also enable it to work effectively and faithfully

for the salvation of others. All the work of sanctification is the Spirit's work. All the Christian graces are his fruits within.

In trying to state what the Spirit does for souls spiritually, the difficulty is rather to find what he does not do. The work of conviction is his, of enlightenment, of subduing, of believing, of understanding, of enabling the soul to pray, and preach, and exhort, of resisting evil, and growing in holiness. Says Dr. Jenkyn: "As the same shower blesses various lands in different degrees according to their respective susceptibilities, making the grass to spring up on the mead, the grain to vegetate in the field, the shrub to grow on the plain, and the flower to blossom in the garden; so the influences of the Holy Spirit, descending on the moral soil, produce convictions in the guilty, illumination in the ignorant, holiness in the defiled, strength in the feeble, and comfort in the distressed. As the Spirit of holiness, he imparts a pure love; as the Spirit of glory, he throws a radiance over the character; as the Spirit of life, he revives religion; as the Spirit of truth, he gives transparency to the understanding; as the Spirit of prayer, he melts the soul into devotion; as the Spirit of power, he covers the face of the earth with works of faith, and labors of love."



PRAYER.

“Prayer was not meant for luxury,
Or selfish pastime sweet ;
It is the prostrate creature’s plea
At his Creator’s feet.

“True prayer doth humbly set the soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly
It hangs, O Lord, on thee.”



THE famous Welsh preacher, Christmas Evans, said of prayer that it was “the rope in the belfry ; we pull it, and it rings the bell up in heaven.” Mary, Queen of Scotland, used to say : “I fear the prayers of John Knox more than an army of ten thousand men.” With both of these characters, so opposite in themselves, prayer was real. And so it is, or must be, to all who would be Christians. It is a fact that God has condescended to put himself in real relations with men, so that their approaches unto him could be approaches unto a real, living being who knew what they said, and was abundantly able to respond. This conception of reality is essential to the very existence of prayer. Before we can be said to pray at all we must believe and realize *thoroughly*

that God is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. Nothing is more vital, important, or absolutely indispensable than this. It is the secret of all effectiveness, as it is the source of all differences in prayer. One prayer is more powerful than another, simply because one suppliant is more real and true and sincere and believing than another. The mere form of words has nothing to do with prayer, but the underlying spirit is everything. And hence the Scriptures insist so strongly upon *faith* as an indispensable pre-requisite of prayer, because faith *makes God real to the soul*. It brings him before it as a ruling, reigning King, and Creator, and Father, and makes an approach unto him a real, vital act.

PRAYER REASONABLE AND CONSISTENT.

But prayer in itself is not only real, it is also *reasonable, and entirely consistent*. It is the aim of much of heathen and modern philosophy, as well as the special teaching of the current scientific theorizing of our time, to convince the mind that prayer is an impertinence; that it is absurd to suppose that it can possibly do any good, or cause anything to be changed in the divine mind, or in the divine method of working in the world. These would-be wise men very gravely affect to look down with a smile of pity and contempt upon what they are pleased to term the weakness and fanaticism of those souls, which, in undoubted sincerity of belief, look up to God in prayer, and expect their prayers to be efficacious. And they assert

as the reason for their views and feelings, the impossibility of ignoring, superseding, or contravening established natural law.

There are two ways of meeting this objection ; by a faith-argument and by logic. These objectors *assert* one thing, and the Scriptures assert another, entirely contrary ; so the whole matter is really a question of authority. Which knows the most and is the best entitled to credence, the Bible, or modern science ? Which carries with it the most weight of age and experience, of application and truth, of reverence and of power ? Before the flippant assertions of these skeptics can supersede the declarations of the Bible, science and philosophy must first dislodge the Bible from the impregnably-fortified position it holds in human history and in human thought. And while they are busy at that, the world can keep on praying without much alarm as to the result. For if this position could have been carried, it would have been long before now. Satan and all his forces on earth have endeavored through thousands of years to storm it, flank it, surround it, and undermine it, but there the Bible stands as it ever has stood, deep-rooted and eternal as the everlasting hills, serene and undisturbed as the face of the heavens.

The *logical* argument is as follows : No one will deny that God is an unchangeable being, knowing neither variableness nor the shadow of turning ; no one will question the existence of established laws in the physical and moral worlds ; but these two facts do not throw out the reasonableness of prayer, because prayer is not something that has sprung up *since* the laws were established, and which was not

recognized in the divine thought at the time, but rather when these laws were first ordained and established, they were arranged with direct reference to the answering of prayer. In other words, in the original system of law, direct and special provision was made for prayer; a place, so to speak, was left for it and has been filled by it, from the days of Seth before the flood, down to the present time.

To deny this arrangement of law, is to deny God's omniscience and perfection of character; for it represents him as a being who did not think about prayer when he established the laws of the universe, and so left that out by mistake; and it represents him as requiring prayer of men, when he knows all the while it never can be answered! Away with such shallow nonsense! Those who believe such a doctrine, ought to be very cautious and modest in calling any one else weak and fanatical.

The unchangeableness of the divine character, therefore, so far from being any obstacle to prayer, is rather its sure and certain guaranty. Prayer is sure to be answered when offered in accordance with the divine will, simply because God *is* unchangeable, and never fails to fulfill his word. If he were fickle, the answers would of course be uncertain, but as he is immutable, the answers are sure. Neither is the existence of established law any obstacle to prayer, but rather, like the character of God, a pledge and surety of its success. For as God in the exercise of his wise omniscience and foreknowledge, seeing clearly the end from the beginning, made arrangements for the answering of prayer through all time, and incorporated those arrangements into the immut-

able system of law, it follows, that so long as any laws are in force, so long will prayer be answered, when offered right. Nay, more; instead of prayer being an outside disturbing force in this system of law, it is an integral part of the system—a link in the chain—and is even necessary to the very existence and working of the system as a whole; and instead of prayer being a superfluity in the universe, it is exceedingly doubtful whether the universe, under prevailing forces, could exist long without it.

Let no souls think, then, or feel, when they pray, that they are doing aught unreasonable or inconsistent in itself with any known perfection of God's character, or with any system of law which he has established in the realm of matter or of mind. For there is no act of a man's life more reasonable, or more in accordance with the dictates of his highest intelligence, as certainly there is none more in accordance with God's will and pleasure, or more thoroughly consonant with the established method of the divine government in the world, than is this act of prayer. Indeed, that is a rare and truly beatific moment for the soul when, closing its eyes to all outward impressions, it lays itself open to the divine inspection and pours out its desires, and confessions, and thanksgivings into the divine ear. Then does the human spirit attain unto its highest and truest possibility of exalted intercourse with a superior intelligence.

WHAT GOOD DOES PRAYER DO?

But what *good* does prayer do? What good has it done? Says Dr. Ryland: "Prayer has divided seas,

rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers and poisons, marshaled the stars against the wicked, stopped the course of the moon, arrested the sun in its rapid race, burst open iron gates, recalled souls from eternity, conquered devils, and commanded legions of angels down from heaven. Prayer has bridled and chained the raging passions of men, and routed and destroyed vast armies of proud, daring atheists. Prayer has brought one man from the bottom of the sea, and carried another in a chariot of fire to heaven."

But all this is historic; what good does prayer do in individual lives, and in the practical working of events? We answer: Prayer *helps God do his work in the world*. It does this in two ways: First, by bringing the suppliant into that moral condition in which alone it is possible for God to bless him. This is called the *reflex* benefit of prayer. God cannot bless any soul while rolling in sinful indulgence, or while stoutly maintaining its attitude of defiant hostility. There must be repentance, submission, and an humble, loving return of the soul to God before blessings can descend upon it *from* him. And there is no exercise in the world so adapted to bring about this receptive state in the soul, as prostration in prayer. When men are on their knees begging for blessings, they place themselves, as it were, by that act, under the spreading branches of God's great tree of life, and all he has to do to answer such petitions is to shake the branches a little, and down comes the golden, life-giving fruit into needy and anxious hearts!

The parable of the prodigal son teaches that all that

can be done for the soul while remaining in the far-off land of alienation and wandering, is to send the Spirit to work upon the conscience, and if possible, induce a return; as the Father did not set out to meet his son, until the son had first started to go back to his father, and even then the fatted calf was not killed until the return-journey was entirely completed, and the son was safe in his Father's house. A great many seem to think that God's plan of salvation is so accommodating in its nature that it goes through the world bending and curving this way and that, to suit individual peculiarities and notions; rather is it like an iron railway track, straightforward and unbending, and all who would avail themselves of its blessings and privileges, must come where it is and fall in with its appointments; else the opportunity of salvation will sweep by and leave them behind. But prayer *takes us into the line* of God's movements and appointments. Sin in the soul acts like paralysis; it prevents the soul from moving toward God, and prevents God from moving toward the soul; as there ever is, and ever must be, an eternal and unquenchable hostility between sin and God. Therefore, one way by which prayer helps God carry on his work in the world is by so putting men into that condition of moral affinity and sympathy with him, through submission to his word and will, that he can fulfill his promises to them, and thus increase the effectiveness of his witnesses and workers in the world.

A second way in which the same result is brought about is by providing God, so to speak, with a channel of communication to other hearts. This can be

called the *intercessory* benefit of prayer, and it is as real, and great, and important, as the other. It is expressed in the couplet,

“Prayer is appointed *to convey*
The blessings God designs to give.”

What the Croton aqueduct is to New York City, furnishing a channel through which water is conveyed from a distant lake to thousands of needy homes, that to the world is prayer. Shall we understand, then, that blessings have been bestowed upon men and upon the world which would not have been given had there been no prayer? We answer, such is the most emphatic teaching of the Scriptures throughout. The passages and instances are too numerous for citation; they are found on almost every page of both Testaments. Not that prayer ever *made* God do anything against his will, or against the principles of his government, but it has furnished both the occasion and the means of unnumbered mercies to men.

PRAYER ANSWERED.

God blesses in answer to prayer, because it is his nature and will to do so; because such is a part of the eternal plan and arrangement established in the beginning, and because there seems to be an inherent necessity that divine favors should come to men through human media, in order to be effective. The spiritual current from God, which is the grand source and agent of heavenly blessings, is like electricity in

the air ; it demands a conducting medium, a wire on which to run, a channel through which to flow. And as if you take down all the wires in the land you would stop instantly all telegraph communication, or if you should only remove a piece no longer than a finger's breadth, you would cause a fatal interruption of effectiveness until the breach was repaired, so if you should stop all the prayers in the land, you would instantly stop all spiritual communication between God and human souls. Not that this cessation would change God, or his plan and method of working at all, but it would destroy the *conditions* of effectiveness and availability. And how abundantly and mournfully these facts have been illustrated in the history of religion on earth ! How many thousands have grown cold and so become destitute of all spiritual communications and influences from God, because they ceased praying, and thus cut the wire running from earth to heaven. How many churches have almost died out spiritually from the same cause. How many revivals have been nipped in the bud, or have been stopped even while in progress, because the workers ceased to pray in faith, and work with heart and zeal. How many ministers' labors have been thwarted and rendered inoperative from the same fatal cause !

There is hardly any doctrine of Scripture about which the world is so practically skeptical as about this one of the efficacy of prayer. Multitudes admit it in theory that fail to believe it in practice. Nor is there any doctrine concerning which it is easier to go astray than this ; or easier to run to extremes either one way or the other. There should be a great deal

of thought and attention paid to the proper understanding of this subject, as it is so vital to the interests of souls, and to the church of Jesus Christ in the world. Of course only those prayers are efficacious that are offered from right motives, and with a supreme deference to God's will ; offered for things by themselves calculated to bless and benefit, rather than simply gratify ; offered in faith and earnestness. But with these limitations, which are unavoidable on account of the vast superiority of God to men, and the infinite excellence of his wisdom and knowledge, there is an open and unobstructed field, and an urgent command given to go in and occupy it.

And God is as much interested in our prayers, as we ourselves are, or can be. For the more true prayer there is in the world, the more he can bless, and the more will the world be brought into a right moral state before him. The more prayer there is, the more are hindrances removed from the progress of Christ's kingdom among men, and the more speedily will the redemption of the world be accomplished.

PRAYER A DUTY AND PRIVILEGE.

It follows, then, that prayer is at once a duty and a privilege for all. It is one of the legitimate spiritual weapons which men are to wield for the pulling down of sin's strongholds within, and for the up-building of the kingdom of righteousness without. It has been well said that prayer is not to be looked upon as a kind of spiritual luxury, or as a sweet, selfish exercise ; but rather that souls are to present themselves before God to plead for certain definite,

specific favors and mercies to meet certain definite wants and necessities, both in themselves and in others. Men are never to pray as a mere matter of form, but whenever real wants present themselves, then their requests should be made known unto God.

And as we value our soul's eternal happiness, the salvation of others, the extension of Christ's kingdom, the perpetuity and moral renovation of the world, the increase of power in the church, the fulfillment of God's decrees, the universal reign of righteousness, so we should pray ; pray at all times, and everywhere ; pray whenever we feel a need, or a want ; pray in public and in private ; with our hearts and our lips. For, humanly-speaking, everything depends upon it. "We are laborers together with God." Christ intercedes in person before the throne ; we intercede in his name on earth by prayer. The sick and sorrowing need our prayers ; the tried and tempted need them ; our fellow Christians need them ; and the ungodly world needs them more than can be expressed, Yea, more and greater, in some high sense, God in heaven needs them, that he may carry on and out his purposes of mercy toward the race.

"Traveler in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine has no leave to dwell ;
Sailor on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !"


"With a God of peace above thee,
 Canst thou languish or despair ?
 Tread thy griefs beneath thy feet,
 Scale the walls of heaven with prayer.
 'Tis the key of the apostle
 That opens heaven from below ;
 'Tis the ladder of the patriarch
 Whereon angels come and go !"



CONSCIENCE.

"Oh, Conscience ! thou tremendous power
Who dost inhabit us without our leave,
And art within ourselves another self,
A master self. * * * * *
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds,
Make the past present, and the future frown ;
How, ever and anon, awake the soul
As with a peal of thunder to strange horrors
Through the long, restless dream of life ?"

—YOUNG.

OD has set up two tribunals before which all men are, or are to be, arraigned for trial and judgment ; one is in the soul, and the other is in the Bible. One is the bar of conscience, and the other, the bar of absolute or revealed truth. One is temporary and uncertain, the other, final and unerring. One constitutes a kind of lower court to the other, and its decisions may be reversed in the higher, or they may be approved, according to the facts and circumstances of the case. There is greater ability and more light, and a clearer exposition of law always in the higher tribunal ; but still, the decisions and the condemnation of the lower court are not thereby to be despised. For should a man be condemned in *both*, as he is very liable to be if the case at first goes

against him, nothing but the mercy of God can then help him.

Dropping the figure, however, and speaking plainly, the human conscience, which is referred to in the simile, is a faculty implanted within the sentient soul for the purpose of telling us when we do right, and when we do wrong. Its function is that of a moral judge; it is, literally, the moral judiciary of the soul. It does not make moral laws, it only passes sentence according to the standard set up, and the laws already accepted. The work of making moral statutes, in all cases where they are not clearly revealed, belongs to the intellect and reason, and these statutes, so made and accepted, are handed over to the conscience, which immediately proceeds to pass sentence in accordance with their provisions. The intellectual faculties in council constitute that mental and moral legislature or law-making power in the soul which is always in session; and conscience is the heaven-appointed judge to pass sentence according to the laws there laid down.

IS CONSCIENCE A SAFE GUIDE?

Hence it follows that the decisions of conscience must always vary according to the light and knowledge possessed. If the intellect and reason are darkened by sin, or prejudice, or ignorance, or malice, the moral standard set up by such a mind will necessarily be defective and vicious; but yet conscience will pass sentence of approval or condemnation in accordance therewith. If a person has never enjoyed the light of Christianity, has never read the

Bible, has never received right instruction, the moral standard in such an one must be low ; his ideas of right and wrong must be erroneous ; and so necessarily the decisions of his conscience will be very liable to be wrong.

And this accounts for the wide variation which we find in the decisions of this faculty under different circumstances, and among different kinds of people. We have all recognized this variation or difference, and have often wondered at it, and wondered how it could be. The conscience of one man tells him that such a course of conduct, or such an act is right or wrong, and the conscience of another man will tell him just the contrary. The conscience of a Christian accuses him if he does not follow and obey Christ, the conscience of a heathen mother accuses her if she does not throw her babe into the Ganges to be eaten up by the crocodiles. And on account of this wide variation or difference in the decisions of this faculty, men have been so puzzled and perplexed as to say, "Conscience is no moral guide at all ; it has no original, inherent power. It is simply the result of education ; men can grow their conscience as they do their vegetables, by proper cultivation and training."

But the general confusion of thought upon this subject has arisen wholly from the want of a little clear-headed mental philosophy. Men have confounded the operations of the intellect with those of the moral faculty. Men have thought that conscience in itself was the law-making power within, instead of merely a judge to interpret the law already laid down. And none can ever understand this

variation and difference in conscience until they remember that it never makes moral laws, has no inherent power to do so, but its function is simply to pass sentence according to the laws already established by a previous action of the other mental and moral faculties.

Hence the decisions of conscience will always serve as a tolerably correct index of a man's mental and moral state or standing. If the mind is a heathen mind, the conscience will be heathen also. If a man has perverted his advantages, has become hardened and reckless, and throws away all moral laws and considerations, as many do, then the conscience will also become hardened and seared as with a hot iron, as the Scriptures declare. If a person is filled with prejudice, superstition, or ignorance, the decisions of his conscience will reflect the same condition. If a person is weak or sickly in mind, conscience will indicate it like a thermometer. And, on the other hand, if a person be enlightened and properly trained, and above all, if a person has received and enjoyed the light of God's Word and of the indwelling spirit of truth, then the voice of his conscience will be to him as the voice of God, and to violate it will be to commit a positive sin.

In all cases, conscience is not to be violated unless it is opposed to some *known higher law*, and then, of course, its decisions are worthless, and can be thrown aside. The heathen who has received no higher moral light than the light within, and cannot get any other, must obey the decisions of his conscience, whether right or wrong. There is no other course left open to him. He must obey something and fol-

low some moral guide, and until he has the light of truth and the light of life, conscience is his highest moral teacher. But the moment his mind has access to greater light and will not receive or use it, the case is changed. From being innocent and blinded, he will become doubly guilty, because he does not heed the voice he hears, and because he does not try to make that voice clearer and more authoritative.

Hence it can be asserted that the voice of conscience, *when not opposed to any known higher law* (mark and weigh well this qualifying clause, for it constitutes the line between truth and error in this matter) ; we repeat it, the voice of conscience, when not opposed to any known higher law, is not to be disregarded, except with peril. "For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart." In such a case, the decision of this judge within will be very likely to prove only the echo of the decision of the Judge above. This lower court will simply anticipate the verdict of the Supreme Tribunal. There are few worse sins than to violate the law of right day by day !

But while all are bound to heed the warnings of conscience, and commit sin if they disregard them, this obligation is increased tenfold in the case of a Christian. An evil man's conscience may be wrong, or may be silent and feeble, but a true Christian is one who has been enlightened from above, and his conscience is, or ought to be, more tender, active and correct, than that of a hardened or a worldly-minded man. And although such a conscience will not be always correct or always active, still it is more liable to be, a hundred times over, especially if its possessor is daily living and walking with God.

As men recede from the written and revealed Word of God, or throw aside its teachings, the light of truth falls more and more dimly upon the mind, and the moral standard set up is proportionately weak or incorrect, until finally a point is reached where the mind has nothing but the feeble light of nature left, and even this is perverted and obscured by vicious habits, sinful indulgences, and wrong religious training ; so that conscience can only sit and grope in the darkness, or act uncertainly and inconsistently according to the light it has.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

There are few more horrible things to carry about with one than a *guilty* conscience. It is something that men cannot shake off or avoid. It follows them, it haunts them, it lies down with them at night. They have to face it in secret hours, meet it in the street, meet it everywhere. It is an invisible and omnipresent enemy. And how terribly it can sting the soul ! It makes men afraid of themselves, afraid of God, afraid of death, afraid of everybody and everything. It is, in fact, an anticipation of the bitterness of hell.

“ The mind that broods o’er guilty woes,
Is like the scorpion girt by fire ;
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till inly searched by thousand throes
And maddening in her ire,
One and sole relief she knows ;
The sting she nourished for her foes,

Whose vemon never yet was vain,
She darts into her desperate brain.
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire ;
So writhes the mind remorse has riven,
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!"

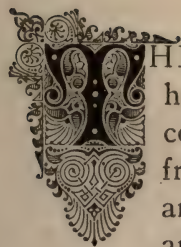
But conscience can be made an instrument of blessing as well as of torture. Says the Bible: "If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God"; confidence to come unto him as children come unto a parent for bread or for protection; confidence to ask him for mercies we need, for the pardon of our sins, and for greater light and love. Then have we confidence to come unto God in prayer for blessings upon others, and confidence to feel that our prayers will be heard and answered in God's own time and way; confidence to look up to him in filial gratitude and unpresumptuous trust.



THE VOICE OF DUTY.

"O Duty ! daughter of the voice of God,
Thou art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou art also victory and law
When empty terrors overawe."

—WORDSWORTH.



HERE are times in every man's life when he is compelled to choose between two courses of conduct. Beckoning to him from one path he sees selfish inclination and a prudent regard for worldly good ; and from the other he hears the words, "Ye ought to obey God." Peter and John were in just such a predicament when arrested at one time and commanded not to preach or teach in the name of Jesus Christ. But they said first to themselves, and then to the magistrates, "We ought to obey God." This word *ought* embodied to their minds the law of conscience, the law of duty, and the law of right ; and the authority of these three combined was greater and higher than the authority of the Jewish Sanhedrim, or of self-interest and worldly prudence combined. Hence it is to be inferred that the voice of duty is the voice of God. And to every one this same voice should speak, with trumpet tones, and none should close their ears to its admonitions.

Once followed, duty becomes pleasure, and easy it is then, to remember that *duty* is before all else in the world—it is “the voice of God,” not to be silenced.

DUTY TO GOD.

The very word signifies that which we owe to God. Our duty is made up of our *dues*; that which we owe, and are under solemn obligation to perform. The idea of duty within us comes from the idea of right. It is an original instinct of our moral nature; a sentiment divinely implanted for moral purposes. As God made man in his own image and likeness, so he incorporated into the very texture of his moral constitution, a distinction between right and wrong; and as before said, the idea of duty is the correlative of the idea of right. If we see anything to be right, then we have a duty to perform in regard to it; and the duty is just as real and sacred as the nature and existence of the right itself. It is right to speak the truth; hence men are under obligations to speak it, and to speak it at all times. It is right to be honest, hence it is the duty of men to be honest; and so on through all the list of moral commandments. Everything that God says is right, hence men are under obligation to heed and carry out whatever he enjoins.

The foundation, therefore, of human duty is twofold. First, the idea of duty flows from the idea of right, and the idea of right is implanted within the soul by virtue of its godlike nature and capacities. In other words, God put the idea of right into us when he created us in his own image; and once in

possession of the idea of right, the idea of duty or of moral obligation inevitably follows.

If now, we wish to go one step deeper and inquire what constitutes right, we shall find that three things enter into it. Everything is right which is in accordance with the will and nature of God ; this is one element. All morality, and all right, and all duty, come ultimately from the All-perfect and immutable One who lives and reigns above. No God, no morality, no right, no religion, no anything, in fact. God's nature, as revealed to us in his word and works, is the source of both the substance and the idea of goodness, truth, and purity. We refer everything in the last analysis back to God. What an argument this for the reality of his existence, as well as for the truthfulness of the Bible records concerning him and ourselves ! Human nature, depraved as it is, is not able to throw God out of its thought. What an evidence this that we are His offspring and the work of his hands. For if we did not come from God, and were not made in his image, as the Scriptures declare, how is it that in all our thinking God is an ever-present factor ? How is it that in the last analysis our thought runs right back to Him as inevitably and spontaneously as the needle turns toward the pole ? Why is it, and how is it, that when we have reached the conception of God as eternal, immutable, all-wise, and all-perfect, our thought naturally comes to a halt, and rests itself there contentedly and securely ? If no God existed, and we were not made in his image, would all this be so ? Every mind utters a spontaneous No ! Hence we say, right is made up of all that grounds itself in

the nature of God. Whatever he says or does, is, and must be, eternally and immutably right; and whatever he forbids is wrong. And with our moral natures as they are, this cannot be otherwise, and will never be changed.

DUTY TO OTHERS.

Again, that is right which is in accordance with the truest and best interests of the world as a whole. Every man has in his mind a moral scheme according to which he knows or believes the world must move, if it moves harmoniously and prosperously; and all that falls in with this scheme in his mind he calls right; while that which opposes it he calls wrong. This moral scheme or plan in his mind comes there partly by original endowment, as all moral ideas come, and partly by his reading, and reflection, and education. The study of the Bible and the knowledge of God's character derived therefrom, especially have much to do with its formation and clearness. In every devout and well-balanced mind this scheme is a kind of transcript of God's plan.

Hence we are led to say that all things are right which contribute to the highest and truest and best interests of the world together; while everything is wrong which disorganizes, undermines, upsets, or overthrows that which should exist; everything which takes the world away from God, and God's plan. There are certain rules and regulations in society which every one pronounces right, because every one knows unless these rules and regulations exist and are carried out, society cannot exist. And

the same is true of civil government. Consequently, all minds lay it down as one of their fundamental tenets that every practice, habit, and custom of the world which injures its own highest and best welfare, is wrong ; while all that contributes thereto or enhances that welfare, is right.

DUTY TO OURSELVES

Further: That is also right which contributes to the highest and best welfare of each individual being composing the world. All men have a moral scheme of their own lives. They have an idea of that which is for their best good ; they also know what will injure them materially. They know how they should live and act with reference to all the varied objects and interests which surround them. They know that a departure from a certain course will be wrong, because it will destroy or break down the true order of life which they believe that God has established. And their idea of right and duty has reference more or less to this moral scheme in their minds. They feel under obligations to conform to this plan of God concerning them. They know it to be wrong to do or say anything which will injure the highest and best good of their souls.

Here, then, is the threefold source of our idea of right. That is right which God commands ; that is right which contributes to the highest and best good of our fellow-beings about us ; and that which contributes to our own best and highest good. Now, if man was an unfallen being, all would go along smoothly. His ideas of right and of duty would be

identical ; there would be no conflicting interests to come in between duty and its fulfillment. The moment anything right was presented to the mind, there would be a spontaneous movement of soul in the direction indicated. But as it is, both right and duty have to fight for their lives, and contend stoutly for every inch of ground they occupy. The conflicting interests are so numerous and powerful that right and duty are often pushed aside, or compelled to stay in the background. And hence arises a great moral and religious conflict which is going on in every human heart all over the world, between what it *ought* to do, and what it would *like* to do, between duty on one hand, and inclination or pleasure on the other.

For example : Here is an act which we feel and know that we ought to perform. Conscience urges it, and reason approves of it. We ought to do it, because it is our duty to do it, and it is our duty because the act in itself is a right act ; one which God enjoins, and which is in harmony with the truest interests of self, and the world in which we live. On the contrary, here is another act which we ought *not* to perform. It is a wrong act. And why wrong ? Either because God has forbidden it, or because it is injurious in itself, both to self and the world around. Thus these words, "ought" and "ought not," stand as representatives of the combined voice of God, conscience, divine right, and human duty. When we feel and know that we ought to do this or that, the "ought" here is not only the voice of duty to us, but also the voice of God. Said Peter and John to the magistrates, "We *ought* to obey God rather than men." Why ? Because it was their duty

to do so. And why their duty? Because it was right. And why right? Because God had commanded it, and because such a course would contribute to the best welfare of their own souls, and the world around.

It is quite common among the careless and thoughtless to pay little or no attention to the dictates of conscience in this respect. It is quite common to hear persons say with a laugh, "Yes, I suppose I ought to do thus and so, but then, we ought to do a great many things that we do not do, so that isn't of much consequence." But if duty is not of much consequence, then God is not of much consequence; for whenever we feel the *ought* pressing upon the mind and heart, we feel the pressure of God's truth, to disobey which is to die. Whenever we hear the *ought* speaking in tones of persuasion, or admonition, or warning, we hear the voice of duty and of God speaking. To disobey the *ought* is to disobey God, and thus commit sin and wrong ourselves.

The number of influences opposing this sentiment of duty in the mind and heart, are manifold, and some of them are quite powerful. Let us take the case of Peter and John as a sample, and compare our condition with theirs. In their case the first thing opposing the idea of duty was the command of the civil authority. The Sanhedrim was the highest Jewish tribunal, and it had commanded them under pain of severe penalties not to teach or preach in Jesus' name. This opposition of the civil authority without, would naturally awake within them the idea of self-preservation, personal safety, and worldly prudence. Should they heed these, or obey duty? They

decided without much debate that they would cling to duty, and let their personal safety take care of itself; and so they said to themselves and to the magistrates, "We ought to obey God," and we are determined to do it, irrespective of personal consequences. In this land and at this day we have no civil authority to confront the voice of duty, but we have that which perhaps is worse, viz.:—An irreligious public sentiment. On the whole, we think it would be easier to defy and break through a positive civil enactment, than this negative, indefinite, yet all-powerful public feeling or opinion against the commands of God. And so it comes to the same issue, after all; we have the voice of God on one side and the voice of man on the other, and are called upon to decide which we will heed and obey. The contest here is between *duty* and *inclination*, between what we ought to do, and what we would like to do.

The disciples had to break away from the mass and follow their individual convictions of right and duty; and in so doing they had to be singular, and to take a position in advance of those about them. They had to stand where they could feel no help from earthly friends or associates. And so it is now, and so it will be forevermore. When the dictates of God and the dictates of an unbelieving world come into collision; when right and duty are on one side, and custom and prevailing public sentiment on the other, then no one is a Christian or can be a Christian, until, like Peter and John, he says, "*I ought to obey God rather than men,*" and I am determined to do it, irrespective of personal consequences.

Again, in the case of Peter and John, there were

all of the *selfish* influences opposing the ought, such as love of ease, love of pleasure, desire for personal advancement, etc. They might have said, "Now, if we keep on, we shall hurt ourselves more than any one else; we shall bring ourselves into reproach and contempt; we shall destroy our own comfort and happiness; in short, we shall make ourselves miserable and wretched in every way. Besides, we shall be pointed out as disturbers of the public peace, and we shall incur the displeasure of those who are good, honorable, upright, and law-abiding citizens." They might have weighed all these matters in their minds, but whether they did or not, the law of conscience, the law of duty, and the law of God triumphed, and they said, "We ought to obey God," and therefore we *will* obey him.

The same or a similar contest between duty and self-interest goes on in each soul not entirely given over to hardness and blindness. And what a struggle it is at times! There is the love of ease, the love of sinful pleasure, the desire for personal advancement, the craving of ambition and lust, all pulling one way, and on the other side, there is this all-powerful sentiment of duty; there is the feeling of the "ought" and the "ought not;" there is the voice of conscience, and of right, and of God; and what a battle there is in the breast over these great moral issues and questions relating to personal choice and conduct! Sometimes, indeed, it seems as if the heart would be rent asunder by the fierceness of the shock; but in every Christian soul the *ought*, the sentiment of duty, finally conquers. No person is a Christian, or can be one, until selfishness in all forms gives way before

the voice of duty (which is the voice of God), whenever the two come into collision. That which is agreeable is not always the most useful, and that which is pleasant is not always the best. Present enjoyment must always be sacrificed when it stands in the way of higher and more lasting good.

Suppose Peter and John had heeded the voice of self-interest instead of the voice of duty, how disastrous would have been the result ! They would have lost all that they tried to gain ; ease, pleasure, personal honor, and all ; while, as it was, never thinking of self-interest, or at least not heeding it, being willing to give themselves up entirely to the guidance of duty, they gained that happiness and honor which they did not seek. And hence the truth of the Saviour's words, " He that seeks to save his life shall lose it, but he that is willing to lose his life for my sake, the same shall find it."

This sentiment of duty, this feeling and knowledge expressed by the word *ought*, is designed of God to be the great REGULATOR of every Christian life. It is easy enough to obey God's commandments when the soul is full of warm, strong feeling ; when the tide of love is high ; but these seasons are short and inconstant, and when it is ebb-tide in the soul, there must be some great *principle* to govern life ; and this regulating principle is the voice of duty, which is the voice of God. Does the question ever arise, Why should we obey God ? Let the sufficient answer be, because we *ought* to. Do not try to add any other inducement to that simple voice of duty, the feeling of the *ought* in your heart and mind. Bring yourselves to this standard, and your

life will cease to be fitful and uncertain, now up, now down, now one thing, now another ; but as the sentiment of duty is constant, so your action will be the same.

Why should we pray ? Because we ought to, and that is enough. Why should we labor for souls ? Because we ought to. Why should we live a correct and consistent Christian life ? Because we ought to. This is our duty. Why should we give money to God's cause ? Because we ought to. Why should we refrain from all sinful and vicious habits ? Because we ought to. Why should we discountenance all wrong ? Because we ought to ; wrong is injurious. Why should we love and serve God ? Because we ought to. It is God's command, and hence right.


And so all through the Christian life. This sentiment of duty, this feeling of the *ought*, must govern and control us in all that we do and say for God and human welfare. To let self-interest govern us, is to let the idea of pleasure govern us ; to let worldly prudence govern us, to let the fear of man, the love of praise, the love of ease, the dictates of wicked authority govern us, is to give ourselves over to serve the devil. But to ask simply, "What is right ? What does God command ? What is duty ?" and then to do it courageously and humbly, is to be a Christian.



TIME AND ETERNITY.

"Dropping down the troubled river,
 To the tranquil, tranquil shore ;
 Dropping down the misty river,
 Time's willow-shaded river,
 To the spring-embosomed shore ;
 Where the sweet light shineth ever,
 And the sun goes down no more."

"Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
 Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
 And the discord never comes ;
 Where life's stream is ever laving,
 And the palm is ever waving,
 That must be the Home of homes."


 NOTHING is truer in the world of fact than this : Time, left to itself, inevitably runs to waste ; and when once gone, the soul has no bugle-call with which to summon back the years that have flown like birds, away. Hence the control of time is a prize, because it incloses such vast possibilities of achievement. A day, or a month, or a year, seems an ordinary thing, viewed superficially ; but who can estimate the results which may flow therefrom ? All that makes life pleasant or profitable, all that confers distinction and renown,—wealth, fame, happiness, love,

beauty, virtue, goodness,—hang pendent, like golden fruit, from the boughs of this tree of Time. To the scholar, it can bring that knowledge which is power ; to the business-man, fame, and to the maiden the rewards of love and home. Every moment, therefore, as it flies, goes freighted with incalculable value. What the air is to birds, or the sea to fishes, that to the soul is Time. Time builds all our cities, constructs our highways of travel and transportation, and develops the resources of our fields and forests. Time builds up our benevolent institutions and carries forward all ameliorating and industrial enterprises. Time establishes kingdoms, and overthrows monarchies and empires. It develops the resources of human life and character, making the mind an instrument of untold power in the management of the world ; enabling it to forge thoughts of such power that, when fitly expressed, they become like the calls of a trumpet in the ears of mankind ; enabling it to set in motion agencies and movements which affect the destiny of generations and nations. In a word, Time constitutes the foundation-soil out of which the plant of achievement springs, and on which it displays all its beauty and fruitage.

But, added to these material and mental possibilities inclosed in the germ of Time, there are also possibilities of spiritual culture and improvement. In time, we can establish a connection with heaven, and can form friendships with the pure and good, below and above ; can partly at least overcome the power and dominion of sin in the soul ; can link our life and destiny with Jesus Christ, the world's Creator and Redeemer ; can become the recipient of

angelic ministrations, and make ourselves heirs of God to an inheritance beyond the skies.

More than this, the rising sun of every morning gives us all a fresh start in life. Our mental and bodily powers are recuperated and re-invigorated. Waking from unconscious sleep, is waking up to new possibilities of achievement and conquest. All the avenues of industry open up afresh each new day, and present new and added features of interest, and greater opportunities for success. The beauties and glories of the outer world, the genial light, the varying landscape, the majestic forests, and rolling rivers, hill and dale, mountain and lake, cloud and sky, are all given us to use or enjoy, each new day. Knowledge and acquirement become more and more vast each day. Experience has broadened and deepened, so that the mistakes of yesterday can be avoided or counteracted by the enlarged wisdom which we bring to the work of the morrow.

Time also possesses great value from the fact of its intimate relation to Eternity. It is not enough to say that Time is the prelude to Eternity, because it is more than this; it not only goes before, but also determines the character of the hereafter. For Eternity will take us up just where, and just as, Time leaves us. If there were no hereafter, if this life and this world were all we had, then this succession of years would not be a matter of particular notice. Time would only be valuable to us for what it brought from day to day. But this is not the case. It is not only true that Eternity is an ocean and Time a rill running into it, but the rill preserves its individuality, even when joined with the ocean. This

rill is not lost and absorbed in the sea, but maintains its own character forever. Better is it to say that Eternity is a temple, and Time the ante-room to it, because there can be no change of garments when once ushered within. Time and Eternity lie like two contiguous apartments, side by side, with but a thin veil or partition between. The actions in one are initiatory and determinative of those in the other. In one we strike the opening notes of an anthem that is not only to be ceaselessly prolonged, but prolonged in the same joyful or joyless strain in which it is commenced.

A stone cast into the midst of a pond or lake produces immediately around it a little circling wave; this gives rise to a second, larger and wider than the first, and the second produces a third, and the third a fourth, each larger and wider than the preceding one, until the influence of the first wave is felt to the uttermost shores. So it is with our words and deeds in Time; they reach out in ever-widening circles until their influence is felt upon our lives and characters forever.

Previous to the building of Solomon's temple at Jerusalem, the materials were all prepared at a distance from the site to be occupied. Some were prepared in the forests of Lebanon, other materials in other places, and when completed they were brought to Jerusalem and set up. Can we not see, if there had been defects in the preparation of the materials, those defects would have appeared and remained in the temple as finally erected? Even so will it be with each man's temple of character. In time, we are working out the materials to be transported to

Eternity, and there set up as the habitation of our souls forever. And whether the building is to be marred and imperfect, or whether it shall be to us a mansion of glory and beauty, depends upon the manner and completeness of the preparations here.

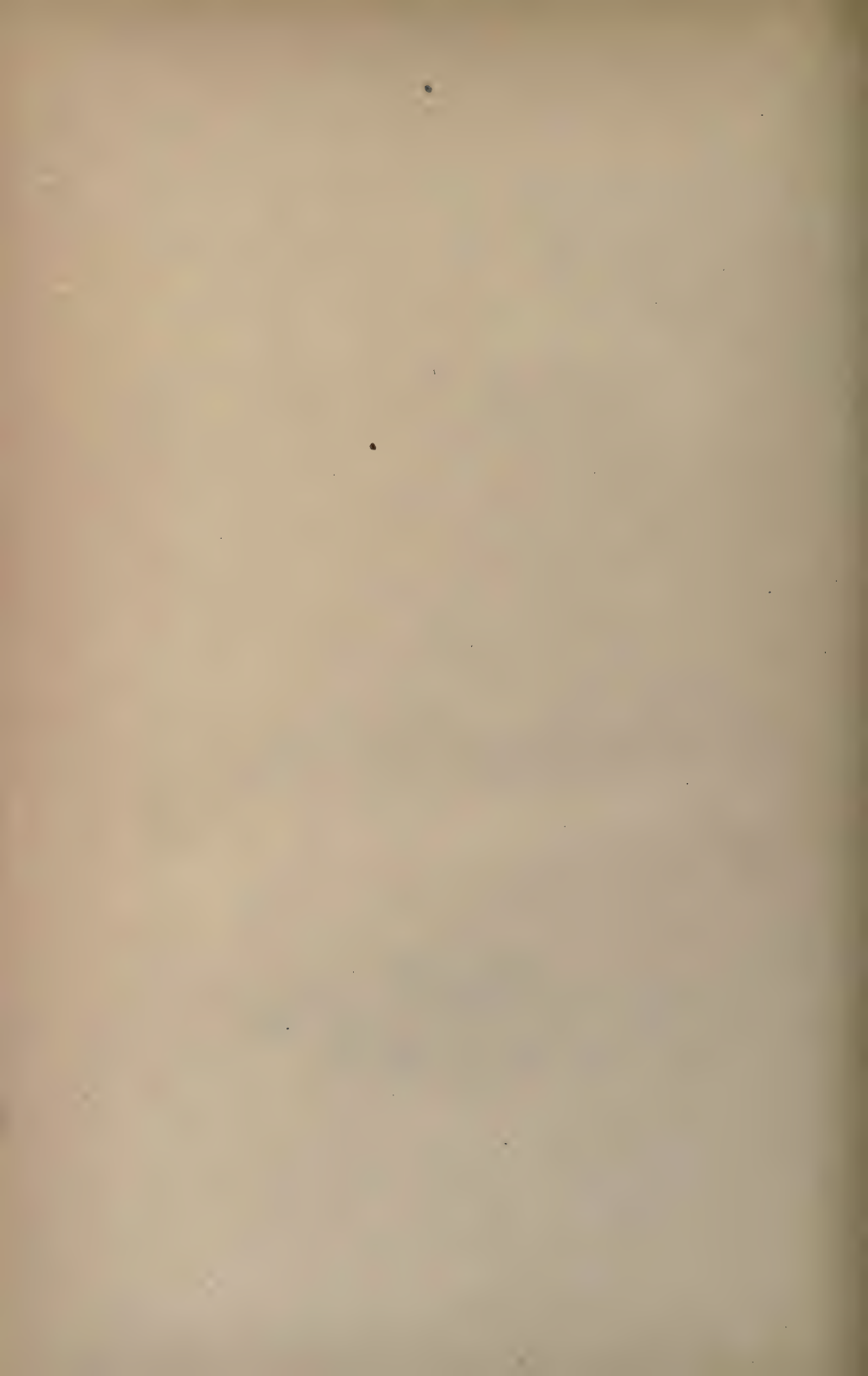
Time not only merges into Eternity, but colors it; and whether the tints are to be golden and bright, or somber and dark, will depend upon how we use the brush and hues below. Time also moulds, as well as colors; for as is the pattern here, so will the materials be fashioned there. Time cuts the garments of Eternity; and whether our covering shall be a robe of righteousness or of sin, depends upon the improvement of these passing years.

Now to redeem time from the control of evil will cost a large amount of resolute determination and earnest endeavor. All virtues and all blessings have their price; and if one desires to make these his own, he must pay the price of them. Nothing that we most need in life ever comes to us of itself; it must always be redeemed or bought up by paying something for it. If the scholar desires knowledge, he must pay for it, and frequently it costs him not only the sacrifice of ease and pleasure, not only days and nights of toil, but even his health and strength. If the business man desires wealth, he must pay the price of it; and frequently that price is the loss of honor and character, to say nothing of harassing care, and devouring anxiety. If the woman desires to be a leader of fashionable society, she must pay the price and penalty of the position; and frequently the price is higher than the object gained, for she not only has to surrender all sweet contentment

and inward peace, but also her moral welfare. And so it is with the redeeming or buying up of Time; it costs something to get it out of the hands and control of evil.

The on-rolling stream of Time must be served as we serve any other stream that we desire to utilize for human welfare; it must be turned out of its naturally wild and often useless channel, and made to flow into another one where it will turn wheels, and propel machinery. And when both water-power and time-power are thus forced out of their natural course into a useful one, they are said to be redeemed. The element of Time is like all other elements, fire or water for example, a good and indispensable servant, but a bad master. If Time controls us, it will surely drift us downward to endless misery; but, controlling it, we can yoke it as a winged steed to the car of resolute thought and holy effort, and compel it to bear us safely and honorably through life, and then set us down triumphantly at Heaven's pearly gates.







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